

# EGYPT AND THE ENGLISH

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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*Photo by]*

The Bahi Yussuf (Joseph's Canal) in the Fayyum.

[L. K. C.]

[E. C.]

# THE ENGLISH

SHOWING BRITISH PUBLIC OPINION IN  
EGYPT UPON THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION:  
WITH CHAPTERS ON THE SUCCESS OF  
THE SUDAN AND THE DELIGHTS OF  
TRAVEL IN EGYPT AND THE SUDAN

BY

DOUGLAS SLADEN

AUTHOR OF

"The Secrets of the Vatican," "Queer Things about Japan,"  
"Sicily," etc., etc.

AND JOINT AUTHOR OF

"Queer Things about Persia"

WITH 40 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A ~~MAP~~

LONDON

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1908



Dedication to

SIR WALTER ROPER LAWRENCE, BART., G.C.I.E.

MY DEAR WALTER,

There is a special fitness in my dedicating these pages to you, who were private secretary to Lord Curzon of Kedleston during his memorable and constructive vice-royalty, and have yourself restored Kashmir, because the book deals with some of the problems which you have helped to solve during your Indian career.

And the dedication will serve to remind you of the time - perhaps five and thirty years ago - when you and I edited the school magazine together at Cheltenham College, just before we went up to Oxford.

Always yours,

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

## TO THE READER.

IN my frequent use of the word ENGLISH as if it meant the same thing as BRITISH, I have no intention to be invidious to the Scotch, the standard-bearers of British nationality overseas; to the Irish; or to the Welsh.

It is the custom of the country. In Egypt, as in Japan, everyone uses the word ENGLISH to include the other British.

I have retained the spelling *Courbush* because it is so familiar to English readers in this form. It is difficult not to be betrayed into inconsistencies when writing Arabic words.

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day, and the dangerous ambition of the Egyptian Nationalist, when every year some M.P., wishing to use Egypt as a poster for himself in the House of Commons, rushes in where angels fear to tread.

• There is practically no book on the subject. Mr. Dicey, the most recent writer, does not always reflect British public opinion in Egypt; he rather enjoys defying it. Much may, of course, be read between the lines of Lord Cromer's and Sir Eldon, Gorst's reports, which are gold-mines of statistical information about the state of Egypt, but are restricted by the reticence imposed by office.

I do not trouble my reader with the details of the present Constitution of Egypt—that extraordinary resurrection-pie of privileges granted to timid and unconscionable aliens by barbarian rulers in barbarous days.

Lord Cromer, Lord Milner, and Sir Auckland Colvin have all written exhaustively on the subject; and their books would have been classics even without the prestige of their names: they are so lucid, so impartial, so penetrating. I need not, therefore, write about it; I can confine myself to the Egyptian's development under it and attitude towards it. Far from being too stringent for the Egyptian of 1908, in most particulars it errs on the other side. His ingratitude to his benefactor shows that he was not sufficiently developed to receive so much consideration.

I open with giving details to prove the value of the English to Egypt and Egypt to the English. After showing what the English have done for the country, I give my diagnosis of the present situation in Egypt, and an intelligent Egyptian's view of it. This is supplemented by what I learned in a private audience with the Khedive.

I then give an expert's report, and a long chapter of anecdotes about the Egyptian student, to prove the low standard of education which stands in the way of the Egyptian receiving representative institutions; and, under the title of "The Guileless Egyptian," a chapter of anecdotes to prove his utter unfitness to be accorded responsibility of any kind, let alone the control of the finances and the foreign relations of his country. One instance will suffice to substantiate this—none of the agitators who clamour for Government posts to be confined to Egyptians ever suggests that Egyptian engine-drivers should be employed

on the State Railways. The Egyptian agitator is as unwilling to risk his life with an Egyptian engine-driver, as the few rich Egyptian Nationalists are unwilling to put their money into the land until they are quite sure that they will not succeed in driving the English out.

In the chapter on the Egyptian Nationalist I show his violence, his childishness—his utterly unpractical visions and methods. I have something important to say about the influence of the Revolution in Turkey upon the plots of the Egyptian Nationalist. It came too late to go into the main body of the book, and it will, therefore, be found in the Introduction. The chapter on the Press in Egypt is largely taken up with the political influence exercised by the Vernacular Press. The chapter on Egyptian bankruptcy shows the disastrous effect which the irresponsibility of the Egyptian in business had, when it was brought to face the temptations of a land-boom; and the almost instantaneous bankruptcy which would overtake Egypt if the guarantee afforded by the English Occupation were withdrawn. The chapter on the Army of Occupation speaks for itself.

From the above it will be seen that I have aimed at awakening British public opinion to the danger we should be running if we were to let the childish and vicious young Egyptian take the helm in politics.

It is pleasant to turn from the consideration of the quicksands which beset the Government of Egypt, to the house built on a rock by the firmness and beneficence of British administration in the Sudan. It must be remembered that though the Sudan (which lost four-fifths of its population in the devastating wars of the Mahdi—one of the Moslem Jahads which the Egyptian Nationalist contemplates with such a light heart), has no "educated class" to correspond to that of Egypt; yet in the primary schools the Sudanese is the superior of the Egyptian.

I do not mean by this that it would be possible to go back to government by proclamation in Egypt. I hint that when the Egyptian chafes at the infinitely slighter restrictions to which he is subjected, he should remember the happiness and prosperity of the Sudan.

The Sudan is a possession of which England may well be proud as she sees prosperity springing up on every side, now that the territories devastated for so long have good government flowing over them like a full Nile. And as the Englishman travels to the ends of the Sudan his heart must swell within him to see nations of fierce warriors who love war for its own sake and, like Gordon, have never seen fear, giving to an English colonel—even a captain, with hardly a white man beside him—the fealty and obedience that a Scottish clan offered to its chief before the '45. It is not lip-service, for they gladly pay their tribute for protection and most of them volunteer a rate for education.

The chapters entitled “A Tropical Utopia” and “On the Nile through Nubia” give a picture of the marvellous progress, the peaceful prosperity of the Sudan, and the beauty of the Nile and its surroundings above the Great Dam. That on “The Tragedy of Gordon” shows how easily the tragedy could have been avoided, even when Gordon—the last of the demi-gods—was in Khartum. Other chapters about the Sudan describe the life and amusements and picturesque tropical surroundings of Englishmen in the triple city of Khartum, Khartum North and Omdurman, where one hundred and twenty thousand human beings are gathered together—the largest town of tropical Africa. The last chapter describes the wonderful Desert Railway which has brought Khartum almost within a week of London.

Part III., “Sight-seeing, Sport and Society,” is what its title implies. The first six chapters deal with the delightful Arab monuments of Cairo, which is still a mediæval Arab city, like Granada was before the Moors were driven out of Spain, and is full of Arab life hardly altered from the Middle Ages. The mediæval monuments of Cairo are simply marvellous; they are so exquisite and interesting.

One chapter is devoted to Alexandria; another to sight-seeing from the Egyptian State Railways, chiefly in Lower Egypt; the Fayyum and the Great Oasis. Two are devoted to the Nile voyage on Cook's tourist steamers and the celebrated monuments of Ancient Egypt, which can most conveniently be visited from them; four additional chapters being devoted to the principal points—Luxor, Thebes, Karnak, and Assuan;

though the Tombs of Memphis and the Pyramids of Gizeh are included in the general chapters.

If I have given as much space to the Mediæval Arab monuments at Cairo as to the monuments of the Pharaohs in Upper Egypt, it is not from any desire to slight the importance of the latter, but because they are universally recognized as among the wonders of the world, while few people know of the almost perfect Oriental city of the Middle Ages which is hidden under the Citadel at Cairo.

Those who intend to visit Egypt themselves, and do not care about monuments, will see what comforts, conveniences and attractions Egypt has to offer them in the chapters on "Society and Sport in Cairo," "Theatres and Music," and "Hotels and their Entertainments." Those, to whom the long journey to Egypt and sea-voyages are a trial, will find advice on the easiest and pleasantest ways of making and breaking the journey in the chapter on "Ways of Getting to Egypt."

I have many people to thank for the assistance they gave me in collecting the materials for this book - above all, Sir Reginald Wingate, Sirdar of Egypt and Governor-General of the Sudan, who offered me every possible facility in investigating the Sudan; and my old schoolfellow, Major-General G. M. Bullock, C.B., who furnished me with the introductions I needed, and, with another old schoolfellow, Corbet Bey, the Procureur-Général, indicated many sources of information. I owe much to Sir Eldon Gorst, the British Minister Plenipotentiary, Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, who fills an ill-supported position with so much quiet strength; and to the eloquent Maître Carton de Wiart, the leader of the Egyptian Bar, the most powerful unofficial personage in Egypt, the one high personage who was willing to express his opinions frankly, and did not mind their being quoted as his opinions—a Belgian Seigneur of ancient lineage, who has in his hall the portraits of a long line of illustrious ancestors, all famous in the law; and has become an enthusiastic British subject. He exposed many frauds to me, and Mrs. De Wiart gave me some of the most valuable of my information about Society in Cairo.

To no one do I owe more than to Mr. Edward Fothergill, the Cairo correspondent, and lately acting editor, of the *Egyptian Gazette*; and the editor of the *Egyptian Morning News*, Mr. John

Prioleau, and the editor of *The Sphinx*, Miss N. Griffiths. I saw many things which I could never possibly have seen but for the kindness and energetic intervention of Mr. Fothergill, whom I consulted daily. Having been long in the country he could answer almost any question about life in Egypt or the Sudan, and, speaking Arabic fluently, he often interpreted for me. He is at present writing an important book upon the pioneering days of the Sudan. Mr. Prioleau allowed me to draw upon his articles on the Situation in Egypt. I wish I could have made my chapters as witty and pungent as his articles were. To Miss Griffiths I owed my introduction to Maitre and Mrs. Carton de Wiart, and much of the information given in the chapters on Society and the Hotels.

There are two Syrian households in Cairo in the same building—a great old Arab mansion in the Abdin quarter, which I should visit before I went to any English house if I returned to Cairo. Nowhere in Cairo did we find anything approaching the literary atmosphere of London so nearly as when we were taking tea with Dr. and Mrs. Nimr or Dr. and Mrs. Sarrûf. I went there very often, and it was to them more than anybody else that I owe the non-contentious information about the Egyptians. Dr. Sarrûf took me, for example, to the Sheikh El-Bekri, to see the Molid of the Prophet from his pavilion, and to Sheikh Sadat's, while his son, Sarrûf Bey, took us to the Arab Theatre and to a banquet at a native restaurant. And when we went round with the Sarrûfs, as Arabic was their native language, and they had lived among Arabs all their lives, there was no question upon Arab customs which they could not answer. Dr. Nimr is one of the most remarkable men I met in Egypt. Whenever I was talking to him I wished that I was a phonograph, so as to take down every word he was saying. His knowledge and political experience are prodigious; he is one of the best public speakers in Egypt, and his private conversation is a succession of felicitous phrases, like those which distinguish his speeches. If I had succeeded, as I desired, in persuading him to give me the points for a chapter on the flagrant miscarriages of justice which have occurred almost monotonously in Egypt of late, the book would have been enriched with a severer indictment than any which have appeared in it. But I tried in vain. The attitude of Dr. Nimr and Dr. Sarrûf, as editors of

*El-Mokhattam*, the Cairo vernacular paper which might be called *The Times of Egypt*, was that they must avoid being associated in any political way with a book which unmasks the Egyptian and shows him to be a shifty and imperfectly educated Oriental. But it is not easy to exaggerate the value of the assistance I received from them in every other way, because they are familiar with English life and ideas as well as Arab (in London they would be taken for Englishmen), and are, therefore, able to speak from both points. It was from another Syrian—that most cultivated man, the late Negib Tabet, who took an astonishing amount of trouble on my behalf—that I learned the iniquity of the Egyptian from the business point of view. It was he who conferred on us the privilege of visiting the *Maison de France*, the residence of the French Agent, the most beautiful house in Cairo, constructed of *chefs d'œuvre* from mediæval Arab palaces and mosques.

The political indictment in the book is the British public opinion gathered from all sorts and conditions of Englishmen holding responsible positions in Egypt. Wherever the indictment was very severe I discussed it with some eminent man who was not of English birth. One afternoon, for example, I went over the principal points with the great advocate, Maitre Carton de Wiart, and I found the German opinion of Egyptians far more severe than my own; while the leading Syrian and Armenian merchants favoured me with withering condemnations of English manners, and English short-sightedness in not using more force in governing the country, and proclaimed the absolute worthlessness of Egyptians—the absolute unfeasibility of their political aspirations. These conversations were like eating pickles with a spoon.

Not only to the Sirdar, but to Colonel Bernard, who arranged for my meeting Zubeir Pasha, to Captain Amery, D.S.O., Captain Carroll and Mr. Dill, I owe much for kindnesses during my visit to the Sudan; while in Upper Egypt I was enabled to see monuments not shown to the general public, by the favour of Mr. A. E. P. Weigall, the accomplished contributor to *Blackwood's*, who is Inspector of Monuments in Upper Egypt; M. Legrain, the Curator of the Temples of Karnak, who made the greatest discovery of statues ever found in Egypt; Mr. E. R. Ayrton, who has made the principal discoveries of recent years in the

Tombs of the Kings at Thebes; Mr. Harold Jones, who is equally distinguished as an artist and an explorer in the illustrated reports of newly-opened tombs. Mrs. Low, mother of Mr. John L. Low, the famous golfing amateur, and another son of hers, the Captain of the Assuan Golf Club, and Dr. Canney, the Resident Physician, helped me in my investigations at Assuan.

I am entirely at a loss how to express my indebtedness to Thomas Cook and Son at Cairo. There seems to be no limit to the influence of this firm in Egypt. All the way up the river I found my path smoothed for me by letters from Mr. Harrison, their general manager in Egypt; and no matter what I wanted to do when I returned to Cairo, Mr. Vesey, their assistant general manager, could always tell me how to do it, and wrote letters which made locks fly open. I am under the deepest obligations to him.

Mr. Russell Rea, M.P., who had arranged before leaving Cairo that our parties should share a table in the voyage up the Nile, knowing Egypt well from earlier visits, helped me in a variety of ways. He was kindness itself. Mr. Snelling, of the *Egyptian Gazette*, who has written a valuable monograph on Menas, the Christian Pompeii outside Alexandria, helped me at Alexandria; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sherard, at Helwân; Mr. Tully, secretary of the Standard Insurance Society, and Mr. René Francis, author of "Egypt and How to See It," at Cairo.

I have many thanks to tender for permission to reproduce photographs in this volume: to B. K. Miller, Esq., the eminent Milwaukee lawyer; to Dr. Llewellyn Phillips, physician at the Kasr-el-Aini Hospital in Cairo; to Dr. Morhig, the proprietor of the huge pharmacy at Khartum; to Messrs. Lekejian, Dittrich, Peridis, and Zangatti, of Cairo; Signor Piromeli (late Beato), of Luxor; and Signor Fiorillo, of Alexandria and Assuan.

And, lastly, I have to thank Miss Olave Potter for the very full index which she has compiled for my book.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Oct. 1908.



# INTRODUCTION.

## I.

I HAVE pointed out in my Preface that this book aims at giving a faithful reflection of British public opinion in Egypt. It was written in the hope that a knowledge of what the British in Egypt think might awaken in the British at home, who love their country, an anxiety about Egypt which will react upon our rulers.

It is indisputable that we have a glorious heritage in Egypt, and that we stand in danger of losing it, because we have Governments, of both parties, who can be squeezed into giving up anything, and because *sedition is busy in Egypt*.

In the following pages will be found a mass of instances and anecdotes which show the parlous state of the country. If you go into the Club in Cairo, or the office of the *Egyptian Gazette* in Alexandria; if you listen to a mess-room conversation, or to what the hard-working British medical inspector or irrigation-engineer is telling an English traveller who is questioning him about the country— you will hear what I have set down in the political portion of this book. And you will hear added to it alarming accounts of the epidemic of rioting in Cairo streets; attacks of bandits on trains in populous parts of the Nile valley; vain prosecutions of seditious journals whose violence could no longer be safely overlooked; open incitements to revolution and massacre of foreigners—which has swept over Egypt since I left it in the early summer.

In collecting the materials for my book, I have conversed with all sorts and conditions of men in Egypt, from the Khedive and Sir Eldon Gorst and the General-in-Command and the Leader of the Bar, down to English inspectors, engineers, police officials, schoolmasters, managers of great business houses, and every kind of British employee in business houses and Government offices. In the last three or four months of my stay in

Egypt I spent a large part of every day in the company of the leading journalists of Cairo.

I have talked to Pashas and Beys and Mamûrs, and editors of both the Nationalist and the anti-Nationalist native newspapers; to Egyptians of all degrees; to the leading Syrians, who, speaking Arabic as their native tongue, mix with the Egyptians much more freely than the English can ever hope to, and are even invited to their intimate social functions, such as weddings; to the grim and watchful Armenians, so difficult to deceive.

I have had many discussions with Europeans of many nationalities—French, Italians, Germans, Austrians, Belgians, Swiss, Greeks, and others, who have made Egypt their home, and have made themselves factors in the country independently of, and often in strong opposition to, the English. At the present time it is rare to find one of them who wishes the English to withdraw; they fear that it would promptly result in the bankruptcy of the country.

Egypt can best be compared to a coal-mine full of fire-damp, with plenty of fools about to strike a match.

The saving feature in the situation is the Young Turk. It was on Turkey, the nation of their co-religionists, that the Egyptian Nationalists chiefly relied. There are many who have been prepared to welcome Turkish intervention, even to welcome a return to Turkish rule, in order to get rid of the hated English. The Egyptian Nationalist hates the rule of the English because they are Christians, and even more because they insist on honest administration. He sighs for a return to the days when Egypt was a cucumber-frame of corruption, in which blackmail grew like Jonah's gourd. He has the effrontery to go about saying that things were better in the days of Ismail Pasha, whose iniquities were condemned even by the Sultan.

Without calling himself "The Young Egyptian," the hoble-dehoy Egyptian Nationalist compared himself to the Young Turk, who has the spirit of the martyrs of the Redemption of Italy and the sound sense of the Anglo-Saxon—and he was confident that the Young Turk would support him in behaving like a spoilt child to the English, and dealing with his possessions like an imbecile who has succeeded to a fortune.

What has the Young Turk to say upon the matter? General Ahmed Pasha shall reply—I quote from the *Egyptian Gazette*, of September 14th, 1908:—

“I beg the courtesy of your columns, for the purpose of stating the extremely valuable aid which the British rule of Egypt has proved to be in paving the way for the Reformed Government in Turkey, with the necessary support of the Shikh-ul-Islam, which was the essential feature in securing the adhesion of the Ulema to the new order of things. For twenty-five years the eyes of every Turk, as well as his ears, have been open to what was happening in Egypt, and the strenuous labours of Lord Cromer have been stamped with such a degree of unselfishness and perseverance in building up a sound administration that he has won the gratitude of Moslems in Egypt and the admiration of Moslems in Turkey; because it has been manifested to all that Lord Cromer was as careful to preserve and augment the revenues and to improve the landed estates of the great Moslem University of El-Azhar, and of the Vakoufs of Egypt, which support the Mosques, as he was to improve the accommodation of Alexandria Harbour or the sanitary condition of Port Said. Officers in the Khedive's army, when visiting friends in Turkish towns, have not been slow to speak in the highest terms of the kindness to them of the British officers under whom they were serving; and so, little by little, your work and example in Egypt has become known and talked about in Mecca and Medina at the time of pilgrimage, and gradually percolated throughout Islam. We see, therefore, why the Young Turkish leaders are desirous of placing their confidence in England, and seeking guidance and help in the difficult task before them. Your rule in Egypt has been a magnificent success and absolutely just, and Turks recognize that King Edward reigns over more Moslems than the Sultan, so that it is of the greatest importance to the Ottoman Empire that we should gain and keep the good will of the British nation.”

It would be interesting to hear what the editor of *Al-Lewa* has to say about the Young Turk's lecture to Egyptians on their ingratitude to England, his declaration of his own devotion to England, and his unstinted admiration for Lord Cromer's work in Egypt. When the Copts ventured to disagree with *Al-Lewa* much less decidedly, he wrote of them as follows—*vide* the *Egyptian Gazette* of August 27th, 1908:—

“They should be kicked to death. They still have faces and bodies similar to those of demons and monkeys, which

is a proof that they hide poisonous spirits within their evil soul (*sic*). The fact that they exist in the world confirms Darwin's theory that human beings are generated from monkeys. You sons of adulterous women, you descendants of the bearers of trays, have you become so foolhardy that you should start and abuse the Moslem faith? The Curse of Allah on you! . . . . You tails of camels, with your monkey faces! you bones of bodies! you poor, dreaming fools! you sons of mean rogues! is it with such acts that such people should win renown?"

The Khedive's laureate, Shawki Bey, "whose official, or semi-official, post prohibits his making any statements to the Press, except those which have been officially, or semi-officially, inspired by the men who are at the head of the native forces at work on the political stage of Egypt," is responsible for the following communication in the *Egyptian Gazette* of September 22nd, 1908.—

"The Khedive is personally in favour of granting the Constitution, but the Constitution cannot be granted unless the Occupying Power takes an active part in the promulgation. All other statements are erroneous."

And to fill the Egyptian Nationalist's cup to the brim, England's time-honoured enemy in Egypt—France—is no longer England's jealous rival, but her closest friend, hand in glove with her over every question of high politics; and Russia, for so many years England's rival in Asia, is hardly less friendly than France.

There remains Germany, in which some see the ultimate owner of Egypt. But for the time being, Germany has no *locus standi* for tendering advice about Egyptian affairs. It would be an evil day for Egypt if ever Germany had the ordering of them. But there does not seem to be a possibility of it.

It is fortunate for Egypt that England does not cherish methods and ambitions like Germany. It is easy to picture the great army the Kaiser would maintain in the Nile Valley, with railways converging on the Suez Canal, built upon all manner of plausible pretexts with the one object of the instantaneous transference of an army for the seizure and closing of the canal in case of war. And Egypt would have to pay for this huge

force, only kept in the country to be employed against its interests.

If we were like the Germans, we should turn the ancient kingdom of the Nile into a sort of Congo Free State for the exploiting of our manufactures, and the monopolizing of Egyptian raw materials. The land which has groaned under so many masters would groan as it never groaned before.

• In reading over the *Egyptian Gazette* of the last three months, with a view to giving the last word about Egypt, it is difficult to see what overt line of action the Egyptian Nationalist will take. He began with street riots, train brigandage and unbridled sedition in the Press. Then, hoping that the successful agitation of the Young Turkish Party for a Constitution in Turkey would make his own claim for a Constitution in Egypt irresistible, he quieted down, merely talking in a large way about justice for Egypt. But he is only "lying low." The idea of simply doing his duty in that state of life into which it pleased God to call him is altogether foreign to the Egyptian Nationalist. The question is, how will he break out? No national revolt is to be apprehended, though the police are said to be all Nationalists, which is less unnatural when one considers that they are all policemen against their will as part of the system of Conscription. And since Egyptians have such a hatred for serving in the army, it is probable that the Egyptian army, also, is full of Nationalists. But a large part of the Egyptian army is Sudanese, and the Sudanese have a contempt for the Egyptians and are much attached to their British officers. The only consideration that would make them cast in their lot with the Nationalists would be a Mohammedan proclamation against the English; but this must come from Turkey, and in the present temper of Turkey there is not the slightest chance of its coming.

I expect to see the leaders of the Nationalists in Egypt nonplussed by this attitude of Turkey. I expect to see the movement much less identified with Islamism—and without a backing of Pan-Islamism, Egyptian Nationalism is a mere husk.

## II

One of the great charms of Egypt, and still more of the Sudan, consists in the type of Young Englishman you see carrying on the administration of the country. He is often accused of arrogance; he sometimes makes no effort to conciliate the Egyptians and Levantines with whom he is thrown in contact, if he is one of the resolute men who are empire-builders. He is perhaps none the worse for this, though so many diatribes have been hurled against him on this account: the Egyptian is an Oriental, and has always had arbitrary masters; but he is quick enough to note the crocodile's pity, which trickles upon him like saliva from the jaws that would swallow Egypt like another Bosnia or Herzegovina if they got the chance. If the English only robbed and maltreated him, as well as disciplined him, the voice of complaint would cease. Æsop must have had some nation like the Egyptians in his eye when he wrote the fable of the "Frog and King Log and King Stork."

It is pleasant to turn from politics to follow the Nile through Nubia, to where Khartum lies embowered in palm trees and bright tropical flowers, on the steep bank of the Blue Nile, and Omdurman is a market for Equatorial Africa.

One passes on the way a long succession - from Ghizeh and Memphis to Halfa—of the most ancient and imposing monuments which the world possesses. The Pyramids and the Sphinx, the Tombs of Thebes, the Temples of Karnak, beggar description. All the world is familiar with their glories. But if it were not for the Museum of Cairo, and the buildings of the Pharaohs on the banks of the Nile, Egypt would be nothing but an Arab monarchy. The Copts, who have most claim to represent the ancient Egyptians, are inconsiderable in numbers, and have no political influence. Though the fellahin are actually free, and in theory the political equals of pashas, they are morally serfs: they affect the question of Government hardly more than they would if they were slaves. Besides the vast number of them are Mohammedans, and in Egypt a

Mohammedan, of whatever blood he may be, counts as an Arab, and will even speak of himself as an Arab.

In other words, Egypt is an Arab nation. And putting the great question of Egyptology aside, it is precisely as an Arab nation that Egypt interests us. For half the life of the Middle Ages was tinged by relations with the Arab powers of the Mediterranean and further Asia. In the old caravan days, before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and America, the golden East had Arab gates, and some of the most brilliant chapters in Art and Romance belong to the Arab Courts, which were swept away in the cataclysms of the stormy fifteenth century.

We love the story of Granada, the more because we have an Arab Power still living in its ancient capital on the banks of the Nile. It is no matter that the Khedive of Egypt rules less orientally than more than one European monarch; that British authority, backed by British bayonets, will tolerate no summary justice, no examinations by torture, not even the *bastinado*; that picturesque plunder and abduction in the style of the Arabian Nights are denied to pashas, who also no longer dress the part. The tourist who explores diligently the quarters of Cairo, which are under the shadow of the Citadel of Saladin, is in an Arab capital still, with half a hundred noble antique mosques, the fountains of every-day life, and stately old palaces of Sultans and Mamlûks lurking unsuspected behind high-ways; and whole streets of old harem windows with meshrebiya lattices. Arab Cairo is mediæval still, though it is true that the wives of the Princes and Pashas and Sheikhs have learned to drive about in European broughams without blinds, and with only a chiffon pretence of a veil; and the Princes and Pashas themselves preserve no part of their Eastern dress but the *tarboosh*.

But the poor, and their spiritual pastors, have changed little. The Dervishes and the Sheikhs of the mosques are always in their robes, and the poor might have walked straight out of the Arabian Nights; the men wearing long blue or white galabeahs, reaching to their bare feet thrust into red slippers, and usually with small white turbans on their heads — the women in black, with veiled faces and heavy silver bands on their ankles, whether bare or stockinged.

Were it not for the carts of building materials and the carriages carrying foreigners, there would still be no wheeled traffic in the streets; for pack-camels and asses bring in the produce of the farmer, and thousands of white asses with silver trappings carry dignified Arabs through the streets, with the curious swift clicking walk which is one of the night sounds of Cairo. If you go into the Bazar in the morning you can see life very little changed from the days of Harûn-er-Rashid. The mourner will be going about the streets heralded by a wailing chant and carrying shoulder-high a long coffin with a high horn, and a domed lid covered with a rich shawl; the water-sellers clinking their brass cups, and the lemonade-sellers with their tall brass vessels, domed and minaretted like miniature mosques, will be standing at every corner; the women will be haggling in the narrow jeweller's sùk, or disappearing into a bath-house with a towel stretched across its door as a warning of sex.

Egypt offers more than any other country to the traveller. A full purse he still needs, a very full purse, but if he makes his connection well at Marseilles, the *de luxe* steamers of the Egyptian Mail Steamship Company will land him at Alexandria during the fourth day from London, and Alexandria is but three hours from Cairo, in which there are quarters where he is as deep in the Orient as he could be in Kyoto or Canton.

How to cheat the winter is the problem of the rich. They can find Society and English sports in the sunshine of the Riviera; they can find art and antiquities in the sunshine of Italy and Sicily; they can find them all in Egypt, and the sunshine of Egypt can only be compared to the ocean. To cross the winter in the sunshine of Egypt is like crossing the ocean. Egyptian sunshine is limitless, and Egypt is still under the aegis of England, though at any moment it may be given away with a pound of soft soap.

Few tourists will prefer the art and antiquities of Egypt to those of Italy, but if their beauty is less obvious, the monuments of Egypt are almost as remarkable for their innumerable as for their inconceivable antiquity.

For the intelligent traveller Egypt is, above all, interesting as an Oriental country. It is not, like Tunis, a bit of the Arab Middle Ages preserved under a glass case; it is as Oriental as Japan or China; you can still see Oriental agriculture, hardly



to be distinguished from the agriculture on the tombs of the Pharaohs, progressing in every mile of the Valley of the Nile, from Cairo to Halfa and Cairo to the sea. You can still see the primitive Oriental buying and selling, gambling and sleeping, watching the snake-charmer, listening to the story-teller, in the Market of the Afternoon under the Citadel.

In El-Azhar, the University of the Mohammedan world which the victorious Gohar founded in the days when tradition pictures our Alfred giving Oxford the first of her proud colleges, bookless students still crowd in little clusters round professors as poor as themselves, like the pupils of Roger Bacon and Abelard. England, the benevolent mistress of seventy millions of Mohammedans, Defender of the Faith of the Ottoman Empire, has by the hands of her Proconsuls-General dealt gently with the antiquated curriculum of the twelve thousand students who eat the bread of Gohar's glorious foundation. And many an ancient mosque has been snatched from ruin and reclothed in splendour by her influence.

Restoration is England's watchword in Egypt. The restoration of Egyptian Nationality, which has been her aim in the years of her ministration, is harder to compass than the restoration of a temple of the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, or a mosque of the magnificent Saladin who fought with our Richard Cœur de Lion for the Holy Land of Israel. For these monarchs of long ago could lay up for themselves treasures under the rainless heaven of Egypt which neither moth nor rust could corrupt, while the men born on Egyptian earth have ever been the prey of corruption—thieves who broke through and stole in the Tombs of the Kings of the old time before them.

The fascination of Egypt is eternal. It is the other Bible-land about which we learned at our mothers' knees, and that is to most of us a perennial spring of feeling; and it is the cradle of the civilization which has made History. Civilization dawned from the East, and it shone over the waters from Egypt to Carthage, Athens, and Rome, and Trinacria, the Sicily with a headland pointing to each, which all three exhausted themselves to conquer, as if knowing that with the conqueror of Sicily the Empire of the World would rest.

As we sit on the banks of the Nile at Luxor, gazing at the

plain of Hundred-Pyloned Thebes and the steps of the Sahara, we marvel why, in that land of long-drawn sunsets, whose heraldic emblem was the lotus, there dwelt not lotus-eaters, but those terrible Pharaohs who wrote the story of their wars on the slave-built Pyramids of the Desert

Egypt is full of the footsteps of conquerors—Cambyses the Persian, who might have strangled the infant Greece; Alexander the Great, of Macedon; Julius Cæsar; Saladin; Napoleon and Nelson.

# EGYPT AND THE ENGLISH.

## PART I.—THE YELLOW PERIL IN EGYPT.

### THE VALUE OF THE ENGLISH TO EGYPT AND EGYPT TO THE ENGLISH.

THE value of Egypt to England is not monetary so much as moral. The Suez Canal, in which she has an immense pecuniary and a still greater political interest, may be considered safe. If she gave up Egypt the Canal would be made a sort of country of itself retained under her control. Severed for the most part by a wide stretch of desert, the Canal is almost a separate country as it is. What we have to consider is the value of the Nile Valley to the English and of the English to the Nile Valley. Because apart from the Suez Canal Egypt consists of the Nile Valley, and the Nile Valley constitutes Egypt.

The value of Egypt to England is two-fold, material and moral—the latter being not less important than the former. For in Egypt and India the prestige of England is on its trial for the last time. The question is, are we or are we not going to allow ourselves to

be jockeyed out of any British sphere the moment it becomes valuable? The present Government of England has abandoned South Africa after a war in which two hundred millions of English money and many thousands of English lives were consumed on the altar of patriotism. Earlier Governments have allowed us to be jockeyed out of the fairest provinces of the North American Continent, and even to be victimized by Venezuela. We have given up all the fruits of prior occupation in China. How super-important, then, is the question if we are going to allow ourselves to be jockeyed out of Egypt and India by a parcel of verbose jackanapeses who are incited, by the education and development which we have given them ourselves and which they have not in the least digested, to demand that we should surrender our heritage to them? In Egypt, at any rate, it would be just like a man's giving up the administration of his property and the ruling of his household to his clerks. Politically speaking, the Egyptian Nationalist is not above the level of a clerk.

The Egyptian Nationalist rests his hopes on the Little Englander.

Nor are the mere commercial benefits which we derive from Egypt less important. For putting aside the fact that Egypt is our road to India—that country is the great source from which the English cotton manufacturers are able to derive their raw material free from the menace of ruin at any moment by the cornering operations of American speculators. And since the import duties are only nominal, and large quantities of machinery, textiles and English canned provisions are used, Egypt is one of our best customers

—thirty-two and a half per cent. of the entire trade of Egypt being with Great Britain.

That a certain number of Englishmen hold well-paid posts in Egypt is undeniable, but so do a not inconsiderable number of Frenchmen, though naturally there are not so many French as English in the employ of a country which is semi-administered by England. It would be equally idle to deny that the various adviserships to the Ministers of the Khedive which are held by Englishmen offer a valuable training. Lord Milner had, perhaps, his most valuable training for the South African post, which he filled with such courage and genius, in Egypt, where he was Under-Secretary of Finance. Service in the Egyptian Army is much coveted by young soldiers of ability, since ~~it~~ gives them opportunities of showing the stuff they are made of, and acquiring administrative experience.

But let no foreign critic run away with the idea that financially these posts in Egypt are prizes to Englishmen. When we take into consideration the dignity of the establishment which Englishmen think it incumbent on them to maintain while they are holding public positions abroad, and the expensiveness of Egypt, it will be obvious that Englishmen have often to draw on their private incomes to render it possible for them to retain their positions in Egypt—a country where a subaltern in the Garrison Artillery could not live in comfort on less than six hundred pounds a year beyond his pay—if he were married. I have this on the authority of a commanding officer.

Even if the positions in the Egyptian Civil Service\*

\* The conditions for entering this Service will be found at the end of this Chapter.

could be regarded as prizes by the clever young men who are thought worthy of receiving such appointments, in a Service where they are chosen for fitness and not as the result of examinations in scholarship and literature, they need not enter into our calculations here, for the British policy in Egypt—whatever falsehoods to the contrary may be spread by the Egyptian Nationalists for the credulous to swallow—is to dispense with the British subordinates of every kind and replace them with Egyptians as fast as natives can be trained for the purpose.

There has been delay in the process solely because it is not sufficient that the holders of high posts should be able to repeat their lessons like parrots—it is the moral lessons—the questions of responsibility which the Egyptian takes so long to learn—he does not come of a ruling race, but of a race which has always been ruled. However, with England honestly anxious to replace Englishmen by Egyptians wherever an Egyptian sufficiently responsible for a post can be found, one need not regard the posts in the Egyptian Civil Service as increasing the value of Egypt to England.

The sentimental value of Egypt to England is very great. What decent Englishman would like to see England leaving Egypt? Has she not twice in one century saved Egypt—the Land of Countless Centuries, the Chronologist's Grammar? Egypt is sanctified to us by the blood of our fellow-countrymen from Abercromby dying in the moment of victory—the general in one of the decisive battles of the world—to Gordon martyred by the Little Englanders, and poor young Scott-Moncrieff so recently cut off like a sentry at an out-post.

The value of the English to Egypt is of a different kind. It is the custom in noble English families, where the heir is a boy of weak character, to engage a tutor, who is not only good at education of the ordinary kind, but is looked up to by all his fellows for the strength of his character and his excellence in manly sports. He is given complete authority over the boy in the hope that his influence will make a man of him.

Egypt has the same results to expect from the tutelage of England. It is thus that the young Egyptians can fit themselves to receive Parliamentary institutions and the other European privileges which they covet.

But this is speaking figuratively. When one comes down to facts, one finds that Egyptian credit—the power of the various Egyptian institutions to borrow money in Europe—depends upon the permanence of the British occupation: that directly the administration of justice passes out of British control into that of natives, bribery, corruption, spite and what not, steal in; that even the distribution of water would break down if it were left entirely to Egyptians—that the use of it would soon be a mere matter of bribes, and that sooner or later some ghastly disaster would overtake the great dam at Assuan itself from Egyptian carelessness and inability to deal with a crisis.

In a word, Egypt needs the English because without them national bankruptcy would intervene with alarming suddenness, and Egyptian civilization would break down. The Egyptian must be told to do a thing; he cannot be trusted to do it of his own accord. "You want to stand over this people with a stick," said the German chemist at Alexandria.

The Egyptians are fond of comparing themselves

to the Japanese, as an example of an Oriental people ready to take its place among the Western nations. But the comparison is illusory. When the English stepped into Egypt the ancient civilization had entirely perished and the modern veneer was cracked and peeling off and fast disappearing, while the Japanese had an ancient and highly developed civilization of their own flourishing in full vigour as a groundwork for taking on the civilization of the West. Still less must it be forgotten that the Japanese are a ruling race who have never been conquered in all their long history.

The conditions for entering the Egyptian Civil Service as laid down by Lord Cromer in his 1906 Egypt Report may be summarized as follows :

. A candidate for the Egyptian or Soudanese Civil Services must apply on a printed form, which can be obtained from the Secretary of the Selection Board, Ministry of Finance, Cairo, or the Appointments Boards of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Universities. The application form consists of a series of questions which the candidate is requested to answer. He is required to make statements with regard to his age, health, etc., his educational and other attainments, and he is invited to give the names of persons to whom he wishes reference to be made with respect to his qualifications.

Candidates who have taken an Honours Degree at the University are given the preference, if they are otherwise fitted for the Service ; whilst those who have taken a lower degree are considered as less eligible. Candidates who have never been to a University or failed to take a degree, unless they are possessed of some special technical qualifications, are not considered eligible for the Service.

~~Candidates~~ Candidates should be between the ages of 21 and 25 at the time of making their application.

The Selection Board is composed, as a rule, of four of the higher officials of the Egyptian and Soudanese



Governments, chosen annually. As far as its functions go it is an independent body, over which no one has any control or influence whatsoever.

The Board considers the applications and eliminates all those who are either ineligible or who have obviously inferior claims to those of other candidates. The remainder are requested to present themselves before the Selection Board, after having been previously examined by a Medical Board specially charged with this duty. It has been found necessary to demand a high standard of physical fitness in view of the climatic conditions of Egypt, and still more of the Soudan, both in the interest of the Government and of the candidates themselves.

The Board selects as many candidates as are required to fill the existent or prospective vacancies.

The selection itself is based on the general fitness and capability of the candidate, as well as on his intellectual attainments. References and recommendations are, therefore, accepted from any one who has a personal knowledge of the candidate, whether he has been in a position of educational control or authority over him or not. Recommendations from persons of whatsoever authority or position who have no personal acquaintance with the candidate are absolutely valueless, if they do not actually prejudice his chances. The Board will not accept hearsay evidence.

The selected candidates proceed for one year either to Oxford or Cambridge to acquire a certain knowledge of the Arabic language under teachers specially provided by the Egyptian Government for the purpose.

Recently it has been proposed to add to the course certain other subjects of which a knowledge would be useful in official life both in Egypt and in the Soudan, and effect is being tentatively given to the proposal.

After a year's study, the candidates are required to pass an examination\* in the subjects which they have been learning, and if they are successful are again

\* Messrs. Galibitas, Thring and Co., the educational agents, of 36, Sackville Street, W., inform me that the standard of scholarship which is necessary for success in the examinations for the English and Indian Civil Services is not required from the nominees appointed by the Egyptian Board.

medically examined to see whether their standard of health has been maintained. They are then finally approved by the Selection Board, and given their instructions to join the Service to which they have been appointed, either in Cairo or Khartoum . . . .

“ Their Arabic,” says one of their chiefs, “ when they arrive is, of course, of no immediate practical value. They undoubtedly, however, derive great benefit even now from what they learned in England. I make them follow it up, and in a short time their Arabic is on a totally different plane from that of Europeans who have picked it up in the best way they could. I have found that young gentlemen from the Universities are enormously improved by a short but severe course of military training before they go to work to learn their administrative duties. They come back with a certain amount of colloquial Arabic, respectful and alert.”

## WHAT THE ENGLISH HAVE DONE FOR EGYPT.

THE English have re-created Egypt. In an Oriental and Mohammedan country which has suffered from the oppressions of conquerors for longer than any land in history there have arisen great European cities like Cairo and Alexandria, a civilized and efficient army and police, a system of justice with European ideals at any rate, a stable element in finance.

To come down to facts. When the English entered Egypt a quarter of a century ago, the population was a good deal less than seven millions. The reign of security and prosperity has, in twenty-five years, increased this population by four and a half millions—not far short of seventy-five per cent. There are nearly half as many inhabitants again as there were in ancient Egypt in its palmiest days. The revenue of the country was in 1880 nine millions. To-day, in spite of enormous reductions in money taxation and the abolition of the *corvée*, it has risen to sixteen millions and a half—all but double. The aggregate exports and imports in 1880 were nineteen millions and a half. In 1907 they had risen to between fifty-four and fifty-five millions. The cotton crop yielded in 1880 two and a quarter millions of cantars ; in 1907 it had risen to nearly

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seven million cantars, in a year when the Nile flood was one of the worst on record. In 1877, the only year in which the Nile was as bad as 1907, about a million acres either received no water at all, or so little that nothing could be grown on them. In 1907 only about ten per cent. of that amount of land was without irrigation. In the old days the full land-tax was exacted from the unfortunate owner if one drop of water reached his lands, quite regardless of whether anything was grown on them or not. Now, if the land cannot be cultivated no land-tax is paid. Famines are unknown in Egypt because such is the prosperity which the English have given it that a population fifty per cent. larger than that of ancient Egypt at its most prosperous time is insufficient for the agriculture of the country. What will happen, as more and more of the Nile water is reservoired, it is difficult to predict. The raising of the Assuan Dam alone will irrigate another million acres of land at present lying waste in the northern tracts of the Delta.

The scientific conservation of the Nile water is entirely due to the English. Mehemet Ali, in 1833, decided to dam the waters of the Rosetta branch of the Nile and turn them into the Damietta branch to suit his arrangements for growing cotton. This would have deprived Alexandria and a whole province of water. Linant Bey behaved much better than most of the foreigners in the service of the Khedives in pre-English days—he persuaded Mehemet Ali to change this project and have a barrage across both branches; and later, on the plea that it would cost more to bring the stone from them than from a quarry, he persuaded Mehemet Ali to spare the Pyramids of Gizeh, which he

intended to use for the barrage. But he could not prevent him from having a thousand cubic feet of concrete laid daily, whether it could be done properly or not ; and, as the river was three and a half feet higher than the year before, part of the concrete was laid in running water, which prevented its setting. Twenty years afterwards, when Mehemet Ali had been dead five years, and nearly two millions sterling had been spent on the barrage, without mentioning the labour of the *corvée* and the army, scarcely any of the piers were above the level of the water. The total cost of this barrage with its fortifications, et cetera, was about four millions. In 1863, as water was urgently needed, the barrage gates were closed for the first time to try and hold up a depth of four and a half feet of water. The barrage cracked, and four years later ten of the openings of the Rosetta barrage moved down the stream. Nine years after that Sir John Fowler offered to remedy its defects for one million two hundred thousand pounds ; but Ismail Pasha, with all his craze for spending money upon public works, had no faith in barrages, and the same year General Rundle, R.E., estimated that the barrage could be made sound for four hundred thousand pounds, and that making new gates and training the river would cost a hundred thousand pounds more—an estimate which proved correct. In 1883, Rousseau Pasha, Director of Public Works, considered the only use of the barrage was to regulate the amount of water between the Damietta and Rosetta branches, and proposed to irrigate Lower Egypt by pumps at an initial cost of seven hundred thousand pounds, and an annual outlay of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand. The English authorities vetoed this extraordinary proposal, and in

1884 consulted Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff as to what ought to be done. At an expense of twenty-five thousand pounds he was able to hold up about seven feet in the Rosetta branch and three feet in the Damietta branch. Encouraged by this, the English put the whole barrage into order at the cost of four hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds all told, and by 1891 it was possible to hold up thirteen feet of water in both branches. Eleven years later the great Assuan Dam was finished, with the results above mentioned in reducing the area affected by the most disastrously low Nile by about ninety per cent. American experts have said that the erection of the Pyramids was nothing, as an engineering feat, compared to the erection of the Assuan Dam, which they consider the greatest of the marvels in Egypt.

Intimately connected with the subject of the conservation of water is that of the *corvée*. Formerly unlimited numbers of fellahin, says Lord Cromer, might be dragged away from their villages at any moment, for any purpose—public or private, legitimate or illegitimate, upon which the Khedive chose to employ them, and it is impossible to guess what damage this system inflicted upon the country in the old days of despotism. What the *corvée* really was needed for, and what to a certain limited extent it is still used for, was the necessary labour in connection with the Nile flood. It was estimated that the work of clearing the canals of silt done by the forced labour of the peasantry could be done by contract for four hundred thousand pounds a year, while the loss that the people suffered in being absent at the very season when their presence was most necessary on their own land penalized them to at least



twice that extent. The Convention of London reduced the land-tax by four hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Waste of some sort had reduced the relief to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The English in Egypt proposed to use this money for the relief of the *corvée*, but the French would only give a provisional sanction to the arrangement, in Lord Milner's words, "keeping Egypt in suspense about this vital matter, in order to bring pressure to bear upon her Government for the concession of some rather shabby demands about the pay and position of certain French officials." Nowadays the *corvée* is only used for guarding the banks of the Nile during the flood. Out of a population of over eleven millions, not much more than twelve thousand men are taken to watch for the hundred days that this is necessary.

Vying in importance for the poor Egyptian was the abolition of the *courbash* and the use of torture, for obtaining confessions from prisoners. Mohammedan Law, to which the English in Egypt have paid an exaggerated amount of respect, will only allow a prisoner to be executed when the crime has been performed in the presence of two witnesses, or when the prisoner confesses. Under these circumstances punishment would seem impossible, but in practice the judges found an easy way out of it—they tortured the prisoner till he did confess, excusing themselves with the sophistry that they only applied the torture where they were satisfied in their minds that he was guilty. They were ingenious in the invention of new tortures, though the *courbash* was so handy that other tortures were almost superfluous. Lord Cromer tells of a *Mudir*, or provincial Governor, who, when a man would not pay the taxes

he required of him, had a burning rag steeped in spirits of wine held close to his mouth and then received a blow in the stomach which "took his wind." He had to take a deep breath to refill his lungs, and this drew the flame into his mouth. That was only for recalcitrant taxpayers. "But refined forms of torture," says Lord Cromer, "were comparatively rare, and on the other hand, the use of the *courbash*, a strip of hippopotamus hide tapered at the end, was universal." The English abolished both, and though the use of the *courbash* lingered long, and lingers still where Egyptians are left to the tender mercies of Egyptians, they are safe from it wherever there is an Englishman to appeal to.

Lord Cromer tells a characteristic story about this. A man accused of some crime was brought before a *Mudir* soon after the abolition of the *courbash*. He refused to answer questions. A British officer was present.

"The *Mudir* directed that he should be flogged. All the steps which were usually preliminary to the infliction of flogging were taken. The man, however, was in no way impressed. 'The English are here,' he said to the *Mudir*; 'you know that you cannot flog me.' And accordingly, he was not flogged. It may well have been that the unwonted audacity displayed in this case was due to the presence of an Englishman. Nevertheless, the mere fact that an Egyptian *fellah* should have dared to assert his right not to be flogged was a striking innovation. A reflective Pasha would have noted that a new spirit was abroad."

There is a passage in Lord Cromer's book just above this which is extremely illustrative of Egyptian duplicity and disobedience. Where the Egyptian is

enforcing the law against someone else he abides by its most rigid letter, but where it applies to himself, he disregards it whenever he can do so with safety. Ismail Pasha Eyoub was compelled by the English to issue a circular condemning the use of beating and torture. Lord Cromer's comments are biting.

“Whatever Ismail Pasha Eyoub and his coadjutors may have thought on the subject of government by torture, their sentiments, as expressed in the Circular, were unimpeachably orthodox when judged by the standard of modern civilization. It was stated, in terms of indignant remonstrance, that, in spite of reiterated Circulars in past days, the Minister of the Interior had heard, to his unspeakable regret, that recourse was still had by some perverse officials to the ‘reprehensible use of the bastinado.’ This practice was denounced as ‘horrible and infamous.’ It ‘degraded humanity and violated in the gravest manner the principles of social rights.’ Further, it was ‘absolutely useless and without justification,’ for the Minister, who here indulged to a certain extent in a flight of his imagination, pointed out that the Government had instituted law-courts, whose business it was to deal with all litigious affairs, both civil and criminal. As to the collection of the taxes, what need could there be of the whip when the series of Decrees issued by the Government laid down with commendable precision the nature of the measures to be taken to ensure their payment? The various officials were, therefore, solemnly warned that ‘the only object of their mission was to secure, as much as possible, the welfare of the people, their prosperity, and their moral and material development, by dispensing to individuals equality of justice whilst defending them against all aggression and protecting their interests and their rights.’ They were all, down to the lowest village Sheikh, who was sometimes courbashed and sometimes courbashed others, adjured in language which, to those acquainted with the peculiar ways of the Pashadom of the time, is almost comic in

its deceptive pathos, to abstain in the future from the abominable and barbarous practice of flogging.

"Ismail Pasha Eyoub probably stated the truth when he said that on previous occasions orders had been issued prohibiting the use of the *courbash*. It is needless to inquire into this point, for if any such orders were issued, no adequate steps were taken to enforce obedience to them. But when the Circular of Ismail Pasha Eyoub was published, the population of Egypt, and more especially that portion of it which was in the habit of being flogged, woke up to the fact that they no longer had to deal with a few meaningless platitudes intended to throw dust in the eyes of humanitarians. It was felt that, although the signature to the Circular might be that of an official who had little real sympathy with its spirit, the contents of that document had been dictated by the British Envoy, who meant what he said, and who, moreover, possessed both the will and the power to enforce his behests."

Egypt is a purely agricultural country, with a few great towns which act as its ports and marts. Cairo, Alexandria, Port Said, Suez, Assyût, Mansûra and Tanta are the only towns which could be called cities, and with the exception of the two first they none of them have anything like a hundred thousand inhabitants. Yet from the Delta upwards, habitable Egypt consists only of a narrow strip on each side of the Nile. Almost the entire population of Egypt, in fact, is rural. It is, therefore, the toilers in the fields, the fellahin, who have to be considered in anything which concerns the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It is these fellahin who are under the greatest obligations to the English. Before the abolition of the *courbash* and the torture they were little better than slaves, not only of the Khedive, or even the Pashas, but of every Omdah, or head man, of a village. They were not secure in the possession of

their wives and daughters, who were abducted freely, though the offence is so much more heinous in a Mohammedan country. The abolition of slavery has not concerned them so much, because the slaves were largely women, and the Egyptian has no special aversion to slavery. They owe to the English an incalculable amount of further benefits. In taxation alone the benefits they have reaped are gigantic, for before the advent of the English and the great irrigation system which the English introduced, they were made to pay the land-tax whether the Nile was high enough to cultivate their lands or not ; and whenever the Khedive was at his wits' end for money he levied fresh taxes upon the fellahin.

As if that was not enough, the luckless fellahin were frequently, in order to pay their taxes, obliged to have recourse to the Syrian usurer, who ground them to the dust with exactions hardly to be contemplated in Europe. In the old days they were sometimes without water, sometimes ruined by floods. Nowadays the supply is alike plentiful and uniform. The regulation of the Nile not only gives them the wherewithal to grow their crops, but cheap carriage to market, and as if that were not enough, the obliging English have provided roads and railways. Another gigantic benefit is the purity of the administration of justice. Sentences to death, exile and imprisonment are no longer inflicted at the whim of some Pasha. The man has a trial, even if it is not conducted with the same scrupulosity as in England. And if he brings a civil suit, no longer has he to buy justice, which always went to the longest purse.

For education he is probably not so grateful, for the

fellah is thick-witted, though he has sufficient of the handy-man about him to be able to appreciate some of the improvements which the English have introduced into agriculture. To the English also he owes hospitals, lunatic asylums (in which the unfortunate insane are no longer treated like wild beasts), and schools.

He has fortunately not yet grasped the full opportunities offered by the schools, or he might want all his children to go in for the secondary certificates which lead to clerkships.

There is probably nothing for which he is so grateful as the decline of bakshish, of which he was the special victim. Ismail Pasha, when he was Khedive, had a profound faith in bakshish—he held that everyone had his price and his subjects followed humbly in his footsteps.

Says Lord Cromer :

“ They took and they paid bribes. From the half-naked donkey-boy, who in shrill tones demanded ‘ bakshish ’ to the extent of a piastre or two from the winter tourist, to the highly-placed Pasha, whose assistance could only be obtained by the payment of more substantial sums, all, or nearly all, were venal. The contractor bribed the Minister to obtain a contract on terms unduly advantageous to himself, and would then bribe the Clerk of the Works in order that he should not inquire too carefully as to whether the terms of the contract had or had not been strictly executed. The subordinate official bribed his superior in order to get promotion. The landowner bribed the engineer in order that he should obtain more water for his fields than was his due. The Kadis were paid by both the plaintiff and the defendant to any suit, the decision being usually given in favour of the highest briber. The Government surveyors were bribed to make false measurements of land. The Village Sheikhs were bribed

to accord exemption from the *corvée* and from military service. The police were bribed by everybody who had the misfortune to be brought in contact with them. The passenger by railway found it cheaper to give 'bakshish' to the guard or to the ticket collector than to pay for a ticket. As a preliminary to bribing a Mudir to inquire into any alleged grievance, it was necessary for the petitioner to bribe the hungry satellites, who hang about the office of the Mudirich, before the great man could be personally informed that any petition had been presented. The ramifications of the system were, in fact, endless. Egyptian official and social life was saturated with the idea that in Egypt personal claims and interests, however just on their own merits, could never be advanced without the payment of 'bakshish.' "

Corruption has not disappeared - that was not possible in Egypt, the land of the parasite. The fellah still has to pay bakshish whenever he has any complaint or request to make about his water-supply, unless he is fortunate enough to gain an interview with the English inspector, whom he knows to be above corruption, and never insults him by the offer of a bribe. If an Egyptian landowner is inveighing against the English occupation and demanding their instant withdrawal, you only have to say, "including the officers in charge of the water" to reduce him to a state of pulp. No Egyptian wishes to ask for water or any other necessity from another Egyptian, because he knows that he will have to pay as big a bribe as he can afford. The English have done much in the way of checking corruption. They are known to be absolutely hostile to it and willing to support anyone who brings a black-mailer to book. But this seldom happens, for the Egyptian is a blackmailer by instinct, and does not wish to spoil the business. It is the other man's turn



*Photo by*

LORD CROMER.

[H. WALTON BARNETT,

*[Facing page 206.*





to-day, but it may be his turn to-morrow. What the Englishman could do to check corruption he has done. As Lord Cromer points out, the inauguration of a proper system of accounts and audits and vouchers for all expenditure has done something towards checking embezzlements of the public money. But the Egyptian takes advantage of every opening. Lord Cromer tells us of a high Egyptian official who was "on one occasion charged with the sale of certain lands belonging to the Government. Adjoining these lands were others, which were his private property. He sold the two lots together to the same purchaser. They were of precisely the same quality, but the price obtained for the Government was very low, whilst that obtained by the official acting in his private capacity was very high. Thus, a considerable part of the money, which should have been paid into the Treasury, found its way into the pockets of the official, who was specially charged to look after the interests of the Government. No system of audit would have succeeded in preventing a fraud of this description. It could only have been discovered by some one who happened to know that the market value of the land sold by the Government was in excess of the sum which the Government received."

Something has been achieved by the raising and regular payment of the salaries of the officials. In Ismail's day, when they were miserably paid and often had their salaries left months in arrears, they were almost obliged to help themselves. Formerly the execution of public works and the supplying of Government stores were given by favour to this or the other contractor. The introduction of the system of tenders has struck a blow at the root of this. The judges are now

carefully chosen and a vigilant eye is kept upon them ; in Ismail's day the administration of justice was a farce. With the abolition of the *corvée*, except for flood duties, the necessity of bribing the *Omdah* of the village for exemption from service is disappearing, and the service which every Egyptian hated most of all, military service, is now stripped of many of its most loathed features, and, if the reform suggested by Sir Eldon Gorst be carried out, will perhaps become absolutely popular. In the old days when a man was taken for military service he had few hopes of ever seeing his home again he might be drafted off to the Sudan to be on duty against the dreaded Mahdists for life. He was taken without any regard to the conditions for enlistment. Now the conditions of the service are so much improved that when a soldier gets his first holiday, he is the pride of his village, and when he gets his second holiday he does not always care to go back to the squalor of his early surroundings after the, to him, luxuries of barrack life.

The Gorst reform proposes that the twenty pounds with which every Egyptian who has that amount of money in the world buys exemption from service, should not go to the general revenue, but should be put into a fund from which the man who has done his service is, at the conclusion of it, paid twenty pounds, the exact sum he would have had to pay if he had tried to shirk serving his country. Even an Egyptian cannot fail to see the fairness of this arrangement by which the man who serves receives the fine of the man who will not serve, not by being purchased as a substitute, in the style of some European armies, but by the bare fact of performing his service when his own call comes.

Further, instead of being compelled to serve in the police after his course is over in the army, he will be free to decline, though offered considerable advantages if he is willing to serve.

Contrast this not only with the chaos of Ismail Pasha's reign when all his fine schemes had collapsed, but with Egypt in the time of the great Mehemet Ali. In those days, says Colvin:

"Harvests were bought by the Governor at his own rates from the Fellaheen, and re-sold by him for export at great profit. Scarcity, rising not infrequently to famine, desolated the country. Bubonic and bovine plague were endemic. The peasants' cattle were liable to be seized for the private farms and factories of the Pasha and his Turks; what their agents spared, plague might carry away. Lads were dragged to schools with high-sounding names—polytechnic schools, schools of medicine, schools of agriculture, veterinary schools—all of them, whatever their titles, inefficient and little more than shams. The youths who entered them were lost henceforth to their families and were regarded as chattels of the Government. This course of so-called instruction completed (or incompleting as the case might be), they were despatched, in many cases, to perish under foreign skies; or survived to find themselves employed in posts wholly alien to their education and training."

Ismail made matters worse by building factories and railways, extravagant palaces and costly and inefficient schools, besides incurring huge debts for wars and so on. When he came to the throne the national debt was less than four millions sterling; when he was compelled to abdicate it was over a hundred millions, and the brunt of it fell upon his subjects. When Ismail, intractable as he was insolvent, was deposed by the Sultan, and expelled from Egypt, in 1879, says Colvin,

“the country was in the utmost misery ; the indebtedness of the fellah was universal ; there was no justice ; no order, or system, in the collection of the land revenues and taxes. The finances were bankrupt, and the European creditor was in possession. The governing body, few in number, were, with rare exceptions, devoid of character, probity, and intelligence.”

Then came the conspiracy of Arabi, into which it is not necessary to enter here, and still further desolation. The Egypt of that day was in a worse condition than Persia is to-day. This was the condition of things when the English crumpled up Arabi and his fellow-braggarts behind the ramparts of Alexandria and on the field of Tel-el-Kebir.

What has happened since then ? The whole Nile Valley, from the southern border to the sea, is full of population and cultivation wherever the water reaches with which the genius of the great English engineers has permanently endowed a land that suffered from disastrous droughts, whenever the Nile was a low one. Roads and railways and regular services of steamers enable the fellahin to bring their produce to market—even across the desert from the Great Oasis. The army, instead of being a collection of ill-disciplined poltroons despised by everyone, mere food for powder, or one might say for sword and javelin, when it was sent against the Mahdists, has become a gallant and well-disciplined force with a great deal of the dash and endurance of our Indian army. There is quite a good police-force, which, if it does not perform its duties with striking intelligence, is at any rate civilized. When one is in the low parts of Cairo, or thinly-populated country districts, one is ordinarily safe from molestation unless fana-

ticism is aroused or a deliberate trap is laid by evil-doers as at Denshawai. It cannot be denied that the fine-looking Egyptian police-troopers, on their beautiful white Arabs, are exceedingly anxious to save foreigners from any annoyance at the hands of natives. They escort a foreigner of their own accord, if he is going into a lonely part or a place where the population has a bad name. In most of the conveniences of civilization, postal, telegraphic, telephonic, and what not, Egypt is at present like a European country.

In the great cities the improvements due to the English may not be so obvious. On the one hand, Ismail Pasha had a craze for development and public works, and on the other hand, the wobbling and shilly-shallying which has distinguished the recent action of England in Egypt has cancelled some of the principal benefits produced by the long and resolute pro-consulship of one of the greatest men ever sent by England to be her representative in a distant and difficult country. England may remember with pride that at the dawn of the twentieth century she was served by Lord Cromer in Egypt, Lord Milner in South Africa, Lord Curzon in India, and Sir Robert Hart, in a somewhat different capacity, in China—all of them worthy of Macaulay's epigrammatic eulogy on Warren Hastings. Nominally, the Khedive was the Viceroy of the Sultan in Egypt, in reality Lord Cromer was that best of all rulers—a benevolent despot. While his firm hand was at the helm the credit of Egypt was as good as that of some of the principal countries of Europe. On the credit of Lord Cromer, on the strength of the permanency of the English occupation, foreign financiers were willing to advance Egypt all the money she asked. The collapse of Egyptian credit is due not

only to the booming and inflation of the last year or two, but to the fact of Lord Cromer's resignation for ill-health or other reasons. The impression of those who knew Sir Eldon Gorst, when he was in Egypt before, is that the continual weakening of England's position is not due to any want of strength on his part—he was always considered a strong man—but to the instructions of a Government of Little Englanders in England, only hindered from committing serious follies in Egypt by the wisdom and firmness of Sir Edward Grey.

Nothing attests the value of the services done by England to Egypt more than the fact that the bare rumour that British occupation might not be permanent has reduced the credit of Egypt to a North-African instead of a European level. The very Frenchmen who hate England, and have been scheming to drive her out of the occupation of Egypt, are refusing, at the bare thought of their exertions proving successful, to invest any more of their money in Egypt.

It will be noticed that the country districts have apparently benefited much more than the cities by the quarter of a century of strenuous labours which the English have devoted to purifying the administration and developing the resources of Egypt. If this is so, it is because the benefits of which the agricultural districts stood in need were water, honest taxation, the lowering of the interest on loans, security from oppression, and the like. These were reforms which were not likely to meet with so much opposition as those the cities needed for two reasons, which really resolve themselves into one—the people who stood in the way of reforms were natives, not foreigners, and there were very few foreigners in those parts.

There are a great many evils which could have been reformed long ago in Cairo if it had not been for the *Capitulations*. If England had frankly assumed the Protectorate of Egypt, Cairo might have been as well conducted a city as Melbourne or Sydney. But the unfortunate system of Capitulations renders it difficult to deal with any foreign transgressor without the support and the sympathy of the nation to which he belongs, and unfortunately the smaller nations, such as Greece, have, in times not long past at any rate, thought it heroic to support their blackguards through thick and thin, no matter what law they were breaking. Cairo cannot, therefore, have a proper municipality—it cannot insist on necessary sanitary improvements in the matter of drainage and the like; it has not shown itself able to stamp out the illicit stills in which Greeks manufacture ardent spirits from various deleterious compounds at fourpence a quart. It has not been very successful in its campaign against gambling dens and hashish dens. Vice may be said to flourish almost unchecked.

Some reforms, therefore, about which the Egyptians are as honestly anxious as the English, are impossible to press.

Where things are well managed—like the police arrangements of Cairo—the credit will be found due to the force and tact of the Englishman at their head. The shortcomings of Cairo as a civilized city can be imagined from the proverb which has passed into a newspaper heading, or the newspaper heading which has passed into a proverb—*Cairo Sans-Gêne*. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the long and beneficent rule of the English has resulted in making land in Cairo as valuable as land in most European capitals, while I have heard



of agricultural land fetching as much as one hundred and fifty, or even two hundred pounds, per acre, and letting at twenty to twenty-two pounds per acre.

The only way for Egypt to continue prosperous is for it to continue in the hands of the English. We could not allow it to pass into the hands of any other European nation, and without the steel girders of European control Egyptian prosperity would collapse like a jerry-built house.

It would have been much better if we had frankly appropriated Egypt when we conquered it as France appropriated Tunisia. With a British Government and law courts there would have been no need for "Capitulations" and other lumber, which now impede the country's prosperity and proper administration. British justice would have been good for the subjects of the other Great Powers and a great deal too good for the subjects of the smaller Powers, who make the Capitulations a byword. There would have been none of the delays in the development of the country from the difficulties which have been put in the way of Egypt borrowing for the most necessary public works. The revenue would have been doubled—and Egypt would have been as contented as the Sudan.

The work of the English in Egypt will be one of the mystifications of the historian of the future.

A nation about to commit itself to the expenditure of much treasure and not a little blood, and to the toils and anxieties of many strenuous years, deliberately sacrificed the profits and glory and pleasure of the proceeding to gratify its enemies abroad and its still more dangerous enemies at home.

## THE SITUATION IN EGYPT.

THE most distinguished publicist in Alexandria said to me: "The Europeans in Egypt are standing on the thin crust of a volcano. We in Alexandria are not so badly off as others: we are a sensible proportion of the population; we are organized; we are armed; but anywhere else in Egypt, except Suez and Port Said, the Europeans might be murdered *en masse* any day."

Lord Cromer, in his 1906 Report on Egypt, wrote: "If I am sceptical of Pan-Islamism producing any more serious results than sporadic outbursts of fanaticism, it is, in the first place, because I greatly doubt the possibility of Moslem co-operation and cohesion when once it becomes a question of passing from words to deeds; and, in the second place, because I am quite confident of the power of Europe, should the necessity arise, to deal effectively with the material, though not with the spiritual, aspects of the movement."

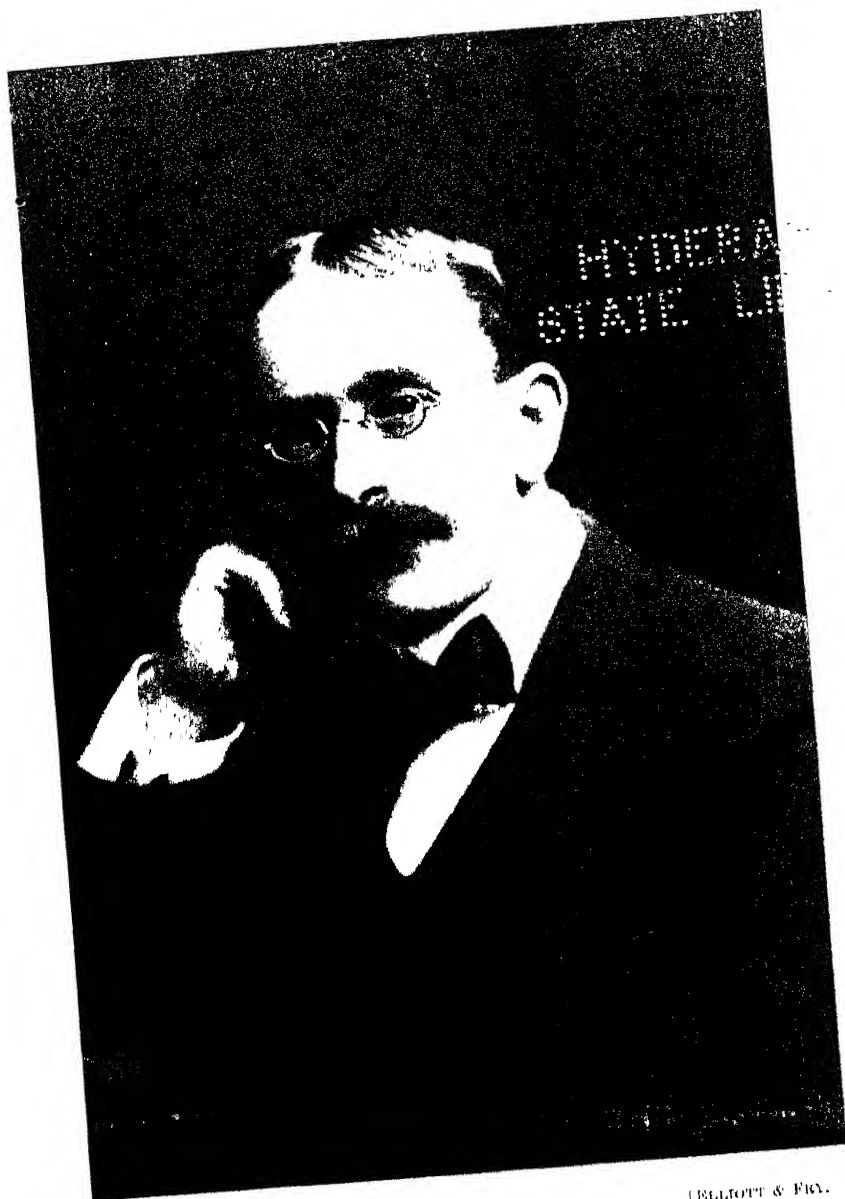
This should be enough to stagger the lamb-like M.P. who goes for a few weeks to Egypt, and listens to the glib re-assurances and the specious aspirations of the Egyptian Nationalists.

It should be observed that there are not many Nationalists who speak English well enough to attempt to describe a political situation in our language. The services of an interpreter are required. Lying is here-

ditary in interpreters, who make their living by twisting conversations so that each party to the conversation imagines that he is cheating or convincing the other. Egyptian interpreters are worse than most, because the Egyptian recognizes no value in truth, except as a sort of manacle in which the foreigner allows himself to be secured. He does not allow his own hands to be bound in any such way.

There was an Englishman in Egypt holding a very high post under the Government. I was introduced to him as being more in sympathy with Egyptians and their aspirations than any other loyal Englishman in a position of influence. I should hear the other side of the question from him, they said. And I did. But he warned me, that though what he told me seemed to represent the facts (to him after twenty years in Egypt), I must receive what he told me with caution, because, said he, "These people do not look on the truth as we do. There are exceptions, of course, but the best Egyptians have told me lies of a kind which would prevent my ever speaking to them again if they were Englishmen. Lying with them is part of the art of persuasion—I know that a lie with them is only an argument, that it has no moral significance. I let them see that I have discovered the lie, because it adds to their respect for my intelligence. And they know what I think of a lie. But they remain unabashed, and I allow them to remain my friends."

If the Egyptian will lie to such a man, who speaks Arabic fluently and knows the country more intimately than any Englishman in Egypt, on the mere chance of the lie strengthening an argument, what may he be expected to do when he is dealing with the M.P. or



*Photo by]*

SIR ELDON GORST, K.C.B.

The British Minister Plenipotentiary, Agent, and Consul-General in Egypt.

[ELLIOTT & FRY.

[Facing page 30.



writer who comes to Egypt in search of a little knowledge and a big advertisement, and is as raw as a recruit learning the goose-step? He fills him up with a vile compound worse than the whisky manufactured by the Cairo Greeks for the consumption of Moslems at a piastre and a half a quart.

Drugged with this intoxicant, the friends of every country but their own advocate the thinly-veiled Mohannedan crusade of the Egyptian Nationalists from the Parliamentary platform or the pages of a shocker.

What does the Nationalist demand? That Egypt should be governed exclusively by Egyptians—that the English should leave, bag and baggage. His clamour for an Egyptian Parliament is as a means to this end—and, of course, incidentally, for what is never absent from his mind, the extortion of backshish.

What does the Nationalist demand? If his questioner is British, and, what is called in music-hall circles, a "mug," he gives him "little pink pills for pale people"; he takes up the position that there is no nation which has reached such a height of civilization as the Egyptians, without enjoying Parliamentary institutions—the Egyptians, only eight per cent. of whom can read and write—the Egyptians in whose country no truth is to be found, even at the bottom of a well; the Egyptians whom their own Sovereign considers incapable of holding any position of responsibility! Then, striking a more theatrical attitude, he demands that England should fulfil her promises and withdraw from Egypt without waiting a moment longer, ignoring the fact that England only promised to withdraw when she thought that the time was ripe. Neither the anti-British Egyptian nor

the anti-British Briton cares that the withdrawal of the English from Egypt means instant bankruptcy for the country. An habitual bankrupt in private life like the Egyptian Nationalist agitator, a person who lives by any form of roguery which he can devise in a country which has been used as a hot-bed by Levantines, sees nothing appalling in national bankruptcy ; he would glory in it and consider it another blow at the Christian. As Egypt owes her debts to Europe, no Moslem would suffer if the creditors did not receive sixpence. His ally, the British Radical M.P., having no money of his own invested in Egypt, regards the impending crash with the same equanimity. He may be a good-natured man who would dislike to ruin the thousands of poor investors whose nest-eggs have been deposited in Egyptian securities and speculations ; in that case he promises himself that Egypt will muddle through. Or he may be a truculent reformer, a Robespierre, who wishes to inaugurate a new Reign of Terror in which confiscation is to take the place of bloodshed. This latter would enjoy national bankruptcy in Egypt. There he could see the Armageddon which his soul desires more quickly than anywhere else. Nero burnt Rome so as to be able to rebuild it according to his own notions the Cairo of to-day, with its bankrupt garden-city, looks rather like Rome after Nero's fire. A bankrupt Cairo would be an ideal place for the Socialist to experiment on, with the grand idea of common property ; it has such a large population already familiar with this idea of communizing other people's property. The Egyptian Nationalists would run no risk in making the Socialistic experiments, for they have never had any honestly-earned money. •

The last English agitator I met in Egypt said: "I know that the British withdrawal means instant bankruptcy for Egypt, but what harm would that do—it would not touch the fellahin, and they are the only people worth considering in Egypt."

I might have retorted, "Nicely you consider them," or "Don't you know, that they are all over head and ears in debt?" Egypt has only to go bankrupt for the money-lenders to begin a most cruel pressure on the fellahin. It is a second nature with the fellah to be in debt to the utmost that he can pay in interest—if he is so prosperous that he cannot manage it in any other way, he mortgages the land he possesses in order to buy more. As he can, thanks to the English, borrow money at a quarter of the rate which he used to pay, he now owes four times as much, so as not to waste any of his chances as a debtor. So far, he has been saved by the wonderful steadiness and saleableness of the cotton crop, but all agricultural Egypt has got so accustomed to relying on the cotton crop as Providence, that one failure in cotton would shake credit to its foundations, and two in succession would mean universal bankruptcy. The prices of the best land in the country are, in their way, as inflated as town prices. Good agricultural land has often been sold for more than a hundred and fifty pounds an acre. I have heard of its being let at over twenty pounds an acre. Successful seasons and the credit which financiers allow Egypt during the British occupation are therefore equally imperative—withdraw either and the country will be in the same sorry plight as Cairo, the city of unfulfilled promises—of chickens which have been counted, but will never be hatched.



This is Egypt with bankruptcy hanging over it by a hair, which the lightest shock will break, and with a storm ready at any moment to burst.

What is this storm that threatens to engulf the land of the Pharaohs in one of those cataclysms which have so often overwhelmed it? It is the storm of Mohammedan conquest, which has burnt up Africa with its lightnings. Egypt, in which the great Mohammedan University, the Mohammedan courts and mosques, customs and creeds have been treated with such tenderness by the British authorities, whom the Mohammedans of India embrace with both hands, has not the faintest excuse for a Mohammedan uprising. But your Mohammedan, where he is not ringed round by hostile religions of overwhelming myriads of coloured men, never allows gratitude to interfere with his feelings towards the Christians whom he has to obey. For it is against his religion to be ruled by a Christian. If the English were Mohammedans, not only would the Mohammedans in Egypt be content with its occupation by England, they would clamour for annexation by England, and all the Mohammedan societies in North Africa, secret and open, would conspire together to spread the British dominions over every available inch of Africa. Not a word would be heard about the withdrawal of the English, or the establishment of an Egyptian Parliament, for these, as far as they have the least significance, are purely Mohammedan cries, though the noise about them comes from people who call themselves Nationalists.

While pointing out that Nationalism is Islamism disguised to suit the canting element in Great Britain, I do not deny the existence of the Egyptian Nationalist.

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He is only too painfully evident. The artisan Nationalist need not be described here—he is merely a Pan-Islamist, whose religious feelings are being played on. He can be induced to clamour, but it would be impossible to teach him what Parliamentary institutions mean. They are altogether beyond his conception. At a recent election for the Provincial Councils, held in Cairo, the capital, only twelve of the thirteen districts returned delegates. In the thirteenth the electors clean forgot about it—there was not even a candidate.

The Nationalist who does all the spouting is either a clerk or a loafer; if he is young, he attires himself in extraordinary travesties of European costume, and he strikes his top-note with his boots. Their absurdity may culminate in their long and spindly shape, they may not be made of materials more unsuitable for his station than papery patent leather or champagne-coloured kid. But such moderation is unnatural, he is really far happier in cream-coloured boots, with sky-blue tops—as is evident from the cheap and flashy shops in the Muski and the Clot Bey Street, from which he purchases the decorations for his person. For his clothes, unless he has only one suit and the nature of his employment demands that this should be black, he chooses materials with the wildest checks and the wildest colours, and he has them made up with such exaggeration that you would imagine him to be copying the students in Puccini's *La Bohème* instead of the British officer whom he detests, but considers the only model for a tailor. In his ties he is resplendent, and no Egyptian is too poor to have a conspicuous golf collar if he dresses like a European at all. The one redeeming feature of the Egyptian is that he wears

clean collars. He does not always patronize European hats—for there is something delightfully anti-Christian about a tarboosh. It is this person, a Levantine in all but his birth, who does the frothing in Egypt. He may be a loafer, he may be a shopkeeper's assistant, he may be a clerk in a private office, or he may be such a little tin-god as a clerk in the Civil Service—the crown of an Egyptian's ambition. He attends as many meetings as he can; but in season and out of season this sallow creature, with his weak mouth and his rolling eyes—the sort of weed who will rob his employer even if he keeps his hand out of the till—froths against the English, and clamours for Egyptian independence and an Egyptian Parliament. Of such was the kingdom of Mustapha Pasha Kamel, who had many of their characteristics.

Even worse than the jackanapes Nationalist is the café Nationalist. He is older. His portly form inclines to black clothes, his heavy jowl is seldom crowned by anything but a tarboosh. He consumes an inordinate part of the day in sitting at cafés passed by European ladies. His gross body blocks the pavement; his gross eye brings a blush to their cheeks; but it is nothing to what his gross conversation would do if they were so unfortunate as to understand Arabic. The Egyptians make such abominable remarks upon white women that Lord Cromer, as he got to know them better, refused them admission to the dances at the British Agency. The middle-aged, heavy-jowled, gross-eyed Nationalist of the café is the most dangerous variety. He has grown old in intrigue. He is embittered by the lapse of years in which the upright methods of British government have prevented him from feathering his nest with dis-



*Photo by]*

The Sphinx excavated.

[LOBKOWITZ, Cairo.

α *[Facing page 36*



honest gains. He has, therefore, a personal as well as a political grievance; he may even be old enough to have enjoyed the sweets of corruption in the palmy days of Ismail Pasha—the days when bakshish never failed to fill the palm of the crafty.

As he sits and sits at his café, peopling a harem in his imagination, he hatches and passes round treason. The Arab-speaking English journalists, who go to cafés to catch the trend of native opinion, say that it is amusing how seldom the Egyptian mentions the Khedive. He boasts of what Mustapha Pasha Kamel would have done or his successor will do.

Evidently, then, in the cafés the Khedive is not regarded as connected with the Nationalist agitation. The question is—Is he?

This question is important in many ways. For his personal influence is so great that he can do much to foster or suppress it. If he puts himself at the head of the Nationalist Pan-Islamic movement, it will assume an importance which it could not otherwise enjoy. For the other items in the Pan-Islamic Conspiracy are relatively small and unimportant. The Senussi may have anything from three to seven million supporters between Egypt and the Atlantic: they are scattered, and they have no budget, whatever their voluntary and involuntary subscriptions may amount to. But Egypt is a State with eleven or twelve million inhabitants and a national income which exceeds that of several European kingdoms.

At the first glance the prospect offered to the Khedive is a tempting one. There have been Mohammedan empires spreading all over North Africa and across the Mediterranean into some of the richest portions of

Europe. But there are flies in the ointment. Could he be certain that the Pan-Islamists, having got rid of the English, would not proceed to get rid of him also? Might they not inaugurate what would virtually be a republic, though nominally a self-governing province of the Turkish Empire? That is one rock ahead of him.

But there is another and far more formidable rock. It is easy enough to hurry on the development of the Pan-Islamic movement in North Africa, by throwing wealthy and populous Egypt into the scales, provided (and this is sufficiently unlikely) that the English do not detect the movement and use the Army of Occupation to nip it in the bud. If the Army of Occupation were withdrawn, one great obstacle to it would be gone. The Khedive, if he threw himself into the movement, would have sufficient intelligence to wait for the withdrawal of the English.

That would remove the instant obstacle. But the Khedive is far too wise not to know that it is not for him to share the proud position of the Caliphs.

He knows that though the combined Moslems of Egypt and the North African desert might for the moment massacre or expel all the foreigners in Egypt, there could only be one ending to it. The jackanapes Nationalists, even the gross men who sit at the cafés and insult the women in the street with the sensuality of their eyes, are so ignorant and reckless in their ideas, that they might imagine that, if once Egypt were cleared of foreigners by a Mohammedan Massacre of St. Bartholomew, there would never be any more foreigners in Egypt. But the Khedive is far too intelligent to cherish any such illusions. He knows that Egypt

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is open to the sea, open to attack, that the armies of England would sweep through it and sweep away the throne of the Khedives and the whole fabric of El-Azhar across the sea to beg an asylum from the Turk, who is not merciful to the fallen. He knows that Egypt would become a British protectorate with some wiser prince in enjoyment of his revenues; that all the privileges which the Moslems of Egypt enjoy now at the expense of Christians would vanish; and that Egypt would be lost for ever to the domination of Islam.

That is the exact position, though the Nationalists are too little educated to understand it. The accession of Egypt to the Mohammedan crusade, which is hidden like an ostrich's egg in the sand, in the great desert of North Africa, would add vastly to the importance of the latter, and might hatch it. But as soon as the campaign began the blow would fall on Egypt, which would be attacked and crushed with ease by an English army. The Khedive himself could, if he chose, throw in his lot with the guerillas of the desert, hurrying still further into the lands of thirst before the advance of disciplined forces—or he could fly to Turkey. But the pleasant land of Egypt, the lotus land of the spoilt children of fortune, would be his no more. He would be a hunted man, with only a camel's back for his kingdom.

A number of French irreconcilables, headed by the effeminate and irresponsible stylist who calls himself "Pierre Loti," think any stick good enough for beating England, the friend upon whom the French Government relies in its incessant struggle with Germany. These men are not slow to perceive that the handiest weapon in North Africa for assailing the English is



Mohammedan fanaticism, and consequently the French and vernacular Press of Egypt\* is flooded with articles stirring up ill-blood against them among the natives.

They do not reflect that they are (fortunately) stirring up far worse troubles for France than for England. For the Mohammedans, when the question of a people of Islam being ruled by Christians comes up, hate other Christian nations more than the English, whose respect for their prejudices has been shown to millions of Mohammedan subjects. And the French can be attacked in Morocco, Algeria and Tunis without the possibility of their striking a crushing blow at armies of nomads with the depths of the Sahara for their base, while the English would be fighting the unwarlike inhabitants of wealthy Egypt constrained to stand and give battle or abandon their possessions. One campaign and the establishment of a few garrisons would settle the troubles of the English, while the descent of the guerillas of the Sahara might go on for a century. And here I must pause to speak of the Senussi, who are, in a way, the storm centre of Mohammedan unrest in North Africa, according to Mr. Arthur Silva White, who visited the oasis which was the cradle of the movement, in the last years of the nineteenth century.

His account of the great Senussi confederation, which is embracing the Continent of the Sahara, is extraordinarily interesting. The opinions given below are entirely derived from his book. I have not sufficient knowledge of the subject to criticize it, but what he says is borne out by those people I met in Egypt, who have been brought into contact with the Senussi; it

\* As there is no liberty of the Press in French Africa, Islamism (or Nationalism call it what you like) does not make its voice heard there, but it exists, none the less.

represents English opinion in Egypt about this extraordinary order. The founder of the sect was a lawyer, born in Algeria, Sidi Mohammed ben-Ali es-Senussi. In the closing years of Turkish rule he was banished from Algeria for his seditious views and the freedom with which he expressed them, and went to Morocco, where he resided for seven years in Fez ; there he joined the powerful Mulei Tareb order, of which the Cherif of Wazan was chief. When the French conquered Algeria, he returned, and, in the character of professor of law and theology, wandered about preaching the doctrine which is the gospel of the vast Senussi organization to-day. Then he went to Egypt, still preaching, but found himself equally unpopular with the Government and with the authorities of El-Azhar, who tried to poison him. So he went on to Mecca, where he studied under the highest of the Shadli teachers, to whom, on his death, he succeeded. Then he went to preach in Yemen, where he did not meet with much success, but was thrown in contact with the revolutionary Wahabites, who had a great effect on his teachings. He now left off preaching the way of Mohammed and began preaching the way of Senussi instead. Then he returned to Africa, at first to Benghazi, which is still one of the most important Senussi centres, but about 1855 he obtained a firman from the Sultan, which made him practically independent, and he then settled at Jarabub, in the oasis of Siwa, known in classical times as the oasis of Jupiter Ammon. There he is buried in the superb mosque-tomb to which the Senussi sect and many others of the Mohammedans of North Africa make their pilgrimage instead of going to Mecca. The Senussi organization and the Senussi doctrine are alike of the highest importance to the question of Pan-

Islamism for North Africa. "Absolutism and occultism," says Mr. White, "are the two most potent powers in Senussism." The Senussi are in a way Sonnite Mohammedans, for their Mahdi recognizes the Sultan of Turkey as head of their religion, provided he respects the Senussi principles and politics. The Senussi did not support the Sudanese Mahdi and the Khalifa against the English. But the remains of Mahdism in the Sudan have passed into the control of the Senussi. The old Mahdist movement is said to have been more Shiite than Sonnite, but both the Sunnis and Shiahhs look for a Redeemer and agree in general on the signs and marks that shall distinguish him, so the change is not so difficult as might have appeared. Sidi es-Senussi, who died at Jarabub in 1859, was a descendant of the Prophet, and had the sacred blue mark between his shoulders. It was generally agreed that he was a good man, though he was narrow and fanatical. He did a great deal to break up the nomadic life of the Sahara, and to check the general marauding that went on, and the Senussi have worked wonders for Mohammedan travellers in the world's great desert. It is said that it is possible now to go right across it with wells or oases not more than twenty-four hours apart, and that at each of these a Moslem has the right to claim entertainment for three days.

But the attitude of the Senussi of the Sahara towards Christians is intensely fanatical; assassinations are very numerous, and there are certain districts of Tripoli, unfortunately containing important ruins of the classical period, to which they will allow no Christians to go on pain of death. Mr. White says that the very poor members of the Senussi, whose possessions amount to

less than four guineas, which is the figure at which they are exempted from contributing their tithe to the Senussi treasury, pay their quota by serving as spies, poisoners and assassins. Only one class of the Senussi—the Wekils, are allowed to have any transaction with Christians, if they are *declared Senussi*; but there are an immense number of *secret Senussi*, who naturally are unable to preserve the rule without revealing themselves. The Senussi have absorbed no less than sixty-four Mohammedan religious orders; their latitudinarianism enables them to absorb Moslems of widely divergent opinions.

Says Mr. White: "A man may become a Senussi without abandoning his Order; but it is necessary for him to give up 'revolutionary ideas'—dancing, conjuring, and all vanities. He must submit to certain restrictions: intemperance ranking as a cardinal sin, not only is he debarred alcohol in every form, but he may not drink even coffee, or take snuff, or smoke. In principle, the neophyte is supposed to 'renounce the world'; and in practice he is certainly compelled to submit himself to his spiritual directors. Blind obedience is rigidly exacted from all adherents, whatever their rank. The person of the Grand Master is so sacred that usually he is veiled; and it is the greatest honour to be accorded a personal interview. The Sheikh el-Senussi governs through his viziers, who reside at his court. Mokaddem, or apostolic prefects, administer ecclesiastical districts; and so great is their power, that they, in their turn, reflect the majesty of their master. Under the latter are the Wekils, who take charge of business matters, and are, consequently, permitted to have dealings with Christians. Khuan (Brothers) are enjoined to attend conferences and make pilgrimages to the convents, particularly to Jarabub. They have to pay annually into the Grand Treasury two and a half per cent. of their capital, if this exceeds

four guineas, the amount of exemption. Other contributions are made in kind. The poorer classes give their services, either as labourers in the oases, or as spies, messengers, poisoners, and assassins. All animals belonging to the confraternity are branded with its *cachet*—the name of Allah."

"The Way of the Senussi," which I have spoken of above as superseding the "Way of the Prophet," is of great importance with regard to the subject of this chapter, for, if not Pan-Islamistic, it is Islamistic to the last degree. It protests with all its might against any concessions being made to Western civilization. It is against all progress that entails innovations in Mohammedan countries, and it is not only against all attempts to extend Western influence in Mohammedan countries, it even includes the Turk, because he lives in Europe. It is a meritorious act to kill a Christian under any circumstances, and the Senussi are commanded to expatriate themselves from any country under Christian domination. It is for this reason that Egypt itself is, speaking generally, untouched by them. There are, however, a certain number of the Zawia or Senussi convents in the Sudan, though, owing probably to the English occupation and control of the Egyptian Government, the Nile Valley is practically untouched by them.

The number of the Senussi is by some placed as high as seven to eight millions, by others as low as three millions, but as the Wadai country in the French sphere is practically all Senussi, and the Wadai number three millions, this must be under the mark. Mr. White says that there is a chain of Senussi settlements all over the Sahara. The Wadai, however, are the backbone of the movement; \*their adherence was secured



THE OLD PONY SHOW



many years ago by Sidi es-Senussi's sagacity and foresight. Some Nomads captured a gang of Wadai slaves. Sidi es-Senussi ransomed them, gave them their freedom, educated them at his capital, Jarabub, and sent them back to their homes. The result was that he enlisted the sympathy and adherence of the whole of the Wadai, and when the Wadai throne became vacant, in 1876, his nominee was elected Sultan. Ever since then the Wadai three millions have remained faithful to the cause and have despatched at frequent intervals rich contributions to the treasury, and droves of slaves for work in the Senussi reclamations. Mr. White says that the Senussi are reputed to be slave-traders as well, but in any case they spread their slaves all over the Sahara, increasing the net-work of settlements and caravan-routes. They are very far-sighted indeed in the way they manage their great Sahara confederacy. Side by side with their reclamation work, if it may be so called--for it is not, of course, managed in the mathematical and continuous fashion with which white men reclaim the desert--they form and strive to perfect the force which is to drive the Christians into the sea from North Africa. At certain places they keep hundreds of fleet camels ready equipped and provided with negro drivers, which can be despatched at a moment's notice to any part of Africa. They have, in the district which they have made unsafe for Christians, a very fine harbour (near which they keep these *ships of the desert*), almost as large and deep as that of Alexandria, and more secure, at which they import, unhindered, arms and munitions of war. They have usurped the most valuable part of Tripoli, and the Sultan has not made, and, indeed, is too feeble to make, the least attempt to dispossess



them. Mr. White says that any Western Power which took Tripoli as the French took Tunis would find themselves in immediate conflict with the Senussi. Their convents and settlements extend from Morocco to Mecca and Mesopotamia ; in certain districts of Arabia they appear to be very active, and their powers and numbers there may possibly be vastly greater than any one imagines, because there is so much of Arabia so eminently suitable for the growth of a secret power like the Senussi.

Be this as it may, the Senussi, without intermission, prepare for the great Jihad, the Holy War, which is to be waged against the Christian, and, perhaps, against the Turk also. In the south of the Sudan they have been known to have been levying contributions for some object or other for a long time past. It may only be to go into their ordinary treasury, but it may be for some more particular end ; at any rate, it is believed that if policy did not hold their hand, their burning hatred of the Christians would hurry them into wholesale massacre. From the inaccessible oasis of Kufra they dictate to the whole Sahara ; their organization is ready for a blow. This is the great Mohammedan organization that gives the Pan-Islamic question in Egypt its precariousness—this is the fire with which the Egyptian Nationalist is playing.

The extent of the peril is not appreciated anywhere in Europe. A socialistic British Government has inspired the Egyptians with the idea that it is longing for an excuse to wriggle out of Egypt. While Lord Cromer was there the British Raj was upheld—nowadays it is a byword. The Egyptians have the idea that Sir Eldon Gorst was sent there to give way and “ make

face " on every occasion. So universally is the British withdrawal expected that it is almost as difficult to get financiers to invest money in Egypt as it is to get them to do so in Morocco. Egypt is on the verge of bankruptcy. The fellahin, the real backbone of the country, in their endeavours to obtain more land, have mortgaged themselves up to the hilt. Without fresh loans they might have to sell so generally that the price of land would fall like a stone to the bottom of a well, and precipitate a universal smash among them. The smash has fallen on Cairo already—there are spaces of several acres together covered with the foundations of banks and mansions and flats and other ambitious buildings which will never rise another foot, and which differ hardly at all from No-Man's land. Foreign journalists may abuse the English occupation, but foreign financiers will only lend money in Egypt on the credit of the English occupation. I repeat that the Parliament which the unthinking British Radical, and especially the Irish M.P., encourage the Egyptians to clamour for is all part of the great Mohammedan conspiracy which is being hatched by the Senussi. It may even be that the murder of poor young Scott-Moncrieff was caused by a ripple from this great bore-wave which is gathering in the Sahara. The English Radical is taken in by the specious cry of Nationalism—Egypt for the Egyptian ! He is too simple to know that the real meaning of the cry is Egypt for the Mohammedans.

No Christians would be allowed the smallest share in the Government of the country ; the sweets of the Civil Service, which the Egyptians love, would soon be denied them. Only native-born Egyptians would be allowed votes, and the native Christians, if they were allowed

to vote, would not be allowed to elect those of their own faith. The Copts are beginning to grasp this, and so there are threats of a Coptic reaction against Nationalism.

The fellahin, it must be borne in mind, are at present mostly quite innocent of all this ; they are aware that the English occupation has given them wealth, peace, safety, and the much-needed water to an extent of which they never dreamed—they would naturally pause before they did anything to bring back the old *régime*, a state of things worse than it was in the days of the Turk or of Ismail Pasha. But they are intensely ignorant, and they are ardent Mohammedans. If the torch of Islam were lighted and carried blazing through the land many of them would be swept into the movement ; they would fight for it, they would be mown down by tens of thousands in the conflict with arms of precision ; and when all the fighting was over and the Nationalists who were responsible for it—the agitating scum of the cities—were driven into or across the sea, they would settle back to their work of making Egypt rich and fertile and prosperous with the firm resolve of never being drawn into any movement against the English again.

How long would it take to stamp out the conspiracy of Islam in the desert ? Who knows ? It might take as long as the conquest of Arabia ; but Egypt could easily be fortified against it, and the French would have to pay the rest of the debt. They deserve it, not for what the perfectly correct Government of France and French public opinion have done, but for what the irreconcilables who are always fomenting ill-feeling against England in the French and vernacular Press

of Egypt have done. This is the volcano from which the English in Egypt are only separated by a sheet of brown paper.

It is, however, just to mention the optimistic views of the English official in Egypt. In the first place, he believes that the Army of Occupation will remain there for ever, and with it the British Agent. He is in favour of decreasing the number of moderately paid and therefore only moderately able English employés in Egypt and increasing the salaries of first-class men. The official theory is that Sir Eldon Gorst, by constantly visiting the Khedive and consulting his feelings, is getting even more real influence over the Khedive than Lord Cromer enjoyed, that he achieves results with the Khedive's good will instead of over-riding him. If this be the correct view, it must be admitted that he is not argus-eyed, for bribery is rampant in Egypt now, and corruption is strangling the administration of justice. The people who take a sanguine view of his influence do not take such a rosy view of the Khedive's influence. They say that in the endless political talk at the cafés the Khedive is entirely forgotten. The driving of the English into the sea is an ever-welcome topic—the respective merits of the late Mustapha Pasha Kamel and Mohammed Bey Ferid, the present leader of the Nationalists, come up often; but no one ever talks of the Khedive. The pavement Egyptian who sits at the cafés is a red-hot adherent of the Nationalist—that is, of the Islamist—programme. He cares nothing for the Khedive except as an instrument of Islamism, and is reported by the English optimists in Egypt to have no confidence in the Khedive, and to have no scruples about contemplating his removal. The official optimists

consider that the Khedive is aware of this, and disposed to lean on the English Army of Occupation, and to be himself unwilling to grant a Constitution; that he wishes to have the appearance of power and independence, but that if his "face is saved"—to use the immortal Chinese expression—he is perfectly willing to be guided by the British Agent

In truth, neither the English nor the Nationalists have much confidence in the Khedive's stability of political purpose. And in the interval it is interesting to learn that the Sultan viewed all this agitation for an Egyptian Parliament with mistrust even before his own Parliamentary troubles began. His present feelings may be imagined.

## THE INTELLIGENT EGYPTIAN'S VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

I HAD several long talks with an Egyptian Bey who had the foresight to make use of the commercial opportunities which the British occupation opened up to his countrymen. He deplores any attempt to disturb the existing *régime*, but he is not at all satisfied with England's present attitude. "The shilly-shallying of England is having a disastrous effect on Egypt as well as the English position in Egypt," said the Bey. "I very much want to know if it is ever going to be better. If this Government gets turned out, will the Conservative Government send us a reliable man like Lord Cromer—a man who knows his own mind? Will they have a definite line about Egypt? Will they do anything to check the anti-English agitation? Will they have any propaganda? We want the English representative supported. Would the Conservative Government support him? The English would do more by spending a few pounds on propaganda than by spending a million and a half on increasing the Army of Occupation, when treason comes to a head. Things are working up now as they were before the revolution of Arabi Pasha.

"Egypt was marvellously prosperous under the Cromer *régime*," said the Bey, who speaks English

fluently, "and not only in material prosperity. Its enlightenment progressed by leaps and bounds. There was a sense of security and permanency. All this has gone; the Egyptians say that *Gorst is of the mayich*--that he is sent here to avoid trouble, to smooth over difficulties, and to keep up appearances; and that if he shows himself diplomatic in this, he is to have his reward in being made an ambassador in three or four years' time."\*

The Bey wants to know "if any of the influential English have been to Gorst to make forcible representations upon the way in which things are being 'let to slide'?" He wants to know: "Would Gorst receive them, and hear what they had to say if they did go?" He wants to know, "Why don't the English residents in Cairo, with large business interests, concern themselves with the propagation of English political interests as the French and Germans do?" He says, "The Gorst of to-day is not at all the Gorst I knew from the time that he came here as a young man while he was climbing up to the post of Financial Adviser." The impression he had of Mr. Eldon Gorst was that he was a very firm, strong man, "who made it clear that no one should tread on his tail." "Now it is very different," said the Bey. "Gorst is always diplomatizing with the Khedive. His affectation is that all this bother amounts to no more than polemics and diatribes of the Press. The Press has nothing to do with it. My countrymen are ambitious and want to make the most out of fishing in troubled waters." The Bey took an extremely pessimistic view about the Khedive. "The real truth is," he said, "that all this bubbling and seething on the face

\* Last April the English papers in Egypt published a telegram that Sir Eldon Gorst had been appointed British Ambassador to Turkey.

of the waters is due to the fact that the Khedive is agitating down in the mud. The situation would be full of risks if the Khedive was capable of running straight with anybody. If the agitators thought they could trust the Khedive there would be another Arabi revolution in no time ; but the Khedive is awfully unreliable, and money considerations have so much weight with him. He cares for nothing but saving and making money. Those who know him best all tell you this. There is any amount of intriguing going on, and the Khedive is at the bottom of the bubble. But," continued the Bey, "I do not like the policy of the English in Egypt. They have wobbled so that their prestige is gone. Another great element of insecurity is allowing the cleavage between the minority and the majority to be one of religion. The majority are Moslem and the Christians are in the minority ; I am a Moslem myself, but I am a follower of Sheikh Mohammed Abdou, the late Grand Mufti, and I know that nearly all the enlightened people are in this minority, and that the religious cleavage is not the right one."

When I asked him the causes of the Nationalist trouble, he said : "There are two things at the bottom of it all—the intrigues with the Khedive, who thinks he can use Nationalism as a lever to oust the English, and the foolish agitation of people in London, who know nothing about the true state of things. But for the agitators in London there would be nothing of the kind in Cairo—the harm is done by that mischievous, irresponsible, and really wicked group in the English House of Commons who use Egypt to advertise themselves. I do not like your Little Englanders. Why are they so anxious to damage British prestige in every



possible way? I think they hate and detest the idea of prestige; I think they hate the very word prestige. Is it that they have an honest craze for wishing the proletariat of every country to run the affairs of that country on socialistic lines? Are they honest in desiring that Egypt should be run by the proletariat of Egypt? In any case, they do not understand whither it leads. Arabi's revolution began in just the same way. They do not know that the millions of Egypt are incapable of being an electorate; that they have not sufficient understanding to be electors. They do not realize the slackness of the Egyptian, how incapable he is of carrying out anything except the simple agricultural operations of the fellahin, like working shadûfs. The mass of the Egyptians, the hard-working people like the fellahin, who are the backbone of the country, do not understand politics or care for them. The one question which they do understand is that which these Nationalists are clever enough to put to them—'Are you, a Moslem, willing to be ruled by Christians? Are you, a Moslem, not aware that the Koran forbids you to be loyal to people of other faiths or to be governed by them?' Nationalism has only reality, has only strength, when it is Islamism under another name; for the rest the Nationalist movement is simply a pot-hunting movement, conducted by men who are dismissed officials belonging to the old corrupt order of things, ex-rebels, and the like, or men who are eager for the spoils of office, and think that under Nationalist administration they would hold offices in which they could make a lot of money by extorting bribes. Or else they are ambitious journalists who see a great career for themselves in preaching Nationalist propaganda, and in fanning



*Photo by*

[L. P. K. J. A. N., C. I. R. O.]

A Shadûl.

[Facing page 54.]



Moslem fanaticism. I am a Moslem myself, and I tell you this because I want to see the Egyptian Moslem like the Indian Moslem. But I am in despair about the present English Government. Its attitude is simply suicidal; it wishes to let things drift, and drift, and drift unless something happens that absolutely forces it to act. If the English want to leave Egypt and leave soon, they should say so, instead of allowing the loyal people in Egypt to support them and throw in their lot with them and depend on them. When the English go we shall be persecuted for trusting the English, and being loyal to England. My countrymen do not want rights; they want moral victories over the English, about which they can brag.

"Do the Egyptian Parliamentary group in your House of Commons know that the Egyptians say that they have received Persian carpets, costly silks, and other treasures as bakshish to do what they do in Parliament?"

I asked him if he agreed with Lord Cromer that Nationalism is really Islamism under another name. "It is," he replied. "You must remember that for thirteen hundred years before the English came, the Mohammedans had been rulers of Egypt. But that is not the real reason why they wish to get rid of the English. The real reason is that they would endure anything rather than be ruled by Christians. You can easily test them by asking, 'Supposing that the English were Moslem, what would you say of their administration and the occupation by their troops?' There would only be one answer. Though Europeanized Egyptians would use *patriotism*, or some other convenient term, they would mean the same. Moslemism is a kind of freemasonry between all who profess it. Moslem who come from

abroad are welcomed by the Egyptians as if they were their fellow-countrymen. Pan-Islamism is their politics. When they use the word *National* or *Egyptian*, they mean *Moslem*. I am obliged to confess that Nationalism is Islamism. If it were not, why is there no room for the Copt in Egypt? The Copts are the Ancient Egyptians; they have far more right to call themselves Egyptians than the Arabs have. When the English came to Egypt my co-religionists were afraid that they would be 'out of it.' It was quite right of the English to take pains to dispel this idea, but they have gone too far. No Christian need hope for a public career in Egypt. And a good many posts such as heads of tribunals are confined to Mohammedans; therefore the Moslem litigants think they have an advantage."

I asked him if the present undesirable state of affairs was due to mistakes made by the English. He raised his eyebrows. "Of course it is. They do not understand that force and might are admired, above all things, here as they are elsewhere in the East. The English, in their anxiety to be just and respect the rights of others, are over-delicate. The Egyptians take this for nothing but weakness. Lord Cromer had much more sagacity than the ordinary Englishman; whenever he saw a movement in progress, he was always careful not to encourage it, and as soon as a plant showed too great signs of growth he lopped it off. If you want to teach boys, the first thing to do is to have them obey. It is just the same in ruling a people, especially in the Orient. Under Lord Cromer Egypt became like a European country. It became the market for all the other Eastern countries which had not such a good government.

"But perfect liberty is not good. Egypt is a

country accustomed to be ruled by oppression, and was not ready for the concessions of your English Socialists ; it was not ready for European tribunals and privileges. Public security is one of the worst features of Egypt. It is really very bad in the Delta. We want some of 'Lord Cromer's high-handedness,' of which the Nationalists used to complain so much. The complaints must have reached England, for all the native papers are saying that Sir Eldon Gorst came here with orders to work in cordiality and harmony with the Khedive—to prove that the Khedive is the real master—and he only an adviser. Mohammed Bey Ferid, the new leader of the Nationalists, warns the Khedive that this is a trap—a new crime of England.

"The Nationalists are perfectly irreconcilable. If the British Consul is autocratic, it is infamous, it is insulting to the Khedive and all that sort of thing. If he does everything through the Khedive, he is laying traps for him. So far as the public is concerned Gorst does not exist—he keeps quiet.

"The other day I heard some fellahin talking to a certain Pasha who was very prominent in the Khedive Ismail's time. They said: 'Pasha, we hear that the English are going. Is that so?' 'I don't know.' 'Well, if they do, you'll be using your courbash again on us.' 'Yes, I suppose so.'"

"What about all this outcry for education?" I asked the Bey. "Is it true that there are seven millions of money lying idle in the treasury and that the English will hardly allow three hundred thousand pounds to be spent on education?"

"Artin Pasha has the University in hand," he replied. "He is an Armenian, but born here. He

used to be Minister of Public Instruction—he was removed because Lord Cromer thought it desirable to put a native and a Moslem in his place. You are wrong about the seven million pounds. It is true that there was that amount of money when the international restrictions were withdrawn, but I don't think that there are much above two million pounds of it left. Besides, the real amount of money spent upon education is much more like five hundred thousand pounds than three hundred thousand pounds. And there are so many things upon which we have to spend money if we wish to be considered a civilized country. We have hardly anywhere the proper buildings for the Mamfûrs; or tribunals; or barracks for the soldiers; or stables for the police horses. What are you to do with all these employees? Make them wait till the people are educated?

"Besides," he cried, turning to his subject, "what is this education for which the Nationalist Press is clamouring? I know that over ninety per cent. of our people are illiterate, but the Nationalists don't want them more educated lest they should lose their influence. They would rather keep them ignorant so that they can make them vote like a machine when we get an Egyptian Parliament."

"I have heard a good deal of talk about education with El-Azhar as its apex," I said.

"I know that," he replied. "Oh, they talk about education being given in Arabic; but there are no text-books in Arabic. They cannot want education for itself or they would wish to study science in the best text-books. It is all nonsense—this teaching higher subjects in Arabic. There are no books to teach with. The question is, what kind of education is the country

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to have—primary or higher. High colleges and universities educate the few—and leave the ninety per cent. illiterate.”

I asked him if the clamour for education simply meant a clamour for increased facilities to go in for the secondary certificates which carry a right to demand a clerkship in a Government office at a certain salary. He laughed. “All Egyptians want education to get Government posts,” he said.

“If you turn out so many, can the Government use them all?” I asked.

“They do not all want to be clerks,” he said. “Some mean to be doctors and lawyers, but the fellah with Kismet in his mind does not care for doctors. We are at our wits’ end to know what is to be done with all the doctors that are made. Government can only take a certain number, and the others cannot make much of a living. There are a terrible lot of lawyers, too—Government takes a certain number of them—the rest open offices in which much more treason is discussed than business.” Then he brightened up. “But we have one really flourishing educational institution—the School of Agriculture. It cannot accommodate all the would-be pupils. And this really ought to be encouraged; more money should be spent on it, and every heir to a landed proprietor ought to study there; there are unlimited openings in this direction. But even the Polytechnique, where engineers are produced, may be overdone, though the Government can employ a good many of them.”

His face soon resumed its sardonic expression. “The people who are screaming for education are themselves uneducated; they believe that when they are



educated there will be hardly any crime left in Egypt. They never say a good word about an Englishman for fear of being considered disloyal to the cause."

Then he began to be candid about the English. "The great fault of the English," he said, "is that they don't mix enough with people. They don't make friends; they always try to discourage people from making friends with natives. The Egyptians say, 'These English are unbearable-- they seem to despise us.' When we get a man that we can get on with like Owen Bey, they have not the sense to keep him here. Men of that stamp are necessary; young men are apt to be so overbearing. Here is an example. I knew an old country Sheikh who owned two thousand feddans or more of cotton lands. Think of the income that this represents. Perhaps you don't know what grand old men these landowners can be. I assure you that he was magnificent. He wished to see the Sub-Inspector of Irrigation. He found him harder to see than the Khedive. The Sub-Inspector was talking to another young Englishman when his servant brought the message that Sheikh Mohammed Ali wished to see him about some point in connection with his water-supply. 'Tell him I'm engaged, and ask him to write this application,' said the Sub-Inspector. But the Sheikh could not write. These people often cannot. 'Then ask him to wait.' The great landowner was kept waiting for two hours while the Sub-Inspector talked to his friend about sport, I suppose. He merely did not want to be bothered. This want of sympathy is very injurious to the interests of England. As a lover of England I tell you this. If the English are to keep Egypt they need friends. They must make them. Do they try? They

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seem to me to try more to despise and trample on everybody. Here is an example. I went for a voyage on a P. and O. steamer. There were ninety-five Egyptians on board. Two dinners were arranged. The steward said that the English wished to dine alone. We thought it most insulting that this should be done through a steward. He was not content with this. He made Hindoo waiters wait on Egyptians and other non-Europeans, and English waiters on the English. The Egyptians were to dine at seven o'clock, because the English wished to dine at eight o'clock. There were two breakfasts, one at eight o'clock and one at nine o'clock. Some Egyptians were down early. They were told that they could not have their breakfast till nine o'clock, because the English preferred the eight o'clock breakfast. I did not want my breakfast till nine o'clock, because I had lately had a cup of tea in my cabin. But the insolence of the servant made my blood boil. And also the want of tact of the English passengers in not insisting that the steward should serve the Egyptians also.

"I called the steward and told him that he was only a servant---and if he did not bring breakfast for me and the other Egyptians at once I would go straight to the captain and report him. Unfortunately the man knew that I was a large importer whom the captain would not care to offend ; so he obeyed me without a word. I was longing for him to disobey so that I might make an example of him. Then I told the Egyptians that it was not so much his fault as theirs, for not knowing their rights.

"They would not go to the captain, but kept on grumbling, and hating the English all the while, and

I repeat that it was a deplorable want of tact in the English who lived here in Egypt not to have interfered. Our rulers ought to show us politeness, even if the officers of a steamer do not. It is the prevailing idea that Egyptians do not want to see a big man in Egypt. The English have not tried to make themselves any friends in Egypt, so they have none."

"Is it true, do you think, that if the English were to leave Egypt, things would be in Turkish (*i.e.*, Egyptian Turkish) hands again, as they were in the days before the occupation?"

"I think so. I like them personally, though I am an Egyptian. As I have influence with journals because I am a great advertiser, and a man who can use my pen, my interests would be better served by the Turks than by the English, though it would not be so good for my descendants. If I wrote and talked on behalf of the Turks as I have for twenty years on behalf of the English, they would do anything for me. If I thought the Turks would serve Egypt like the English, I would not hesitate a minute—if I could only find the least guarantee for that I should be the first to back them up."

"The Nationalist Press says that it is in the interest of the English to keep the Egyptians uneducated, and that is why more money is not voted for education. Is this true?" I asked.

"Could anything be more absurd? It is in their own interest. For if the people were educated nobody would listen to the nonsense they talk. And if all Egyptians were educated the country would produce four times as much cotton. And it is England who sells us sixty-five per cent. of our imports. But if you made the Education budget two millions a year the Nationalists

would go on clamouring. The people of Egypt are an agricultural people. Education is not the thing they want most ; the first thing to give them is water ; with water the land that is now waste can be cultivated. To make more water we have only to make fresh reservoirs, as plenty of water is wasted in the Upper Nile—is this to wait for education ? Government needs more people to do its work and more engines—more agricultural machinery—more men who know how to work it—more railways to transport the produce. Is this to wait for education ? ”

The pity is that capable Egyptians like the Bey so seldom take any interest in politics. They generally try and forget that they are Egyptians.

## A PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH THE KHEDIVE.

I HAD the honour of a private interview with the Khedive, and valued greatly the opportunity of forming a personal estimate of the man upon whom so much depends for the future of Egypt. He left the impression on me of being highly intelligent as well as royally simple and gracious. He speaks English excellently, though I believe that he is even more at home in French; so conversation was easy.

I had been warned that if I wished to have a private interview I should very likely have to be content with quite a short notice. One morning a note came round from the British Agency, about ten o'clock, to say that if I could be ready by a quarter-past eleven His Highness would receive me.

It was an odd sensation driving through Cairo on a blazing day of early summer in a top hat and a frock coat with His Britannic Majesty's Representative in Egypt to be presented to the Sovereign of the Country, the descendant of the old conqueror, Mehemet Ali, who had carved a kingdom for himself out of the decaying Turkish Empire, and would, but for the interference of the European Powers, have ended his days as Capturer of Constantinople and Sultan of Turkey; which might have hurried on the events of the present summer in Turkey considerably.



*Photo by*

H. H. The Khedive of Egypt

[DITTMER, CARO.

[Facing page 64.



The Khedive has few of the traits of his ancestor ; he is not a tall man. His dignifiedness is inborn rather than due to anything in his personal appearance—indeed, with his fair complexion, blue eyes and reddish hair, His Highness looks more like a German than an Egyptian.

On the way to the Abdin Palace, where the Khedive resides, Sir Eldon smilingly reminded me of the three don'ts of etiquette for these occasions. I was not to take my umbrella in with me, because an umbrella is a stick, and a stick is a weapon ; I was not to cross my legs during the audience, because that would be a breach of Court rules ; and I was not to touch upon politics, though he assured me that the Khedive would be quite willing to talk of the condition of the country in any other way.

On arriving at the Palace we were received by Count ———. The staircase was a fine one. It and the entrance hall would have struck me as belonging to an Italian palace, if it had not been for the presence of the Khedivial Guard of tall negroes in light blue uniforms, who lined the hall and presented arms as we passed up. At the top of the staircase we moved across a wide and softly-carpeted landing, and were just about to enter a room in the corner when His Highness came out, and with very pleasant tones and smile said, without waiting for Sir Eldon to remind him of my name, "How do you do, Mr. Sladen ? Come in." At the same time he shook hands heartily, and then led the way to the far end of his drawing-room, where we sat in an angle facing each other as one does when one is being received by a Cardinal. He motioned me into a chair just across the angle from him on his



right hand, Sir Eldon sitting close by him. They gave me the idea of having a genuine liking and respect for each other, which is rather borne out by the recent trend of politics in Egypt.

"How do you like my Khamsin?" said the Khedive.

I explained that it did not trouble me as I had lived in countries where hot winds were common.

"Have you been long in Egypt?"

"About six months."

"That is indeed a compliment. I hope you have had a pleasant stay."

I was able to tell him honestly that I had enjoyed myself extremely.

"I hear you have been in the Sudan, too. I am always glad when people go all over the country."

I told him that I had been to the Kharga Oasis and all over the Fayyum as well.

"I have not been to Kharga, though people are beginning to take a good deal of interest in it. Tell me, what did you think of it?"

I said that it was not my idea of an oasis half so much as Marg just outside Cairo, and that at present the chief feature of it seemed to be the conversion of the desert into corn-fields, by aid of the enormous quantities of water which gushed up from the artesian wells, and had made quite a lake near the town of Kharga. I told him that it looked to me as if it had the makings of another Fayyum.

"I do not know the Fayyum well. I have been to the capital, but I have not seen anything else. The inhabitants are among the most troublesome of my subjects—there is much Bedawin blood in them."

I asked if the Fayyum were not the richest part of his dominions.

"No, the Delta. And the odd thing is that there is even more crime there."

I asked what that was due to.

"Two causes. Partly because the Delta people are much cleverer than most Egyptians, partly because they are addicted to vendettas. It was also a noticeable thing in Egypt," he added, "that when people grew rich they began to intrigue."

I had heard this before from the Governor of Damietta, a sardonic old gentleman, for when I asked him why people should intrigue because they were beginning to get better off, he replied that an Egyptian liked to intrigue when he had enough brains, but that while he was poor he had not the proper opportunities.

The Khedive then proceeded to tell me a very interesting vendetta story about a man whose pretty wife the Omdeh had taken from him and who was fifteen years waiting for the opportunity of revenging himself on the Omdeh without the risk of failure. The Egyptian never risks a failure in such matters. He may be almost in the act of striking the blow. If things do not go quite as he calculated he will hold his hand and go on biding his time. This man waited fifteen years and then went into the Omdeh's house during Ramadan, when everyone keeps open house, and killed him. The Khedive told me that the murderer walked to the gallows with calm, fatalistic, Oriental courage, though he was seventy-five years old. He added with engaging frankness that there was more crime than want in Egypt.

The Khedive was very much interested to hear the differences which had struck me between the Egyptian

and Tunisian Arabs. He seemed genuinely gratified to hear that in everyday life, in the matter of allowing Christians to go into their houses, and their mosques, and of allowing themselves to be photographed, his Arabs were so much more civilized. He asked me many questions about Tunis and the Tunisian Arabs. From this the conversation drifted to the Return of the Mahmal, the sacred palanquin in which the Holy Carpet is taken to Mecca. Hearing that I was waiting in Cairo to see it, he told me that it had just reached Tor, and the days and hours at which it might be expected to arrive at subsequent points with as much minuteness as if he had been a clerk in the office which has to attend to it. He then asked me some questions about Japan, concerning which he said he knew nothing.

These details may seem trifling, but the conversation served to show me the openness of his mind and the general interest he took in things. It will be natural for readers to say this is all very well, but what are the Khedive's intentions? How much real power has he? Both are difficult questions to answer, though a good deal of light may be thrown on them. Other and more direct questions suggest themselves. Does the Khedive support the Nationalists? Is he contemplating any move against the continuance of the English occupation?

He has been suspected of sympathies with the Nationalists for some time. It has often been said that but for his secret support the Nationalist movement would have collapsed. It has also been said that his wavering as to which section of the Nationalists he would support, the Extremists, or the Moderates, or the Third Party, has prevented either of them from becoming very powerful.

On the face of things, it would be perfectly natural for the Khedive to have Nationalist sympathies if he could be sure that the object of the movement was to make him the real Sovereign of Egypt, with a merely nominal dependence on Turkey and with no foreigner interfering in the administration of his country.

He could hardly be blamed for it. For the same reason it is difficult to blame him for keeping in touch with the various sections of Nationalists and throwing them the requisite sops. He has been accused of ingratitude and disloyalty to the English, who allowed him to become the Khedive, when a word from them would have prevented it, in listening to the Nationalists at all. But it must be remembered that he is the monarch of an Oriental kingdom, where *audi alteram partem* is the motto in a different signification from that in which we understand it, and he may have been merely Machiavellian or Elizabethan in keeping in touch with them. He would, of course, like to be an independent Sovereign ; that is natural. It is only human for him not to be averse to any means that would achieve that end.

His sympathies are one matter, his intentions are another ; and in this connection it must be remembered that the Khedive is a highly intelligent man and a generally enlightened ruler. There are two good reasons why he should be unwilling to support any forward movement on the part of the Nationalists. In the first place, he has done what the wealthy Egyptians who support the Nationalists have shown very clearly their intention of not doing. He has invested his money freely in the improvement of his lands, whereas they are careful to keep their money in hard cash or foreign banks, so that

in case the Nationalist revolution succeeded (with the necessary consequence of making Egypt immediately bankrupt), their pockets would not suffer.

In the second place, the Khedive makes no secret of his opinion that the only Moslem in Egypt capable of holding positions of responsibility are the Egyptian-Turks, whereas the leaders of the Nationalists have as their great aim the securing of the spoils of office for the non-Turkish Egyptians.

If the Khedive hopes to get rid of his English mentors, he would intend to put in their places the Egyptian-Turks of his entourage, while the Nationalists of all classes are supposed to have opposing ambitions. As the movement is really an Islamic agitation and directed against the presence, or, at any rate, the power, of Christians in Egypt, they often in their diatribes speak and write as if the Turks and Egyptians were one and the same thing, but that is only a preliminary for getting rid of the English. It may be taken generally that the Khedive, if he wishes the English out of the country, would like to have Egyptian-Turks for his administrators, and that the Nationalists generally are the descendants of the revolution of Arabi, which was a revolution of the Egyptian proper against the Egyptian-Turk. There is a further aspect of the question. The Khedive is said to doubt the loyalty of the Nationalists to his dynasty in case the English were induced to withdraw from Egypt. It is thought that though he may wish for more independence as ruler of Egypt, he would prefer to see the occupation of Egypt by an English army indefinitely continued rather than run the risk of a further revolution directed against himself.

The dispassionate observer of politics in Egypt is

inclined to the view that, though it is only human for the Khedive to dream dreams, he is far too intelligent not to know that if the Nationalists got control of Egypt, national bankruptcy would follow immediately, and that he is too patriotic to allow Egypt to be plunged back into chaos for the sake of gratifying the national vanity. His relations with the British Agency are considered to be really cordial.

There remains a yet further aspect of the case to be considered. Can the Khedive control the forces of Pan-Islamic agitation which are exerting themselves, not only in Egypt, but all over North Africa? Lord Cromer, whose experience of the country is unrivalled, thinks that, though the Pan-Islamic agitation is very serious indeed, it would be prevented from achieving its ends by the inability of the Moslem to act with unison and with vigour, which he attributes to the organic defects of their creed. But he is careful only to prophesy that the revolution will not succeed; he would be the last to prophesy that the Nationalists in Egypt and the more savage and primitive Pan-Islamists of the Sahara will not blunder into a devastating outbreak.

A question I have constantly before me since I returned to England is: "How much power has the Khedive?" The Khedive, like the King of England, has a great deal more power than the Constitution gives him. In theory his relations to the British Agent in Egypt are not unlike those of our own Sovereign to his Prime Minister.

The Khedive has an actual Prime Minister who sets all Egyptians the example of honestly and honourably doing his duty, both to his Sovereign and to the English; but it is the British Agent, and not he, who does the

ordinary work of a Prime Minister. At present I imagine the relations between the Khedive and him are almost identical in theory and practice. The Khedive acts upon his advice, and the Khedive's wishes receive his utmost consideration.

The strength of the Khedive lies in his influence over his people—and this is all the more remarkable because his name is very little mentioned in the revolutionary gossip of the cafés and only used as a catspaw in the vapourings of the Nationalist newspapers.

But a word from him can set an agitation going or stop it. When the Nationalist crusade against Mr. Dunlop, the unpopular adviser to the Minister of Education, was at its height, a hint from the Khedive ended it.

## EDUCATION IN EGYPT.

THERE is no question in Egypt more important than that of education, except the necessity of the English Occupation. To hear the Egyptian talk, you would imagine that his one desire was to improve his mind, to raise himself to the equal of highly-educated Europeans. As a matter of fact, the Egyptian has no mind. Certain superficial notions and effects of civilization he assimilates—no coloured man imitates the collars of Englishmen so accurately; but in intellectual capacity and moral adaptability he is not a white man. He considers that the Government ought to spend large sums on establishing Egyptian Oxfords and Cambridges. What would be the use? The Universities would be empty, if the matriculation was not a farce. If that difficulty were removed, what would happen? The Egyptian boy is not a sportsman; he is not even truthful. A body of young Egyptians would be absolutely incapable of the self-government, in accordance with honourable tradition, which is carried on by the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge, and constitutes a training, in the opinion of many people, more important than the education in Latin or Greek or mathematics for which boys are nominally sent to the English Universities. They would be even less fit to profit by the education, for education in Egypt



is at a ridiculously low ebb for a country which has enjoyed French teaching for so large a portion of a century.

I made many inquiries while I was in Egypt of men engaged in teaching in the higher schools in Cairo which will have to provide the undergraduates for these Universities when they are formed. Their opinions all tallied in substance with the carefully written opinion which one of their number had prepared and has permitted me to reproduce. I cannot divulge his name, for fear of his incurring odium by his absolute truthfulness, but I take this opportunity of tendering him my best thanks.

#### SOME NOTES ON CLASS TEACHING AND RESULTS AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS.

In actual class-work, and in all the different examinations of the different years and schools belonging to the Egyptian Government, certain faults were found which presented the same general features. It is surprising how little individuality is shown in mistakes and how much they tend to split up in well-defined groups. It is therefore worth while to collect them and to consider their causes and possible cure. The causes tend to fall into three main divisions, although it is dangerous to adhere too rigidly to a tentative classification of what is really a complex subject. The divisions are :—

- I. Age. (a) *Reproduction of sentences.* To the fact that most of the boys in the Primary Schools and

First Year are young may be ascribed their inability to understand or retain mentally more than very short sentences. This is seen in dictation, where they find it very difficult to reproduce more than a few words at a time.

- (b) *Carelessness in writing*, e.g., leaving out words which are vital to sense in composition or dictation; omitting final letters of words; confusion of words.

(c) *Total ignorance of everything*, except grammatical formulæ. The complete self-confidence which comes from such ignorance is striking.

These characteristics and omissions are common more or less to all boys, and so are neither surprising nor beyond hope.

II. *Teaching.* (a) *Mistakes learnt in the Primary Schools*, due to the peculiarities of the Effendi English, with which, in a short time, we shall probably be plagued in public. A mistake learned in the Primary Schools is never forgotten. The importance of this fact for the teaching in Primary Schools is obvious, especially as the boys trust their own Effendis to a much greater extent than anyone else. The sort of sentences one meets are these: "I dress my clothes," "I have a very good health," "We take a tramway and it was a very beautiful scenery (*sic*)."

(b) *Hazy or wrong ideas* (if any), gathered from general or indefinite discourses by an English teacher talking beyond the comprehension of his class. It is difficult to realize how little the most glib boy in the school really understands.

III. *Racial Characteristics.* (a) First and foremost, we are confronted with the fact that the *average Egyptian has no wish to know or understand anything per se.* He has not the adventuring or inquiring mind; he simply does not care. On the other hand, he is extremely keen to satisfy teachers and examiners, and dulness is no dulness to him, for he neither wishes, nor, to his mind, gets, reason; only things to learn in order to answer questions which will be set. Therefore, we find great readiness to learn by heart, and no attempt to grasp the meaning. Hence foolish mistakes in dictation.

(b) *A fatal facility for grasping the polluted end of the wand.* If anything is left to themselves, the boys are sure to muddle it.

(c) *Moral cowardice.* This is the besetting, ineradicable fault of the Egyptian character. When dealing with the Egyptian schoolboy, we must remember that there is no meanness of which he is incapable. Every quality contained in the words "sneak," "liar," "snob" and "crib" are his, and he glories in them when glozed over by more euphonious names. A boy will deny on oath that he is doing a thing, even in the act, and when he knows that the accuser is watching him; it is a force of habit. Taking a mean advantage is to him commendable strategy. An English schoolboy does not parade his morals and his psychological nomenclature is limited; his feeling, however, is very strong and definite; a sneak is a moral coward, especially one who takes a mean advantage. All Egyptian schoolboys are sneaks. There is nothing which an English boy loathes so much.



HYDERABAD  
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*Photo by]*

The Obelisks in the great Temple at Karnak.

[LEWELIAN, Cairo.

[Facing page 76.



In work, these qualities are shown in two ways :

(1) By utter helplessness in face of two alternative lines of conduct.

(2) By extreme anxiety to "justify himself" behind the letter of the law when it obviously does not apply.

(3) By making difficulties where none exist.

(4) By every kind of cribbing conducted with the accumulated skill of centuries.

(d) *Lack of sense of proportion.* Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. If this were so, a genius might arise in Egypt, for the Egyptians are splendid workers. But taking pains is not in itself enough ; one must be able to distinguish between what is important and what is not. To observe, select, deduce. That is where the Egyptian fails. If an Effendi is coaching a European in Arabic ; if a boy is set to read a rather discursive book on a simple subject ; if a rule in a code must be drawn up and enforced ; in all these and similar cases, no attempt is made or dreamed of to distinguish between the vital, the illustrative and the superfluous. The teacher must always, therefore, be on his guard, when confronted with a lengthy syllabus and limited time, not to ramble, but to dictate essentials. For this fault shows itself by waste of time over unimportant points.

(e) *Learning by heart without understanding*, and using vain repetitions as the heathen do. This is, from the educational point of view, the most serious fault of all. It is the root of many of the worst faults in grammar and composition.

(1) In grammar, rules are learnt by heart and examples are quoted so glibly that it is often difficult to realize that the words convey no meaning. Time after time, in both Primary and Secondary examinations for the certificates, boys were found to have no idea of what common grammatical terms really meant—when they were required to illustrate or explain them, *e.g.*, what is a concessive clause?

The spelling also is often faulty.

(2) In dictation. The same tendency to sound without sense is responsible for much of the badness in spelling. To quote the Report: "The great majority of mistakes were due rather to ignorance of the meaning of English words and phrases than to weakness in spelling. It should be remembered by teachers that the dictation exercise contains a large unconscious element of composition, and that it is impossible to write even a simple passage correctly without the words. It is for this reason that the piece is read as a whole as well as dictated in phrases." The following are specimens taken from the papers, of mistakes due to the mere mechanical exercise of the ear, eye and hand, the intelligence being evidently dormant:

A beach of dazzling quietness (not sense).

A beach of dazzling quiteness (not English).

Plung or blung up in clouds of spray (not English).

Clung up in clouds of spray (not sense).

Covered with dutiful trees (nonsense.)

To correct these mistakes, lessons in the reproduction of passages read aloud and practice in writing passages dictated in sentences will be useful.

(f) *Inability to leave a difficulty* and return to it, be it only a word. This is an irritating peculiarity which arises out of the lack of sense of proportion. If a boy meets a difficult word in a reading lesson he will pay no further attention to what follows; he ceases to take interest in it. This might be a virtue, but in class work it becomes a nuisance. While in an examination it causes much waste of time.

Of these faults, those which are due to faulty teaching, vagueness or lack of information may be remedied. Those which lie deep in the character of the people (and the same can be seen in hieroglyphic compositions) may be corrected, but not cured. In other words, in Egypt instruction is more than usually easy and profitable; education more than usually difficult, and the line between them more sharply drawn than elsewhere. It may seem that these notes are unduly severe on the Egyptian. They are not intended to do more than to point out the features in which he presents the most striking contrast to the English boy, and to notice the scholastic errors into which he is most likely to fall.

In no sense of the word is he a sportsman, however proficient he may become at games; nor can he assume nor appreciate the qualities of an English gentleman. But he has merits. He is very hard-working, docile, and in certain limits intelligent; he is genuinely polite, and, under strict supervision, can develop into a model clerk—reliable and able. And clerks are needed.



In conclusion, I cannot help remembering the magnificent old men who are to be found among the country landowners. It is difficult to think that their sons, though half-Europeanized outwardly, can be wholly degenerate.

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That this Report did not exaggerate the shortcomings of the Egyptian boy was made abundantly clear to me by a perusal of all the Essays written on two subjects in one of the higher classes in one of the three great schools. The class included, indeed, a married man of twenty-five. I found the essays equally deficient in spelling, grammar, knowledge and sense.

Besides the letters, the master gave me a manuscript newspaper of seven closely-written folio pages, which a boy in his class brought out every day. It consisted of geography, parsing, useful notes, grammar, "The British History," "Local News," and "Miscellaneous Works." There was no nonsense in this newspaper, which was chiefly copied out of primers with a few telegrams from the daily journals. But one feels inclined to weep over the misspent industry of this prodigious effort. The boy must have been so keen and eager.

Contrast with this the despairing declaration of his master: "It is impossible to live happily in Egypt, if you take any interest in your work. You must treat it simply as a means of getting your living."

So far I have dealt chiefly with the intellectual side of the Egyptian schoolboy—if the term is not a misnomer. I often talked with the English masters of the great Secondary Schools, of which there are three in Cairo and one in Alexandria, about the moral and phy-

sical sides of the Egyptian schoolboy, and the sum-total of what they had to say in his favour was extremely small. It amounted to little more than this—that, unless he is rebelling at the time, he is cheerful and desires to please, and that he is ambitious in the matter of marks. But this ambition is discounted by the fact that he would much rather earn the marks by cheating than by working. So incorrigible is he, that in one of the three schools they have abolished marks altogether, except at the examinations which are held every three months. Egyptian boys are appalling cheats; their code upon the subject is so low that the boy who gets a prize by cheating is very much admired.

In the Sudan it is said that boys are as interested in their work as English boys are interested in their games. This is not the case in Egypt. The Egyptian boys welcome the idea of a rest always. In Ramadan they do less work than ever. They consider it an excuse for getting off punishments; and it is easier to make excuses for them than usual, for they have no lunch during Ramadan; they are allowed to come to school an hour later instead. They have two Bairam holidays of a week each.

All the English masters are agreed that it was a great mistake to abolish caning. They say that Egyptian boys are such cowards that if one boy were caned the news would go through all the schools and there would be no more trouble.

I was told many anecdotes, illustrating the softness of the Egyptian boy. The Egyptian boys do not fight. They are generally content to spit at each other or kick each other from behind as they sit at their desks. "Sir," said an Egyptian boy to a blue-eyed young

English giant who was his master, "Mohammed Ali spat at me." "Sir, Abdul Hamed spat at me." "Sir, they both fell on me." Sometimes they spit on the floor instead. The giant told a boy, who had spat on the floor, sternly to wipe it up. The boy was in such a blue funk that he knelt down and licked it up. "Sir," said another boy to the giant, "I cannot sit in my place." "But why can't you sit in your place?" "Sir, because Mohammed Ahmed is kicking me." "But you are bigger and stronger than he is. After school walk up and catch him a bang on the ear." "Sir, I cannot do that, it would not be polite." The giant tried ridicule, knowing how sensitive Egyptians are about ridicule. The victim spread out his hands. "Sir, he looks fierce at me and I am afraid from him" (*sic*).

The Egyptian way of fighting is to seize the other boy's hands and ram your head into his face. They never do fight properly, but the giant told me that he had seen blood streaming from a face after one ram of the thick Egyptian head.

After this one is not surprised to hear that the Egyptian excels at Association football. He is really keen on that, though when it was first introduced he used to get behind a tree whenever the ball came near him. But the chief pleasure he takes even in a football match is cheating. When Egyptian boys play in a football match they spend the entire first ten minutes in fouling to see if it is possible to fool the referee. If a goal is kicked against them and it is not equalized in the first five minutes, they lose all heart. They are very keen upon running and drill. The Egyptians beat the English at tent-pegging because they do not mind practising it for ten hours a day. But they do not

like running races of over a quarter of a mile. "Sir, what is the use?" they ask. The giant assured me that he did not find football any more exhausting in Egypt than in England, though they often play in a temperature of over sixty degrees. The firm dry ground and the dry atmosphere make such a difference. When Mustapha Pasha Kamel, the notorious Nationalist, died, the Egyptian boy recognized a fine opportunity for making a demonstration. He is histrionic to the verge of hysteria. Mustapha Pasha Kamel's paper, the *Al-Lewa*, suggested that they should give up football for forty days, but they did not care enough for him for that. They were content to do without shouting at two big matches. However, on the day he died the giant's class came to him and said—"Sir, we cannot work; we have no mind; our Father is dead; Egypt is destroyed," and more of the same stuff, until they were overwhelmed with tears. The giant gave them a new rendering for *res age fugit amor*—"Attend to your work, and regret ceases." That afternoon the Tewfikiyeh and the Khediviych, the two chief schools, were playing a football match. When they had kept the English referee half an hour waiting for them to begin, they asked him to blow the whistle and give them another five minutes for prayer. He left the field. In another match they left off playing in the middle and asked the referee to blow the whistle for prayer.

The Egyptian boy has an unretentive mind. By 11 a.m. on the day of Mustapha Pasha Kamel's death most of them had forgotten all about him till the idea of having a holiday to see the funeral was started. Then they were fierce about it; they thought it would be a great sight.

Most of them got leave. But one form was kept in because it had refused to do any work for a week. They always do this when an English master does not please them, just as the Italian schoolboy has his strike. The head master thought it was a good opportunity to see how high general feeling ran. The Minister of Education came to inspect the boys and they complained, and in a high-handed way, he let them off. He soon had occasion to rue it, for two days afterwards the same thing happened again, and the Chairman threatened to resign. The Minister was not prepared for this, so he went to the school himself and made the ringleaders stand out. One of them had already been expelled from an Alexandrian school under native control for putting sticks of phosphorus in another boy's bed. The Minister of Education, Said Pasha Zegloul, one of the most capable men in the Cabinet, took the bull by the horns. "You must either be expelled at once," he said, "or the first time you offend"; which was a characteristically Egyptian way of putting things. The boys refused to consider either alternative. They left the class and boo-hoed the Minister. He expelled one of them at once and punished ten others, whereupon the whole school boo-hoed him. The boys said that on the Monday they would assault the masters and break up the school, so a force of police was sent down. The giant strongly disapproved of taking the Egyptian boy seriously. The boys saw it in the same light and took the appearance of the police as a very high honour. "Sir," they said to the giant, "why is it that there are police at the gates this morning?" "I'm sure I don't know," he growled. "Sir, I think that it is because you are afraid from us" (*sic*). The giant said

that it would have done much more good to tell them that they were wasting time, because they pose as loving their work.

One day the boys were as grand as if they had won a boxing championship, for they alleged that a tramway inspector had come to the head master and said, "Sir, the other day, a boy 'knocked' a tramway conductor." He went round the school to find the boy, but did not, of course, succeed. The boy had not really "knocked" the conductor at all—he had forged a season ticket and had run away when he was caught, but the boys preferred the fiction that the boy had knocked down the tramway conductor. "Sir," they said to the giant, when they were telling him this lie, "the Egyptian boys are very strong." The French masters in schools had done nothing to combat this moral slackness. One of them, who had a particularly bad effect on the boys by the low "code" into which he allowed them to drift, was sent away, and an Englishman put in his place. He wrote a number of letters to the *Temps*. In the first he said that he was dismissed because he was compelled to do what he thought was wrong; in the second he said that Mr. Dunlop was trying to kill the French language for the English; and in the third, he said that the English were trying to kill the Free School idea, as England's game was to keep the Egyptian uneducated. The giant said that, although the Egyptian hated being accused of wasting time, it was very difficult to do anything with him in the afternoon in the hot weather. "Sir," said Mohammed Ahmed, "we always go to sleep all across the desks after lunch in the Primary Schools in hot weather." The Egyptian boy never uses his handkerchief for anything but dusting

his boots, unless it be to spit into it. He keeps it folded. He wears a tremendous amount of jewellery : he would wear a nose-ring if he had the chance, but what he specially inclines to is a collar and tie of the same colour. Perhaps he is colour-blind. The country is scourged with ophthalmia. He has the same difficulty about hearing ; Egyptians are all deaf or blind. The giant says, " The boys are harmless. All their rot is what they see in the papers. I think they are rather sick of it."

They are the strangest mixture of dignity and want of honour. On one occasion the giant called them babies. They all " stood on their hind legs," as he expressed it, and said he had insulted their country. But the boy he sent to report himself to the head master for some breach of discipline confessed that he had not gone because he was afraid. To make up for it he wrote a eulogistic article on Lord Cromer which drew upon him the wrath of the rest of the school. The same boy, when the giant got tired of his prevarications and punished him himself, wrote him a very funny letter, beginning " Kind Sir," which I give at the end of the chapter. In one of his letters he discussed what an Irishman was. " Sir," he asked, " is it not true that all the English hate the Irish ?" Another time he asked after the death of Mustapha Pasha Kamel, " Sir, do you think the people in England will be sorry to hear that our great hero is dead ?" " I don't think they have ever heard of him," answered the giant. " Sir, will Lord Cromer be sorry ?" " I am sure that he will if Mustapha Pasha Kamel was such a fine fellow as you say, for he knew him." The boy scored in the counter for this, for he said : " Well, if he is not sorry, Mr. Dunlop will be glad."

The Egyptian boys are condemned out of their own mouths, for their expression for going to the dogs is "going to work." The worst feature in the Egyptian, boy and man, is his utter incapacity to take the smallest responsibility. "If you tell an Egyptian to black your boots," said the giant, "he will come to you half an hour later and ask if you wish to have both of them blacked."

The Egyptian boy will and can learn anything by heart; the trouble is to prevent this in the use of set phrases. He can only take in two words of dictation at a time. Dictation is very difficult to him. You cannot make him hear, especially where there are three consonants together. He likes mathematics and he loves wrestling with grammar. The classes in Egyptian schools are far too large to handle effectively—there are sometimes forty boys in one—the giant had a father and son in his form. He said that grandfathers were not impossible.

Once when the giant had to stand a boy on the form as a punishment he looked so big and fat that he asked him, "How old are you?" "Twenty-one, sir."

And here I may give the letter which he received from the boy he had punished.

"KIND SIR,

"As I am polite and have not done anything in all the days that passed from the beginning of the year, I am very sorry to be punished in these day, 'the day which is called by all the days of the pupils' plot. I think that you are quite well knows my conduct. As this I beg you only to punish me with writing *The Inchape Rock* thrice, and please beg the Head-Master



to throw out the punishment sheet, in which my name is written, because this is vey (*sic*) bad for my future, and if my father know this matter will be angry from me, then please do what is kind for me,

“ With my best complements,

“ Your pupil,

“ MOS. E. MAHDY.”

The Egyptian boys love the sound of their own voices. “ Sir,” they constantly say, “ we would like to talk.” If they know anything of a subject they put in a word all the time. If they know nothing you are sure of a good hearing, though many of them will go to sleep.

Such is the material out of which the would-be rulers of Egypt are made. And many of them are only just out of the chrysalis state.

## THE GUILLELESS EGYPTIAN.

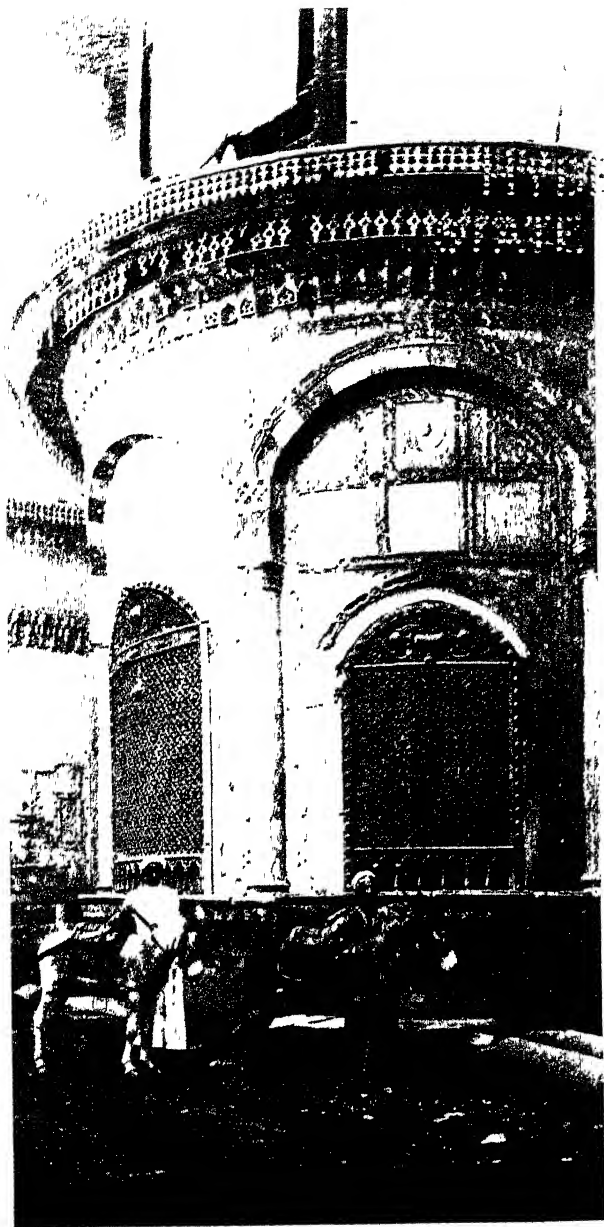
THERE are gentlemen in Egypt as in other countries, and a high-minded Mohammedan gentleman of the old school is a very fine fellow. But it cannot be denied that the ordinary Egyptian has the ordinary faults of hybrids in an inordinate degree. He is a liar, a rogue, an assassin, as needs be and opportunities arise. As my informant in my chapter on Education wrote of the Egyptian boy, "He is in no sense of the word a sportsman, however proficient he may be at games; nor can he assume or appreciate the qualities of an English gentleman." As the boy cheats over his work, so the man cheats over his business. Taking a mean advantage is, to him, commendable strategy. The Egyptian has a very bad name in business, though it may be a little worse than he deserves on account of the Levantine, who is so difficult to distinguish from him. They are, of course, absolutely distinct in origin—the Levantine is a European without a country, a mongrel of the Levantine ports—the Egyptian is, in the main, a Mohammedan Copt. But he likes to call himself an Arab, even if he has not a drop of Arab blood in his veins, and nothing Arab about him except his religion. The Arab gentleman is, where his religion is not concerned, a much easier person to deal with.

He is in reality a man of his word, though he may not keep his word to pay on a certain date, when a European merchant or agent gives him credit. It is so difficult to make it clear to him that if he does not pay his name will be protested and that he then will not be able to get any more credit. Even in Turkey protesting stops credit.

Often if the native has the money, he cannot persuade himself to pay it over. He likes to put it off and off in order to humiliate his creditor. "Why do you let him bother you again and again when you have the money in your pocket?" asked an English judge of a respectable man against whom he had just had to pronounce judgment. "Sir, it is in my nature."

*Bâkra*, to-morrow, and still more *Badi Bâkra*, the day after to-morrow, is the Egyptian's watchword. A man who has the money to pay a debt, if he knows that he will not be taken to court over it, will often rather squander it than use it for paying. Even this amount of honour is wholly wanting in the undiluted Egyptian, who contrives to make a fault of affability itself. Bad at heart as he is, he hates not to please. You offer him a thing; he cannot say no. He declares that what you offer him is charming. "I must certainly do it," or, "I must certainly have it." But even if he signs a contract about it he will have no intention of keeping his bargain unless he is taking advantage of you. He will lie to any extent to get out of it.

On the first day he invites you to have a cup of coffee with him and treats the thing as settled. When you come back on the second day you will find that he has gone to Alexandria. The Egyptian is a past-master at hiding his real feelings, and you will not only have



*Photo by*

A Cairo Fountain.

[LEBETAN, Cairo

[Facing page 90]



the fraud of your contractor to deal with. Egypt is more than usually oppressed by the curse which rages all over the East—the false witness—who makes it almost impossible to trace the real culprit. The false witness is worst of all in cases of feud. As I have said—I have it on the authority of the Khedive himself—the vendetta still flourishes in the Delta, and Orientals commit crimes very secretively—they will wait half a lifetime to get their revenge without giving their victim the ghost of a chance.

The Egyptian native has not distinguished himself much in insurance frauds yet. It is the Levantine who makes a science of substitution.

The Egyptians hate the Englishman for his manners, but they respect his integrity.

The employees on the tramways excuse themselves for cheating over the tickets because they say that, though the service pays so well, it pays them so badly. It is a common thing for an Egyptian to tell the tram-conductor not to give him a ticket, which means that the conductor can keep the fare for himself. “You get so little,” he says, “and the company so much. They can go to hell.” A friend of mine was asked right out by the tram conductor, “Do you want a ticket?” “Yes,” said my friend, “I want my ticket and here is another small piastre” (penny-farthing) “to teach you to be honest.” I have myself been asked by a tram-conductor—and often by Egyptians in the tram—for my tram tickets, which were, of course, going to be used in defrauding the company. This is done with added zest because the company belongs to Belgians—presumably Christians.

It is not so many years ago since it was quite a

common practice for the Egyptian, when he was going by train, to give bakshish to the guard and the ticket-collector instead of taking a ticket.

Doctors see a good deal of the seamy side of Egyptian life. I had the good fortune to meet a country doctor who had had a great deal of experience on the railways, while he was examining recruits, and he told me some of his experiences.

A man had his thigh broken in a railway accident. A Coptic assistant-surgeon in a country hospital claimed the man as a friend on the strength of a mutual acquaintance. He asked if the man might be discharged, because he wished to treat him himself in his own house. My friend happened to meet a railway director at dinner that night, who said, "I know that Coptic assistant-surgeon. He has a brother who is a lawyer. They will put in a claim for two hundred pounds against the railway, and will pay the victim about ten pounds." In the morning the director went to see the patient, and settled with him that he should have ten pounds as compensation. The Coptic assistant-surgeon turned his "friend" out of the house then and there.

Another Coptic doctor was asked to sign the certificate of a man being blind. He refused unless he received bakshish. The worst instance I know of this kind occurred in the case of a well-known English Radical M.P., who had shown himself a greater simpleton than most in swallowing the specious Nationalist lies. He went up the Nile in a dahabeah, and took his English physician with him. Unfortunately, the physician died, and a local doctor had to be called in to sign the certificate as to the cause of death.

He demanded an enormous fee, quite a large sum of

money, before he would sign it. "What do you mean?" said the M.P. "Your fee is so many piastres."

"That's my ordinary fee," said the Egyptian; "hushing up a crime is another matter. You brought him out here to poison him."

He said it in tones which implied that it would be well for the M.P. to settle with him. The M.P. settled with him in a way rather different from his expectations, and settled with the Egyptian Nationalist at the same time.

In another *post-mortem* case a man had died of cholera. As cholera precautions "cause so much trouble in a village," the relatives offered a medical student five pounds to give a false certificate. Unfortunately for all parties concerned, he forgot to get the money before he gave the certificate. Then the relatives refused to pay, and, when he sent them a letter of complaint, forwarded it to the Director-General to get the student into trouble. The Director-General postponed the student's exam. for six months, which must have cost him one hundred pounds in profits, because he had already been appointed to a district, and could have commenced taking bribes at once. I forget what happened to the relatives, but doubtless the heavy hand of the Englishman came down on them also, as the other party to this creditable arrangement.

Perhaps the cholera itself did something, too.

Once when my friend was examining the youths called up for army service at the Mamûr's office, he detected a decrepit man of forty impersonating a healthy young brother of twenty-three to secure the rejection of the latter.

Like other cunning people, Egyptians are sometimes



seized with fits of confidences. My doctor was called in to see an Egyptian who was in a very low state. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"I think it is only depression. I have been a fool, and lost a law case. I would not bakshish the other man's lawyer, and he bakshished mine."

Later on, when another Egyptian told my friend that he had won a law case, my friend said, "I suppose you bakshished the other man's lawyer?" The Egyptian gave a beautiful smile and said: "How did you know?"

The Omdeh is the head man of a village, a sort of combination of a squire and a police magistrate, but that does not prevent Omdehs from committing not infrequent breaches of the law. One of them had got into rather serious trouble and was terribly afraid of what would happen when his case came on at the tribunal; but the judge took the cases in rotation, and the Omdeh bribed the judge's clerk, whenever his case came near the top, to take it out and put it at the very bottom again.

Recruiting for the army is unusually prolific in frauds, as the Egyptian has such a distaste for serving his country. One Omdeh—for bakshish, of course—left out a dozen names on the recruiting list. A man who did not like him, lodged a complaint about it. The clerk, also for bakshish, tore up the complaint. The petitioner wrote to know what had become of his complaint. He received six months' imprisonment for making a false charge. The twelve names were never inserted.

So many Egyptians used to blind themselves in one eye to avoid army service that Lord Kitchener, when

he was Sirdar, gave orders that the men who were otherwise fit, and who had done this, should be enrolled for fatigue duty. When my friend was examining the recruits, a man came before him whose sight made him obviously unfit for military service. To his surprise this man insisted on paying the twenty pounds which secures immunity from military service. "Why did you do that?" asked my friend. "I should have given you a certificate of unfitness."

"It would have been no good," said the man, "the Mamûr has a grudge against me—he would have sent me as a water-carrier." Another of the same batch actually sacrificed a leg so as not to serve.

Six men went to a native doctor in Cairo to get some medicine which would make them so weak that they were sure of rejection by the recruiting doctor. Two of them died. They were so anxious to get unfit as quickly as possible that they took the whole of the medicine at once.

Once my friend went into the office rather earlier than usual and saw his clerk trying to hide a paper. He insisted on seeing it—it was to warn him about some fraud. While he was reading the paper his clerk left the office. He followed him and found him in the act of telegraphing that the game was up.

Little as an Egyptian can be trusted in money matters, still less can he be trusted in matters of responsibility.

On the day that the notorious Mustapha Kamel Pasha was buried, the Englishman at the head of the Kasr-el-Aini Hospital—the general hospital of Cairo—went down in the afternoon and found that the entire native staff—doctors, nurses, dispensers, etc.—who had

to attend to the out-patients, had gone off to the funeral, leaving a hundred patients to take care of themselves. And my country friend told me of two cases which were almost as bad. One was in the Lady Cromer Foundling Home. There were not sufficient funds to provide wet nurses for all the babies, so some had to be bottle-fed. One baby's bottle would not work. The Egyptian nurse just cut off the end of the tube and put it in the baby's mouth and went off to talk to a friend. When she came back the baby was dead by drowning. The doctor found its lungs flooded with the milk.

The English nurses in the hospital have Egyptians under them. One was left in charge of a dangerous typhoid case with instructions to report to a sister in case of hæmorrhage. When the sister came down the girl could not be found anywhere. The other Egyptian girls knew, or would know, nothing about her. The sister hunted up and down the long dormitory and finally found that a bed too many was occupied. The girl set to watch the typhoid patient had got into an empty bed and gone to sleep.

You never know when you can believe an Egyptian; it is safest never to believe them. They are sometimes very amusing about their oaths. "When I swear by God," said an Egyptian-Turkish Pasha, "what I say is worth nothing. But when I say by my honour, I say the truth."

A native who had sworn by the Prophet, by the beard of the Prophet, and every other oath known to him, perjuring himself without bad results, refused to perjure himself when the junior native judge asked him to swear by St. Telephone. When he was asked why, he said that he did not know what this might entail.

A great deal of assassination goes on in Egypt. The Mahdi himself is known to have been murdered. My friend knew the native doctor who was called in just before he died. He saw that nothing could save him, and he told the Khalifa, who had been made his heir, that the Mahdi would die. He told everyone else that he would recover. The only thing he ordered to relieve him was a cold bath, for, if he had given him any medicine, and the Mahdi had died, he would have been executed for poisoning him.

Three years ago an English contractor was murdered at Abydos, because he paid his men well and treated them well. So he obtained all the labour and all the contracts; an Egyptian contractor in the same place paid to have him shot.

There was a man in the Suakin district who had a pretty wife. The Omdelh cast his eye upon her. The man went off on campaigns with Osman Digna, Wad Nejumi, and others, in the wars of the Mahdi against the English. He went through the whole of the Desert wars. When he got back to his village, he found the same Omdelh there. He murdered him and his faithless wife. He was arrested and sent to Suakin for trial. But when the case was inquired into, the intense provocation he had received was taken into consideration and he was made a ticket-of-leave man, and was employed as a Farrash in the Governor's house. This story serves to show how unrelenting and unforgetting and unremitting the Egyptians are, for this man went straight back from the world-disturbing events of the Desert campaign and completed his vendetta.

Here is another vendetta story. A young recruit in the open barrack room said to another man: "Your

wife was very good to me in the field." At night he was asked whether he would go and arbitrate about it. He snorted and refused. The aggrieved one drove a knife through his temples. A friend stood by to help, if necessary. Both were hanged. Egyptian sentiment was doubly shocked. They regarded this murderer as a husband who shot his wife's paramour *flagrante delicto* would be regarded in France; and two lives were taken for one. This was one of the principal grievances in the Denshawai incident. Another was that they hanged an old man who was near his time for death.

Perhaps the most extraordinary murder story the doctor told me was that of the man who refused to be hanged twice. The Egyptian officer who was in charge of the execution forgot to have the murderer's hands tied. As soon as he was cast off the man swarmed up the rope. The officer called upon him to come down, and they had a long argument about it. At last the man said, "Since you make so much a fuss about it, it doesn't matter," and came down and had his hands tied, and was hanged again.

Instances might be multiplied. I have given a few which came within the experiences of my friends—typical of Egyptian every-day life—to show how grotesque it is to talk of Parliamentary institutions for such a people. In this connection I should, perhaps, say something about public security, which, outside of the cities, depends largely on the ghafirs, or village watchmen, and the Omdehs, or headmen, of the villages. Half a million a year is spent on ghafirs, and Mr. Machell—under whose charge they come—reported to Lord Cromer in 1906:

"If a sufficient number of capable Omdehs and thoroughly efficient ghafirs could be procured, almost all the difficulties connected with the maintenance of public security in the provinces would be at once solved. The difficulty is to obtain an adequate supply of capable Omdehs and thoroughly efficient ghafirs. Large as the Ghafir Budget already is, we are not yet in a position in every province to offer a sufficient rate of pay to attract the best men. If we ever do succeed, by means of additional grants, in being able to offer terms which would be likely to secure the services of the best men in the country, I doubt if a sufficient number of reliable men really exist.

"If the ghafirs in general devoted less of their attention to their own safety, and more to the repression of crime, we should have little to complain of. But self-preservation is the ghafir's first thought, and upon the smallest provocation he will discharge his gun in the hope of alarming a possible assailant. He has every interest in avoiding personal danger, and very little in doing his duty.

"Police reports, relating how 'the ghafirs and the thieves exchanged shots, no one was injured, and the thieves effected their escape,' are far too frequent. The assailants are usually only one shade less cowardly than the ghafirs. The cowardice displayed on both sides is absolutely incredible. I always tell people that, if I had an Ezba (farm) myself, I should provide myself with a shot-gun and an Erment dog, and should feel absolutely safe in any part of Egypt."

At the instance of the members of the Legislative Council a number of non-commissioned officers (Molahizin) of ghafirs were recently appointed, at salaries of from £E3 to £E5 a month, for the purpose of patrolling groups of villages with ghafirs taken in rotation for this duty. As regards the result of this system, Mr. Machell makes the following remarks:

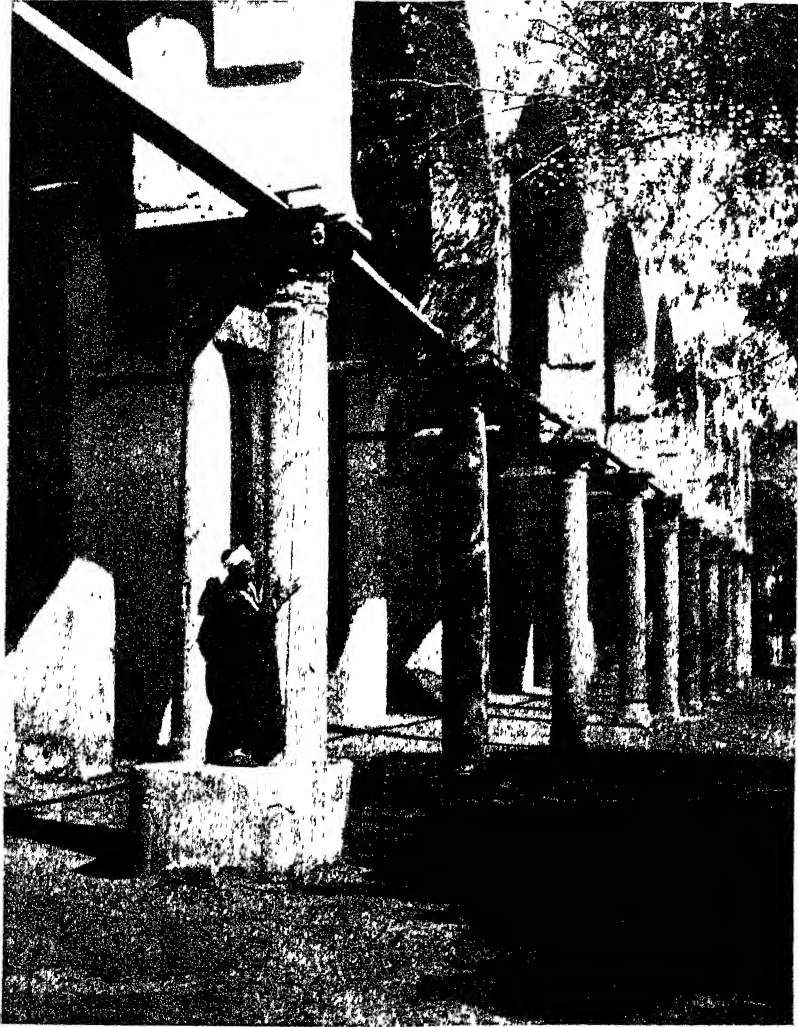
"The theory is excellent, and if each Molahiz really

did his duty, the effect would be marvellous ; but everything turns on the personal efficiency of the Molahizin, and, although we are all of one opinion as regards the excellence of the scheme, the measure of success is not yet complete. The Notables say, 'Get officers from the army, who will gallop up to the thieves and arrest them.' We have taken every officer who will come and have then endeavoured to get the best material elsewhere, but we reluctantly are forced to the conclusion that a sufficient number of persons of the calibre recommended by the Legislative Council does not exist. The instinct of self-preservation appears to be as strong in the breast of the Molahiz as in that of the ghafir.

"Further, circumstances are often sacrificed to routine. I constantly insist that the 'result' is the only thing that matters, but the fellah dearly loves a groove, and the last thing in the world he likes is to act with discretion according to circumstances. . . ."

And of the Omdehs, Mr. Machell says :

"The Omdeh, being the link between the Government and the governed, is an invaluable public servant. He is by no means the least zealous, but he is the least educated, the most responsible, and the most easily punished. It is not too much to say that the whole life of the village turns upon the Omdeh. A strong, unscrupulous man may make his village a hell upon earth as far as his adversaries are concerned, and discontent and crime are the result."



*Photo by]*

[LIEKEITAN, CAIRO.

The Mosque of Amr—the most ancient in Cairo.

*[Facing page 100.*





## THE EGYPTIAN NATIONALIST.

THE Egyptian Nationalist is as foolish as the Indian Nationalist. Why are Nationalists such irrationalists? As in India, there are two kinds of Nationalists—those who wish to see the backs of the English to-morrow, no matter what may happen; and those who would like to see English armies and fleets keeping other nations from interfering while the infant cuts its teeth in finance and legislature. The extreme Indian Nationalist has not the sense to reflect that such a weak and worthless person as himself would never be allowed to hold India; that before the English soldiers who had policed India had been withdrawn many years the Babu Republic—the republic achieved by Babu corruption for a Brahmin oligarchy, would be drowned in blood by the more martial races of India or ground between the upper and nether millstone by the Muscovites chuckling at Babu simplicity. The extreme Egyptian Nationalist is prepared to see the backs of the English to-morrow, regardless of the fact that if the Englishman went he would eventually be replaced by the German, who would treat the Egyptian little better than the negroes under Carl Peters and in the Congo Free State have been treated.

The extreme Nationalist, unfortunately, is very common in Egypt; he is not afraid of the consequences, because he is too ignorant to be able to imagine them.

He is far too feeble and cowardly himself to contemplate driving the English out by his own exertions, but he has boundless faith in the folly of the British Radical and a good deal of the cunning of cowards. He knows the kind of shibboleth which appeals to British cant, the prattle about national rights and aspirations,rodomontades about oppression, shrieks of simulated indignation about the delay in the promised evacuation of which the English always announced that the date was to be decided by them.

The English Radical who turns a sympathetic ear to the Indian and the Egyptian Nationalist is quite unaware of the undemocratic ideals of the enemies of his country whom he is in such a blind hurry to serve. Mr. J. D. Rees, a Welsh Radical M.P., whose "The Real India" is the latest and most impartial book on the subject, points out that the Babu conspirator is not pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for himself, but for an oligarchy of Brahmin landlords, who are absolute reactionaries—whose one desire is to relapse into the methods of barbarism. The Egyptian Nationalist, who desires the instant withdrawal of the English, would be handing his country back to the Turkish ring who used to rule it. Mohammed Bey Ferid, who leads the extreme Nationalists, is a Jew in Turk's clothing. He really shares with the Khedive the conviction that no non-Turkish-Egyptian could possibly be trusted with any responsible position—all the Khedive's Cabinet are Egyptian-Turks, all his entourage are Turkish-Egyptian. These men always speak of themselves and the Turks as one nation. They speak as a Moslem nation perhaps—a Moslem nation which ignores all Moslems except the Egyptians and the Turks. At any rate, it is their

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habit to say, "The English have deprived us of Cyprus," when they are enumerating the sins of the Anglo-Saxon, and Cyprus has not the smallest connection with the Egyptians except when they are speaking of themselves as Turks.

The Egyptian Nationalist who advocates the instant withdrawal of the English is, in fact, advocating a return to Turkish rule in Egypt—there is no alternative, the only persons in Egypt capable of ruling are the Egyptian-Turks. The Parliament of which such a strong card is made is sheer moonshine ; only a small proportion of the fellahin, who must return the majority, can read. Their choice would be dictated in one of two ways : they would either listen to the emissaries of *Al-Lewa*, the chief Nationalist newspaper, who are already beginning to work the villages in which there may not be a single person who can read ; or an appeal would be made to their fanaticism as Moslem. The Moslem (and therefore anti-English) candidate would be forced upon them.

British readers must not forget that Nationalism is only a new name for Islamism, invented to appeal to the simplicity of the British Radical. If the British were Mohammedans, no Egyptian would have anything to say against their rule, under which Egyptian material prosperity has increased so gigantically, which has given the poor man security in the possession of his wife and his property, which has given the priceless benefit of water conservation and distribution. The young Egyptian of the towns, who has had no elderly relatives talking of their shoulders bleeding beneath the courbash, and crops ruined by absence under the corvée, may be satisfied with appeals to his vanity by talk of

the great moral victory of making the English restore Egypt to an Egyptian Parliament ; but there are fellahin who are old enough to have suffered from courbash and corvée, and if they have not, none are too young for their fathers to have suffered, and though the fellah is slow-witted and not over-given to thinking, he is so likely to remember that he has had less oppression and more water since the English came to Egypt, that he requires an appeal to his religious fanaticism, and in that way—not “ Egypt for the Egyptians ”—but “ Egypt for Islam ”—the Nationalist party will sweep the polls.

I had a conversation about the clamour of the Egyptians for a Parliament with the leader of the Moderate, or Liberal, party. I suggested to him that, though there might be plenty of able lawyers, and so on, who could perform their Parliamentary duties with a fatal facility, there did not seem to be any electorate capable of exercising discrimination in the election of candidates, since the majority of the electors would be fellahin who would have to depend on others not only to understand the questions at issue, but the very nature of representative institutions. He thought they would be perfectly good electors. “ But,” I asked, “ would you make being able to read a condition of the franchise ? ” “ That would be impossible,” he said ; “ it would disfranchise ninety per cent. of the electors.”

I refrained from giving him my opinion of the inadequacy of such an electorate, for I wanted an expression of his opinion on another matter. I had observed the extraordinary loyalty of Egyptians to the wishes of the Khedive—I wanted to know if he thought that the Parliament so elected would be able to maintain independence from the Khedive. Not at first, he

thought, though some members would naturally have more strength than others ; but in the course of three or four Parliaments, he explained, a more vigorous race of politicians would be evolved who would make the Egyptian Parliament equal to the Parliaments of other countries. He did not mention England.

We are then confronted with a grave constitutional menace—the first three or four Egyptian Parliaments will be practically instruments in the hands of the Khedive, for him to employ in any way he pleases—even as the lever for ousting the English—and the electors will be so illiterate that the Nationalistic programme or the plain cry of “Egypt for Islam” will govern the electors. This is the Egyptian Parliament which is to be the panacea for everything.

But I have not yet done with the Nationalists.

There are two kinds, the Nationalist who would turn the English out bag and baggage to-day if he had the power, and the “Liberal” Nationalist who would like to have the protection of an English army until Egypt is strong enough to defy all interference, and who would even vote for the retention of certain features of the English administration, while Egyptian Parliamentary and administrative institutions are forming themselves.

The first are easiest to understand and to deal with. They frankly hate everything English. They rejoiced at Boer successes. They despise the very English who are helping them towards their aspirations. They employ Fenian Irishmen to edit their newspapers in the English language, and write and collect in their columns everything that could possibly damage England. Their columns are full of nothing but envy, hatred and malice

against England. It must be remembered that if you take up the Egyptian newspaper written in English which attacks England, you hear the voice of a disloyal Irishman hired to do the dirty work of the ungrateful Egyptian Nationalist. The Nationalist of this class is so absurd that he would not count much if it were not that, in his other paper written in the vernacular, he is incessantly waving the flag of Islam and saying that no matter how good the English rule might be, it is wicked for a Moslem to be ruled by a non-Moslem; he personally will not admit that there is a single good point in the English or their rule, but as there may be some of his readers who do not share his singleness of vision, he reminds them of their duty as good Mohammedans. This is not altogether surprising, for we all know of the existence of the fanatical Moslem. The surprising feature is that the Radical gull in Parliament who risks landing England in a European war several times a year for worthless Christians in Turkey, in Egypt is fooled by the Egyptian Nationalist into supporting the cry of Egypt for the Mohammedans under the name of Egypt for the Egyptians. There will be absolutely no place for the Egyptian Christian. Hardly any public career is open to him now, but then it will be worse. What Messrs. Robertson, Rutherford and Co. are unconsciously agitating for is, Egypt for the Moslem, Egypt for the Egyptian-Turk, Egypt for the Pashas.

No charge is too absurd for the Nationalists to fling at England.

The English who have lost the support of the Christian population of Egypt by the pains they have taken ever since they set foot in Egypt to show the

Moslems that their religion will not be interfered with ; the English who allow the antiquated inconveniences and puerilities of the Kadi's Court to go on ; who allow the Moslems to stand outside the law in many ways ; who spent eight thousand pounds in building a mosque for Khartum ; who allow the Mohammedans' Day of Rest, Friday, instead of the Christian Sunday, to be the official weekly holiday in (what is practically the British Dependency of) the Sudan , the English to whom the Mohammedans of India are so vehemently attached, are accused of being the general enemies of Islam. It is accounted as nothing to them that they allow the vast Mohammedan University of El-Azhar to continue in its present unprofitable condition, devoted to the perpetuation of the dry husks of mediæval learning which stand in the way of the Moslem acquiring any real knowledge, and for the breeding of fanatical Moslems to be employed against their benefactors.

The Nationalist accuses the English of staying in Egypt to provide highly-paid positions for Englishmen, regardless of the fact that it would cost England far less to withdraw from Egypt altogether, and by saving the expense of the occupation create four times the number of positions in her own possessions for Englishmen to fill. He trades upon the present tendency of England to withdraw her forces from all over the world, and at the same time accuses her of a desire to prolong her occupation. One of his favourite grievances is that the English are anxious to prevent the Egyptian being educated, that they are deaf to the clamour that arises all over the country for more to be spent on education. What is this, put into plain language ? It is merely a feature of the Egyptian's general readiness to play ducks



and drakes with the resources of his country and reduce it to the howling wilderness of bankruptcy which was its condition before the English came.

There is no way in which he shows more unmistakably his unfitness to control the affairs of Egypt than by his financial expedients. At the present moment the farming class of Egypt are in serious difficulties. Why is this? In the first place, because they want more water. Quantities of water are still wasted every year on the Upper Nile, so that every penny spent on the storage and distribution of the wasted water would go to relieve the farmers.

But the extension of water facilities means the expenditure of a good deal of ready money, which can be supplied in two ways, out of revenue or from the few millions which have survived of the hoard in the Caisse, which could not be touched until recently. But the voice of Egypt does not call out for the money in the Caisse to be devoted to the extension of water facilities; it demands that it should be handed over to the *Crédit Foncier* for the relief of persons who have mortgaged their own land in order to buy more lands than they have the means of developing; otherwise, they say, they will have to sell these lands (which should never have been bought), which would at once lower the price of land in the market.

The reason why the English officials have turned a deaf ear to this appeal is their belief that the money will be used by the financial institutions, not for the relief of the fellahin, but for the relief of the speculators in city lands in Cairo, who have their money locked up in immense blocks which are unsaleable (and justly unsaleable) at present prices. These men include some of

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the greatest capitalists in Cairo, who are responsible for having forced city values up to such a price as to paralyze the prosperity and industries of Cairo. It might be a misfortune if the fellahin had to throw their recent purchases of land back on the market, for the agricultural interest is Egypt's backbone ; but it is not good for even agricultural lands to be dealt with at inflated values ; and, on the other hand, it is absolutely essential that the land-ring in Cairo should be broken up ; for until then the rents, which are killing everything, cannot be reduced. One thing is certain, that if the English would only dispel the idea that they mean to leave the country, Continental capitalists would be willing to put all the money that was needed into any sound Egyptian financial institution.

There is also this to be remembered, that the Egyptian princes and pashas have enormous quantities of unemployed capital, amounting in the aggregate to many millions. Why do not they reap a harvest by lending the money which the Nationalist party wish to see depleted from the nation's coffers ? Is it not because they know that if the Nationalist agitation were successful Egypt would at once go bankrupt and their money would be lost ?

Why cannot more of the money which is required to make the dams and canals and railways and roads that are needed for the development of the farmer's crops, and to give him a market, be provided out of the revenue ? Because the Egyptian clamours for the revenue to make large grants to the system of secondary education. Is it because he is consumed by a wild desire for education ? Not in the least ; it is because, when he has taken his secondary certificate, he can demand

employment from the Government as a clerk at twelve pounds a month. There are already far more clerks than are needed, but this does not worry him any more than the fact that he wishes his country to be impoverished in order to qualify him to occupy a subordinate clerkship.

The Nationalist party is at present in rather a disorganized state. The premature death, at the age of thirty-three, robbed them of a leader of exceptional success, but no morals; an insincere man who was all things to all men, who played on the prejudices of the ignorant regardless of right or wrong, truth or untruth, probability or improbability. The fact that he had so much influence with the Egyptians who are clamouring for Parliamentary institutions shows how unfit they are to receive them. He was a man of no position and with no stake in the country. His successor, Mohammed Bey Ferid, is said to be a much higher type of man, not less ardent as a Nationalist, but a man of birth and means (much more essential conditions in the Orient than here), and with some knowledge of affairs. The late leader was a mere demagogue.

That Mohammed Bey Ferid is not less thorough-going in his aims may be gathered from the fact that at the first oration he made in his new position as the leader of the Nationalist party, he said that if the Nationalists "could set aside their party disputes and show a united front, they would get all they asked for—a Constitution and Parliament, the effective control over the Government, and could make the English quit Egypt." But he counselled his hearers never to have recourse to force, as they had the lugubrious result of 1882 before their eyes in the shape of the Occupation.



*Photo by*

An old Arab Street in Cairo.

*LEBETJAN, Cairo.*

*[Facing page 110.]*

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He is believed to be of the opinion that an attempt to upset the existing state of affairs by violence would lead to a protectorate.

Sir Eldon Gorst once remarked, in his brilliant, cutting way, "That if the English were compelled to leave Egypt, the result would not be *Egypt for the Egyptians*, but *Egypt for the Capitulations*, unless the Egyptians had the sense first to support the English in their endeavours to get the Capitulations abolished, and then to set about turning the English out." The late leader of the Nationalist party, being a man of no political insight, thought that tampering with the Capitulations could only result in concentrating further powers in Lord Cromer's hands. The new leader is of the same opinion.

Mohammed Bey Ferid waxed indignant with Sir Edward Grey for declaring that the Khedive would have to consult England before granting a Constitution to his subjects; he advised the Khedive not to pay the least attention to Sir Edward Grey, prophesying that the English would not be able to offer any opposition lest they should appear "in the eyes of Europe in the character of despots and tyrants, whose spoils were a people's rights, especially after the Egyptian nation had shown its respect for the rights of the European colonists in this country and for the international engagements and the Capitulations, until the time arrived when Europe would have such confidence in their good intentions that they would agree to abolish them, as they have been abolished in Japan, and also in a great measure in Siam."

To compare Egypt to Japan is a gross absurdity. To see how inferior the Egyptian is to the Japanese one has only to be outside a Mamûr's court when the con-

scripts are being selected for the army. If the Egyptian has twenty pounds in the world he spends it on buying exemption from military service. If he has not, he endeavours by any subterfuge to prove himself unfit for military service; it is only recently that he has ceased to blind himself, and if he no longer goes to the extent of blinding himself, he does not hesitate to destroy his health for the time being by starvation or the use of noxious drugs.

I saw five prisoners tied together with a thin cord going to the central police-office in Cairo in charge of a single policeman. One prisoner had to hold his hand up to prevent the cord slipping off his wrist, because the knot had become so loose; he made no attempt to escape, but he would have been pretty sure to have bolted if he had been a recruit on his way to serve his country. Contrast this with Japan, where, if a man was rejected for military service, his relatives as well as himself would feel inclined to commit suicide to cover the disgrace.

Mohammed Bey Ferid said "that the Egyptians must on no account submit to England the question of Egypt having a Constitution." This was inspired by Sir Edward Grey's "desire to have England's consent to such a step mentioned in the decree which sanctioned it. This would be an irreparable error, for it would be tantamount to an official acknowledgment of the Occupation, and they were convinced that the Khedive would not fall into the trap which the British Government, so notorious for the duplicity of its policy, was laying for His Highness. The Khedive should not allow himself to be deceived by the sweet disposition of Sir Eldon Gorst, nor by his marked attention to His Highness, nor

by the frequency of his visits to the Abdin Palace. If they could not get a Parliament without having, as a preliminary condition, to ask England's advice on the matter, it was far better for them to remain as they are for the time being, as such a condition would be equivalent to an acknowledgment of their dependence on England. But these encroachments of that Power will not prevent them from following their line of policy. They will show to the world how England behaves to them ; how she troubles the Sovereign of their country ; how she prevents him from giving his people a share in the Government ; how she tries to preserve her autocracy there. In Egypt the English had all the power, while the Khedive had to assume all the responsibility for their actions before his people, and even before history, which His Highness could never agree to do."

Mohammed Bey Ferid was as unsparing in his strictures upon the Egyptian Ministers as he was on Sir Edward Grey. " Their only desire," he said, " is to draw their salaries without doing any work. In Europe, if a Minister cannot uphold his authority, he sends in his resignation ; but in Egypt they stick to their posts, year in and year out, and do not care a little bit whether they have any authority or not. Instead of being the Khedive's right hand, they execute the orders of the *advisers*. What can be done with such people ? Battalions are moved about from one country to the other without the Minister of War ever being consulted. If that personage were asked how many battalions there were and where they were stationed, he would not be able to answer. The Financial Adviser throws away the Reserve Fund without the Finance Minister knowing anything about it, without the permission of the



Council of Ministers or of the Financial Committee. Heaven only knows the real truth about the finances, and yet the Finance Minister has the right to retire on a full pension. In fact, the greater number of the Ministers can, if they like, retire on a full pension. The Ministers know well enough what will be the verdict of history on their conduct, and they are well aware that but for the easy-going character of the Egyptian, not a soul would ever shake hands with them. Yet in spite of all this, they stick on to their billets with all their might and main."

The Nationalists do not agree in their little nest like birds. The party of Constitutional Reform, of which Sheikh Ali Youssef is the head, accused the editor of *El-Gerida* (the organ of the Party of the People) of having Republican ideas; the editor of the *Egyptian Standard* accuses the editor of *Al-Moayad* and *Al-Minbar* of "having vainly tried to foment discord among the Nationalist Extremists, and declared that it had hired the services of some insignificant English journalists to make speeches in London and write against the Nationalists. The Bey actually declared that an Englishman, whose official position he designated as well as the initial letter of his surname, had been paid by the Constitutional Reformers to lecture in London in favour of their party."

The latest opinion is that the Khedive is anxious in any case to retain the Army of Occupation lest the forces awakened by the Reformers should get out of hand.

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## ON THE UNFITNESS OF THE EGYPTIAN TO HAVE REPRESENTATIVE INSTITUTIONS.

THE Egyptian clamours for a Parliament as he clamours for secondary education. He has his eye on what is called the main chance in both - he wishes to live at the public expense. As I have said, if he gets the secondary education certificate, he can demand a clerkship in the Government, secure of not less than twelve pounds a month, a position of which he thinks as much as a country gentleman thinks of being made a J.P. The emoluments at which he commences his career are not magnificent, but he would not be an Egyptian if he did not feel confident of multiplying them by the extortion of bribes. All the demands for more education which flood the native Press come back to this one point, the giving more facilities for boys to get these secondary certificates and flood the country with Civil Service clerks who are not needed, and whose ever-increasing number would bankrupt the country, if the Government were taken in by this specious cry for education. The cry for a Parliament rests upon exactly the same basis. It would create a magnificent new Bribery Department—the members of Parliament would be in a position to command such noble bribes, and they in their turn

would have to bribe a number of other people to secure their election. It would be glorious. A country in which everyone who could read and write was a member of Parliament, or in the Civil Service, would be the Egyptian's idea of Utopia. He would not even remember to keep foreigners in the country to pay the taxes. He would ruin the finances of his country in the fastest time on record. On the principle that he would get a bribe for every grant of money made for public works, he would vote money for all kinds of insane projects which could never pay anyone, except the people who received bribes over them. As he would speedily kill every goose of a taxpayer who could lay a golden egg in the treasury, he would have no means of raising money except by the sale of public assets or by foreign loans which mortgaged the public assets. For ordinary credit Egypt would have none.

The Egyptian Nationalists and other enemies of England shout in chorus that it is an outrage that so civilized and advanced a country as Egypt should not have a Parliament of its own. Is it so civilized? Is it so advanced? Would it be even possible for it to elect a Parliament at all in a way that would commend itself to any sane white man? I say white, because it must be remembered that an Egyptian is not a white man, but a mixture of black and yellow. The fellah, who forms the backbone of Egypt, whether the skin of the individual is darker or paler, is only a black man in his degree of civilization; the Egyptian, whether he is a youth and wears comic-opera clothes and boots, or is one of the fat men who make cafés odious, is in his ideas of women, morality and truth, yellow inside at any rate.

In what way is Egypt fit to have a Parliament? In one way, and one way only—in the capacity for oratory. There would be no difficulty in finding candidates with the gift of the gab—agitators born—Egyptian Babus. But to find men fit to be Ministers would be as difficult as to find men fit to be electors, and that would be impossible. Not ten per cent. of the Egyptians can read and write, and the cities naturally absorb most of them. Few fellahin can read or write. They think about nothing except the things that make up their working day. Their one idea of Government is that all Governments are cruel tyrants, and that they are compelled to be the victims. But it is the fellahin who would have to elect most of the members of the Parliament. Lord Cromer, the best judge, says it would be impossible to explain to a fellah what a Parliament is—the idea is inconceivable to him. How then could he exercise his vote? For the agitators intend him to have a vote! Somebody would have to get his ear. But who would that somebody be? So far, he has shown no disposition to commit himself. The people to whom he might naturally listen if they took any trouble to try and educate him are the English, who make no effort to counteract the seditious and insidious suggestions of agitators. For the fellah is aware that he owes much to the British—peace from the Dervish invader; safety from the lust of the oppressor for his wife and daughter; safety from the hand of the Pasha for the money he earns; water to create his crops. If he is not old enough to remember the days when he had to submit in silence to the dishonouring of his women, and the seizure of his

property, the evil days of courbash and corvée, his father will be able to have told him about it.

And if he has to learn from his father of the evils he escapes under British rule, he can hardly be too young to know himself of the blessings which have flowed from it. It is difficult even for a fellah to be too ignorant to know to whom he owes the reduction of interest when he borrows, and the unfailing supply of water administered without bakshish or favour for the growing of abundant crops.

He has no active feeling of gratitude towards the English; active feelings, especially of gratitude, are not in his line; but if he were asked to take a hand in the expulsion of these English under whose peaceful rule he has become safe and rich, he might pause, especially since taking a hand in it would mean for him standing up in line to stop a charge of British bayonets, or holding entrenchments which were being raked with British artillery. When it came to fighting he would have to do it; fighting for the men who used to seduce his daughters, and make him till their estates with forced labour and no wages, while his own little patch was going to seed, against the men who had delivered him from their oppressions.

But fight he would, if only the torch of Islam were waved with sufficient fury at his mosque, for the fellah is a good Mohammedan. He would fight once (the fellahin would die if need be by tens of thousands), and he would never get the chance of fighting again, for he would be conquered as the men of the Mahdi were conquered in the Sudan; and even if he had the power would never again lift his hand against his beneficent conqueror for religion or sedition.

If the fellah, when given the right of electing members for an Egyptian Parliament, were left to himself, there would be no elections, for the idea of a Parliament means nothing to him. But as the whole of the electorate outside the great cities consist of fellahin, the people who are agitating for the establishment of an Egyptian Parliament would make it their business to instruct him.

They would be, in the first place, the emissaries of the Nationalist Press, who have already been hard at work broadcast through the country trying to convince the fellah of the iniquities of the English.

As the seed seemed to be falling on stony ground, the influence of the local mosque has been called into play. The fellah is adjured to carry out the behests of the Koran and make ready for the expulsion of the Christians. He has in certain districts been made to subscribe all he could spare from sustaining his existence to the war-chest of the Senussi.

And as so few fellahin can read or write, and the English would not take the slightest trouble to attend to their political instruction, they would undoubtedly, as far as they voted at all, vote blindly for the nominee of the Nationalist party or the local mosque.

In the cities the callow firebrands of the Nationalist Press, and the hoggish, but really dangerous, conspirators of the cafés, would have it all their own way. The wealthy and respectable Egyptian is not concerned about politics; what he chiefly cares about are European dissipations, and he is so averse to investing his wealth in the development of his country that it would be easy for him to transfer it to Paris, and to go and live his ideal life there, if Egypt were bankrupt and ruled by adventurers.

Members of Parliament would not be elected one whit more wisely in the cities than in the country. A larger proportion of the electors would be able to read for themselves; but an immense majority of them would be readers of the Nationalist Press and would vote for the candidates of ignorance and prejudice. There is no electorate in Egypt fit to elect a Parliament. While the fellahin, who are worthy, industrious people with their hearts in the right place, are incapable of understanding the idea of a Parliament at all, and could only be made to vote by dictation from the mosque, the city voters, who would exercise their franchise, are mostly unindustrious persons, many of them with their skins as full of politics as Babus. I am not including in this view the large class of porters, carters and lower artisans, who are a kind of urban fellahin. The city voters who would imperil the destinies of Egypt would be clerks and loafers.

Loafers of the beggar status would, I suppose, even in Egypt, not have a vote unless (and is that unlikely in this cucumber-frame of corruption?) the game of impersonation were played on a heroic scale. But Egypt has a breed of loafers all its own, men who, having the pittance necessary to place them above the starvation line, exercise no regular means of getting a livelihood, but wait for Satan to put some paying kind of mischief into their idle hands. They form one portion of the scum which would swamp the vote in the city; the other portion would consist principally of native clerks in the Civil Service, native clerks who do the writing in offices, native clerks who serve the customers in shops, with hardly a man among them who would not take money to sell his employer. The Civil Servant expects bribes;

he can expedite or impede--it may be an application for water or a grant of title for land; the clerk in a business office is in possession of a business secret, or can influence his employer to sign a wasteful contract: whatever it is, he lives by bakshish, not by his salary. He may even, O blessed opportunity! have control of accounts. The same opportunities occur in every shop when the proprietor's back is turned. It makes no difference to the Egyptian whether he is a clerk in the Irrigation Department or an assistant in a curio shop. It is the squeezes, not the salary, to which he looks for his livelihood. Is inherent dishonesty the Egyptian's only disqualification for self-government? Unfortunately not. It is exceeded, for example, by his want of patriotism. The Egyptian thinks that if the Japanese are fit to have a Parliament, he is. The comparison is an unfortunate one. Of the devotion of the Japanese to their country there can be no doubt--Japan is in their thoughts from morning till night. There is not one of them who is not anxious to die for it. But dying for his country forms no part of the ambition of the Egyptian. He is not even anxious to live for it. The selection of recruits for the army shows the Egyptian in his very worst light. Every traveller in the Sudan is pointed out the Tree of the Dead Sea Fruit, the spurge with whose acrid juice the would-not-be recruits blinded themselves because, once in a way, the eye would recover.

The Egyptian regards it as the greatest possible misfortune to have to serve his country; he will do anything to avoid it. I was at Luxor when they were recruited for the army this year. If a young man was found to be physically fit his relations were plunged in grief; professional mourners were hired to squat



outside the police station where the recruiting took place, yelling and weeping. If, on the other hand, he was rejected as undersized or a weakling, or tainted with loathsome diseases, his relations and friends flew to him rejoicing, and kissed him and hung on his neck.

Contrast this with Japan—the land of Bushido. The Egyptian would far rather be arrested as a criminal, have the handcuffs put on him before his neighbours, be marched through the streets with the malefactors' irons on his wrists and serve his term of imprisonment, than serve his term in the army—which all goes to prove that his clamour for a Parliament arises from no desire to serve his country, but merely from a desire to swagger, and especially to crow over the English, and above all to make bakshish out of politics.

I shall never forget that sight at Luxor. The howling mothers and mourners would have crowded into the Mamûr's office and torn him to pieces if the police had not driven them back—the foot police slashing right and left with hippopotamus-hide courbashes, the horse police charging. And when the recruits were selected they were immured in the lock-up until they could be marched under a strong escort to the railway station.

Another way in which the Egyptian is so unfit to have a Parliament and control the destinies of his country is his utter lack of and unfitness for responsibility. He is as unfit as a Babu to be a shop-walker or a shop-keeper; he loses his presence of mind in the commonest crisis; he has no more moral courage than a courtesan; he is incapable of judging a matter on its merits; he interprets all orders as prohibitions.

If Parliamentary institutions were granted, a Parliament of Nationalists would be returned and would doubt-

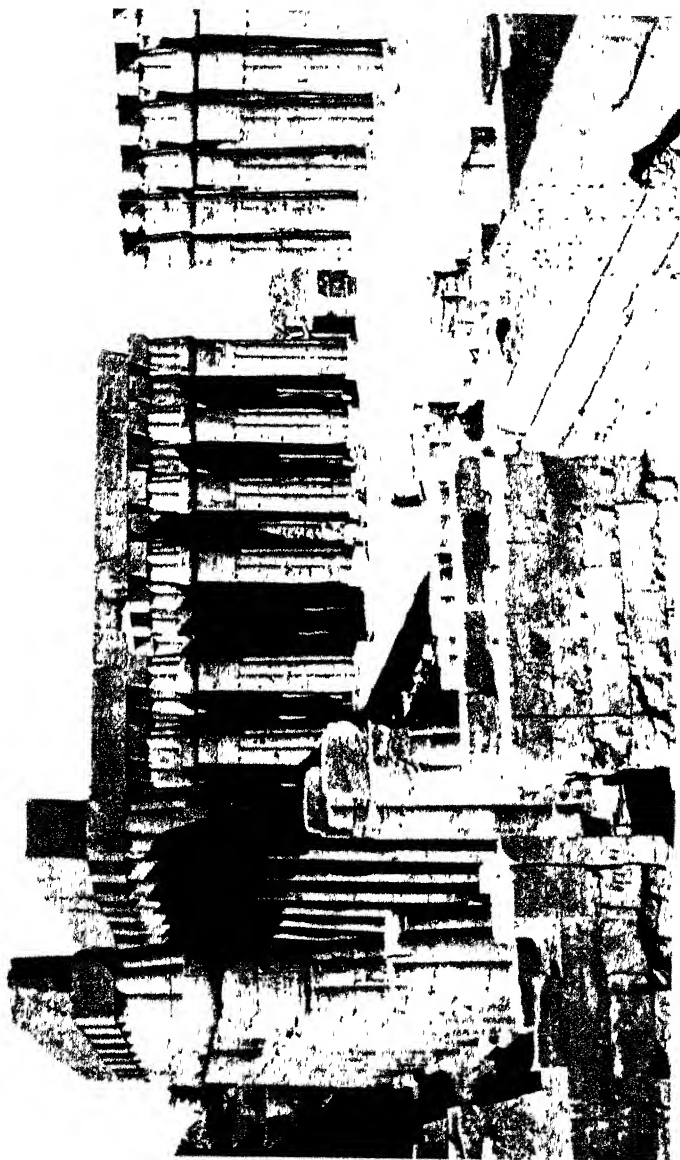


PLATE 11. CAPS



less be used as a lever to try and oust the English. The Egyptian would pay no regard to the fact that if the English did go it would be *Egypt for the Capitulations*, not *Egypt for the Egyptians*. He is very short-sighted; his present concern is to get rid of the English, no matter what happens to him afterwards. He is exactly the kind of frog that *Æsop* was thinking of when he wrote his fable of King Log and King Stork. The fact that Egypt could not stand alone, must eventually go back to the Turk or fall into the maw of Germany, would count for nothing. If ever it does happen, the English cannot be blamed if they smile at the resemblance between Egypt under the Germans and the Congo under the Belgians. An independent Egypt could not last. From the highest functionaries in the State every one would be taking bribes, to allow some mischief to be done. The Egyptians do not want to have their rights—they want to have their squeezes. They do want to gratify their vanity by scoring a victory at the expense of English prestige.

“Let every rogue have his chance” would be the prayer of the Egyptian Parliament. Egypt is not ready for Parliamentary institutions; the only thing they could use them for would be to intrigue against the English and wreck the finances of the country. The expenditure on public works would be on a scale to stagger Ismail Pasha, and it would not be on great public works—it would be on innumerable local works—too foolish for local people to spend their money on. The Egyptians would regard Parliament as an Assuan Dam full of other people’s money, ready to be turned on like irrigation, as each locality could bring pressure to bear on its representatives and the representatives could bribe the

authorities to grant money wrongly. The authorities would either receive presents or take a commission. Now all this would mean loans; but who would want to grant loans to such a country? Not ordinary European financiers without the security of English administration. The money would have to come either from usurers or from Germany, luring Egypt into her debt in order to pounce down upon its carcase like a vulture.

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## THE PRESS IN EGYPT.

THE Press in Egypt naturally falls into three divisions—English, European other than English, and Native. Of the European other than English papers, the most important are the French. The Greek papers are a good deal *en évidence*, but no one seems to attach any political weight to them. Of the French papers I shall say nothing; some of them are less hostile than others to the English in Egypt; their chief value is that their editors have the sense to do what English editors ought to do—they give a great deal of the gist of the native papers. If the English papers devoted a page every day to giving the spirit of the native Press, they would have far more value than their whole contents at present have. For one thing, it would be a great check on the extravagances and treasons of vernacular editors if they knew that there was an English editor on the look-out for sensational copy, and an equal check on the questions in the House of Commons about Egypt. A paper like the *Daily Mail* or the *Daily Express*, which made it its business to watch the native Press like a cat and pounce upon every particularly foolish or inflammatory passage, would be a most efficient scarecrow and would supply Europeans in Egypt with far more interesting reading than they ever get in their papers.

The column or two of telegrams which inform the

Cairo Englishman that Mr. Winston Churchill has made a speech in Welsh, or that Pankhurst II. is scratched for some event in the Kempton Park Races, or that England, playing against an Australian team at Sydney, has made nine runs for five hundred and nine wickets and declared,\* has of course its value, and it is essential that one should know who went to the weekly dance at the "Savoy Hotel" two or three days before. The entries for the race meeting at Zagazig are also important; but why do the English papers in Egypt not give more news about the real state of the country? Why are there not more leading articles like those one gets once in a way from the *Egyptian Gazette*, reminding the British Agent, and the British Advisers in the various Ministries, that a landslide of British interests is in full motion and that something must be done to stem its advance? For nearly six months I made a scrap-book out of all the articles and news in the Egyptian papers published in English, which were of the slightest interest to an Englishman endeavouring to understand Egyptian affairs. From the *Egyptian Gazette* I cut a certain number of leaders—terse, well-written articles—expressing with a moderation due to the dignity of the leading paper some state of affairs which required the attention of the English managers in Egypt. More often I cut from the *Egyptian Morning News* leaderettes, brilliant in their sarcasm, scourging this or the other abuse, but I seldom found much else to extract from these papers except the report of some discovery of antiquities; or a letter from someone who knew the country

\* This telegram was actually among those sent out by a well-known agency to all the leading hotels in Egypt.

well, exposing some glaring abuse to which the authorities were turning their blind eye, like Nelson at the Battle of the Baltic; or pointing out some fresh example of the thinness of the crust which separates the English from an eruption in Egypt. For the rest I found these papers humdrum sheets of telegrams from England, reports of social gatherings in Cairo and Alexandria, and commercial news. Their political value appeared to me very far short of what it ought to be. There was another paper published a short time before I came away, which proposed to do something for these deficiencies. I found it interesting enough, but I recognized the fact that the additional material in it would not be of sufficient interest to the English resident in Egypt, who would not wish to be informed about the type of education in vogue at El-Azhar, or other semi-guide book curiosities.

What is needed in Egypt acutely, and I hope that Lord Northcliffe will have the patriotism to supply it, is an Egyptian edition of the *Daily Mail*, sleepless in its vigilance in watching and exposing what is said in the vernacular Press; sensational in its style, so as to command attention; and giving the European news adequately. Such a paper would at once become a power in the land, especially if the political portions of its contents were given in French as well as English. It would be too much to expect the English Government to have the sense to subsidize it, as it ought in the interests of the British Occupation, but it should have considerable circulation outside of Egypt among clubs, newspaper offices, and people interested in Egypt.

Cairo has an unusually good Society paper, *The Sphinx*, edited in excellent taste.

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The other Egyptian paper written in English while I was in Egypt was the worthless and mischievous *Egyptian Standard*. Latterly it took to appearing at very irregular intervals, and I think its existence has about terminated. It was written with the sole object of stirring up bad blood against the English. It was edited, I have been informed, by Irish irreconcilables, ready in their hatred of England to be the hirelings and servants of the lower races. This of itself proves that the *Egyptian Standard* is quite unworthy of the least attention from English politicians, editors, or authors. But even if they remained in ignorance of the tainted source from which its editors came, the perusal of its contents for a single week would show them that it was a mere magpies' nest, made of anything which struck a thievish eye by its noticeableness, without the slightest reference to its nature or object. No lie was too foolish to be offered to the readers of the *Egyptian Standard*. If the Irishmen who edited it had thought it worth while to give, as another example of English perfidy, that the French for the last hundred years have been far better cricketers than the English, but that the English have taken the credit for it, into the *Egyptian Standard* this egregious piece of information would go. Honour, fact, accuracy, respect for the intelligence of its readers meant absolutely nothing to the conductors of the *Egyptian Standard*; its business was to be a *pétroleuse*, bespattering the English with inflammatory abuse. Here are some examples.

I have chosen those referring to Lord Cromer and his book, so that English readers may be able to judge of their unfairness.

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"Since the British Occupation, however, everything possible has been done to hinder Egyptian industry. Native handicrafts have been allowed to perish without any steps being taken to replace them. The country has been encouraged simply to grow cotton for Lancashire, whilst any attempts to manufacture that cotton at home have been discouraged. Naturally any development of the cotton manufactory in Egypt would be regarded as a blow to Manchester, and so our straightforward, upright, incorrupt British Consul-General crushed that development at the beginning. . . ."

The next few quotations were reprinted from an obscure English paper which arrogates to itself the absurdly inappropriate name of *Justice*, in order to give Egyptians a wrong idea of English opinion.

"Lord Cromer's labours have been welcomed as rare volumes of authentic history, and its author praised for the accuracy of his aim, his abstention from rhetorical devices, his cautious, statesmanlike utterances and careful, diplomatic expression! All of which is but the grandiloquent and capitalistic way of saying that it is unsurpassed for the quality of the slander and lies which go to make up its hypocritical texts, as we shall see. . . . As though a native nationality (*sic*) had no right to oppose, and were not in duty bound to oppose, the re-actionary tendencies of a band of unprincipled marauders. As we shall see, however unintentionally and unconsciously, the titled slanderer and murderer of Egypt has in these volumes given the lie to this piece of misrepresentation, etc. . . . Whilst he was composing the present apology for the British murder, pillage and barbarism. . . . Under the *régime* of Cromer the Egyptian fellah has been reduced to abject poverty and murdered for defending his home against the attacks of British officers, who have deprived him of his food and murdered his wife and himself out of their love of sport."

Could anything illustrate better the gross unfairness of the *Egyptian Standard* and the English rag which calls itself "*Justice*."

The fellah, instead of being impoverished by the English, has reached a pitch of prosperity which he never enjoyed before since the Pyramids were built. And what do these papers mean when they talk about British officers "attacking the fellah's home and murdering his wife and himself out of their love of sport." Shooting pigeons could not be called "depriving the fellah of his food," because it is notorious that he does not keep them for food, but to make manure. Elsewhere, in another quotation apparently, we read :

"Lord Cromer had British bayonets and British diplomacy behind him. Without these he would have cut a very small figure. It would be an unfair way of putting it to say that in such circumstances any fool would have done as well as Lord Cromer."

The next extract is a translation from an article in *Al-Lewa*, published in the same office, which appeared in the *Egyptian Standard* :

"These are the maladies of Egypt, my Lord. What are the remedies and cures you applied to them to rescue our country from them? . . . . . We all know them, as you and the whole civilized world did, and particularly the English Parliament. (1) The Ruin of the Educational Organization of the Country, the Killing of the Arabic language, the narrowing of the scholastic sphere of teaching to such an extent that it has become insufficient for one-tenth of those who require to be taught. (2) Struggling against the Egyptian patriotic spirit and the punishment of who-

ever shows any love of liberty and independence (3) Playing fast and loose with the laws and institutions of the country, until the judicial and administrative affairs became proverbial for anarchy everywhere. (4) The facilities you afforded to foreign countries which robbed Egypt's great blessings and left her in a stringent crisis. You appeared during this crisis in the guise of the skilful doctor, for you applied the Greek, Italian and English worms to its body, the blood of which they sucked and left it a mere skeleton. (5) The failure to prepare Egypt by every possible means for self-government. Lord Cromer in his book says that the difficulties that attended Egyptian reforms were very many. Among the most important of which is that one alien race, the English, have had to control and guide a second alien race, the Turks, by whom they are disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians. To these latter both the paramount races are to a certain extent unsympathetic. In the case of the Turks, the want of sympathy has been mitigated by habit, by a common religion, and by the use of a common language. In the case of the English, it has been mitigated by the respect due to superior talents, and by the benefits which have accrued to the population from British interference. But we assure his Lordship that our dislike to the conquering races is never mitigated or changed."

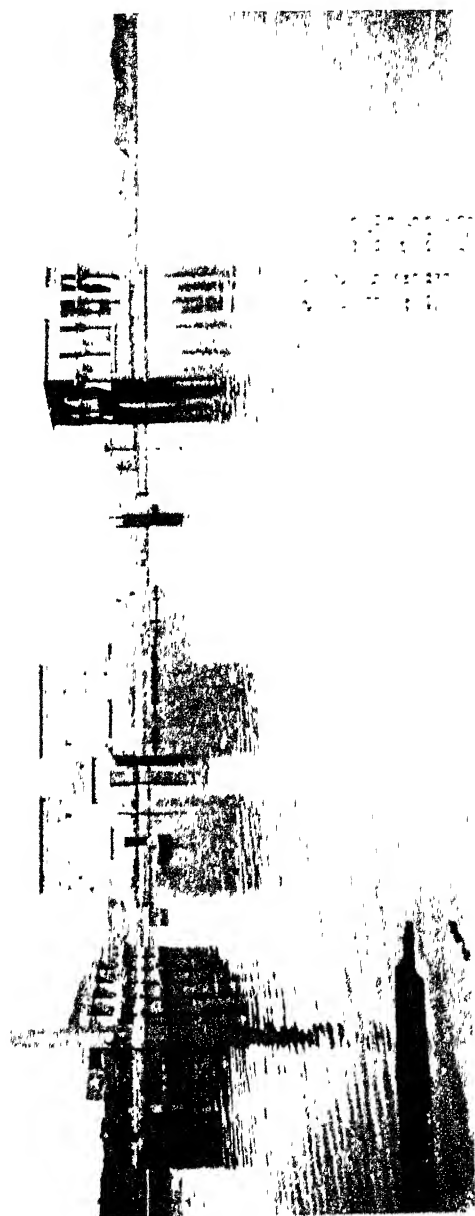
The gross unfairness of the *Standard* and *Al-Lewa* is again shown in this attack on Lord Cromer, especially under heading (3), where he is accused of making the judicial and administrative affairs of Egypt proverbial for anarchy, the truth being that nothing but Lord Cromer's strong hand prevented the Egyptian judicial system from being overwhelmed with the universal cheating and bribery of the country. Since Lord Cromer left there have been the grossest miscarriages of justice, notably in the opening up of law cases settled long ago, where the winner of the case happens to be unpopular

with the Nationalists. The Moore case is another instance.

The flowers of abuse in the *Standard* are nothing to the flowers of abuse in *Al-Lewa*, the vernacular paper published in the same office. Here is a literal translation of the article published by Sheikh Abdul-Aziz Shawish, the editor-in-chief of *Al-Lewa*, on the 17th of June, 1908, about *Al-Watan*, the chief Coptic paper :

“ *Al-Watan* committed the day before yesterday a heinous crime which has doubled the public wrath against it. On that day it besmirched its pages with the filth of libel and the dirt of slander, which usually salify its face on every day. It gave publicity to an article by that petty writer who has gained disrepute and recorded against himself ignorance in matters of history, as well as the shame of ungratefulness for the benefits he and his ancestors derived from Islam. Had Islam been as pictured in that article, neither its writer, Farid Kamel, nor the owner of *Al-Watan* would have been transferred from the bodies of their fathers to those of their mothers, to appear in these days with diabolical souls in human form.\* You two fools, it was Islam that saved you from the hands of the Greeks after many centuries of bondage, during which you were employed as beasts, cursed with tongues, kicked with feet. You threw yourselves into the arms of Islam, and it saved your blood and protected your women and children. Had Islam been as you say, it would have crushed and annihilated you, throwing your remains to the winds to cleanse and purify the Egyptian soil from your black forms. It would have extracted your tongues so that you might not speak, and amputated your fingers so that you might not write. You accepted its rule and it harboured you ; you claimed its protection, and it supported you, giving you the rights of its own adherents. Furthermore, it allowed you to manage your own affairs and to be your own judges, unless you voluntarily appealed for our

\* The original Arabic here is too immoral and vulgar to be translated word for word.



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ruling and accepted our judgment. How, then, was 'humanity tortured,' as you say, you fools, amidst people with such a religion and such divine laws?

"For thirteen centuries you were in the bosom of Islam, which cared for you and nursed you, while you increased in wealth and numbers. Had you lived for even a quarter of that period with the English, they would have made you like the Redskins of America or the brown race of Australia, roaming in the wild forests and sleeping in caves like the beasts of the desert. Or had you been the subjects of King Leopold in the Congo, he would have made your hair into ropes and your skins into soles. He would have tortured your bodies to pieces with lashes and chained you with iron while you carried great weights. Or had you been in Ireland, the English would have thrown you away and discarded you just as they do with their old shoes. They would have driven you out of your country with utter contempt.

"We have lived in this country so long according to the tenets of Islam, brothers in nationality, neighbours exchanging visits and advice. What is the reason now of this change in your attitude? Perhaps you saw that the occupation people had the same religion as yours, and you thought of selling them your country and your conscience for severing all connection with us after all these centuries? Such is the doing of renegades and traitors!

"Your shrieks have reached heaven in claiming the right to certain high administrative posts. You say that it was Islam that enslaved and humiliated you, that denied you the right to these posts. You even had the audacity to describe the weakness and wretchedness of Mohammedans, threatening them with revenge now that the time facilitates revenge. Ah! you may be excused for not knowing what Islam is; but you have treated with contempt the Mohammedans who are in their country like the crouching lion that did not pounce only because it knew that your shrieks were no more than the buzz of flies in the elephants' ears without the least annoying effect. I do not wonder at your



ignorance of Islam and its glory more than I wonder at your ignorance of the rules and laws of this country. Read these different laws, criminal, civil, commercial and others. Do you find therein any distinction between sects on account of their faiths? Read the laws promulgated during the Ministry of Riaz Pasha, and you will see that the Egyptian nationality was the only condition of public service without the least distinction between faith and faith. Of course, there are certain posts that cannot be filled except by Mohammedans. These remain in Moslem hands and will remain so, even if you open your mouths for shrieking so wide that your upper jaw reached heaven and your lower jaw touched the soil on which our shoes tread. . . . .

"How these two base persons attack the religion of the Egyptian Government, the religion of our Sultan and Khedive, the religion of the majority, the religion of truth, the religion of justice, the religion of tolerance and equality! You have shown this bigotry and this audacity in attacking Mohammedans and their faith because the Mohammedans have been too generous in dealing with you. You know that had the Mohammedans wished it, they would have blown you to atoms. Silence, you impudent fools! An account lies before you which, if neglected by the Government, will be backed by eleven millions of Mohammedans, who will neither neglect that account nor forget."

Coming to the vernacular Press, I must necessarily speak in more general terms. It also falls naturally into three classes. 1. Honourable papers like *El-Mokhattam*, which have for their whole object the improvement of the relations between the Egyptians and the foreigners resident in their midst, who will have raised Egypt to the level of a European country if misguided Egyptian politicians do not insist on plunging it back into barbarism. 2. Moderate papers, like *Al-Minbar*, which voice the aspirations of the educated Egyptians

for Parliamentary institutions and for having the control of the legislation and administration of their country in their own hands. There are not many papers of this class, and they are all subject to lapses into extremism when an editor or contributor forgets his part and becomes an undiluted Mohammedan. The papers of this class have nothing like the influence of the papers of the third class. 3. The third class consists of the uncompromising Nationalist papers, which demand the instant withdrawal of the English from the country and the granting of a liberal Constitution by the Khedive. The firebrand in this class is the paper called *Al-Lewa*, formerly edited by Mustapha Pasha Kamel, and now by Mohammed Bey Ferid—in fact, the paper edited by the official head for the time being of the Nationalist organization. The stock-in-trade of this paper consists of appeals to the religious and political passions of the lowest class of Mohammedans. It sticks at no lie, no calumny, no baseness of any kind. It is demagogic in the worst sense of the word; it has not the slightest regard for facts, the slightest sense of responsibility, the slightest care for the good of its country. Its one object is to get rid of existing institutions and place the destinies of Egypt in the hands of the gang of adventurers who are conspiring in the name of Nationalism to hand their country over to the antediluvian and barbaric rule of Pan-Islamism, in order that they may enjoy the sweets of power and plunder. The aims of *Al-Lewa* are frankly predatory. Egypt used to be a country, the members of this gang remind themselves, where the opportunities for bribery and blackmail were unlimited. They propose to restore this Utopia.

The character of *Al-Lewa* may be faintly gauged from

the specimens of the *Egyptian Standard* already quoted, for the *Egyptian Standard* was nominally the English edition of *Al-Lewa*. But inasmuch as wild beasts have cunning as well as ferocity, it will be understood that the editor had the sagacity not to print in the English edition the vilest appeals to fanaticism which appeared in the vernacular edition. Not many of the English in Egypt can read Arabic. Few of those who are able, trouble to read the native papers; therefore, the *Al-Lewa* and *Egyptian Standard* editors were wise in their generation.

One of the burning questions in the Egyptian Nationalism is, where does Turkey come in?

There are plenty of Pan-Islamists in Egypt who would welcome Egypt's relapsing into a mere province of Turkey because the Sultan of Turkey happens to be the head of their religion. They argue that, but for Turkey, Egypt would long ago have become a colony of England. They say that for many years Turkey has done nothing to interfere with the liberties of Egypt (which is still technically a province of Turkey and pays a tribute of six hundred and eighty thousand pounds a year for that privilege). They say that England has taken away all the liberties of Egypt which Turkey gave.

That even the moderate Nationalist Press is at heart bitterly antagonistic to the English is proved by the way its writers every now and then let the cat out of the bag. Sheikh Ali Youssef, the proprietor of the paper called *Al-Moayad* (and it is said of the *Al-Minbar* also), poses as an Egyptian Liberal, which means that he clamours for the Egyptians being entrusted with the legislation and administration of their country, but protests that he is not demanding that the English should withdraw

from the country until everything is quite ripe for that desire of his heart to be fulfilled. But just before I came away an Arab gentleman translated to me a leading article of the *Sheikh's*, a little thing of four and a half columns, in which his pen ran away with him, and he stormed in the best Nationalist vein about the English being more tyrannical to Egypt than the Turks had ever been ; repeated that Turkey had given Egypt her liberty and England had taken it away ; and wound up by saying that " England wishes to deprive us of Egypt as she deprived us of Cyprus."

Now these words are pure nonsense, unless we suppose Sheikh Ali Youssef to be writing solely as a member of the Turkish Empire ; writing, in fact, pro Turco. Cyprus did not belong to Egypt, and had nothing whatever to do with it. Sheikh Ali Youssef was writing as a Pan-Islamist. He may not be a Pan-Islamist sincerely—for one thing nobody ever credits him with sincerity at all—but it shows that he is willing to coquet with Pan-Islamism, to which his circumstances would incline him, since his wife belongs to the family of the Prophet, her father having been the most direct representative of the family in Egypt. He was elected to the Legislative Council at the last election, but the Cairo Court of Appeal declared him to be ineligible and quashed his election.

Hafiz Awad, the editor of *Al-Minbar*, is a man of moderate ideas ; at any rate, he speaks moderately, but Sheikh Ali Youssef cannot be trusted to remain moderate unless he finds that it pays—he wishes to be head of a party—he is not credited with caring much what its exact lights are so long as he is head of an influential party. Hafiz Awad drew up a manifesto about the

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proposed Egyptian Constitution, which is given in a footnote.\*

\* 70, Gower Street, W.C.,  
17th August, 1907.

TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

SIR,

I have the honour to submit to you the enclosed outline of the views and wishes of the Egyptian nation as regards the changes in the Administration of Egypt which we have reason to believe will be satisfactory to our people, having been already sanctioned by the General Assembly at its recent meeting, and which appear to us to be of a nature which His Majesty's Government may properly agree to.

The proposals for establishing the Constitution which I have the honour to submit, are based on the schemes put forward by the Earl of Dufferin in 1883. These proposals are capable of expansion or modification as may be deemed expedient when the details are arranged; but we venture to think that they are the minimum of the reforms necessary for the reasonable satisfaction of the Egyptian people, in accordance with the pledges repeatedly given to them by the Representatives of His Majesty's Government.

I may add that copies of this letter and the enclosure will be forwarded to Members of Parliament and the Press.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

A. HAFIZ AWAD,  
Editor-Proprietor of *Al-Mimbar*,  
Cairo.

#### PROGRAMME OF THE EGYPTIAN NATIONALIST PARTY.

##### PRINCIPAL POINTS.

1. Free and compulsory education in Kuttabs and Primary Schools.
2. Arabic to be the medium of instruction in all schools.
3. The creation of a Constitution under which legislative powers should be conferred upon the General Assembly and Legislative Council, so far as concerns Egyptians and purely Egyptian interests. (*See Proposals herewith*).
4. Government officials of European nationality to be gradually replaced by Egyptians.
5. Criminal jurisdiction of Consular Courts to be transferred to Mixed Courts.

##### SUBSIDIARY POINTS.

1. Release of Denshawai prisoners and amendment of Decree of 1895, concerning the Special Court.
2. A Municipal Government for Cairo.
3. Village Omdahs to be elected by the whole mass of the villagers (owners and labourers alike).

##### PROPOSALS

For establishing an Egyptian Constitution to include the Legislative Council and the General Assembly.

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ELECTORAL LAW, 1883.—The only amendment proposed is to substitute Direct for Indirect representation. In other words, to abolish the *shateir délégué*, and

The Twelfth Clause of the proposed Constitution, stating that "any limitations necessary to secure foreign Powers and foreigners from legislative interference are to be accepted," without which the Powers would none of them consent to the existence of an Egyptian Parliament, would render the whole thing practically nugatory, except as regards the construction of public works; and as public works cannot proceed without either loans or taxation, and no financier would lend any money to an autonomous Egypt, public works could not proceed unless the Egyptians would

let the people vote directly for the Members who are to represent them in both Chambers.

2. **ORGANIC LAW, 1873.** Retain two Chambers as at present. Let the Legislative Council be the Lower or First Chamber, and the General Assembly the Second Chamber. Retain the same number of Members in the First Chamber, but substitute Seven Under Secretaries of State—one for each Ministry—for seven of the nominated Members. Second Chamber to be constituted as at present, save that the Members of the First Chamber are to be excluded therefrom, except when deliberating upon the Budget proposals. Annual Sessions of sufficient length to permit of proper discussion.
3. **QUALIFICATION OF MEMBERS** of both Chambers to be identical, viz., £120 paid in taxation on property per annum. This would necessitate the lowering of the property qualification for the First Chamber.
4. **SITTINGS** of both Chambers to be free to the Public and Press.
5. **RULES OF PROCEEDING** to be passed by a Joint Committee of both Chambers.
6. **ALL GOVERNMENT MEASURES** to be introduced into the First Chamber. Private Members of both Chambers may initiate Legislation in the Chamber to which they belong.
7. **NO LAW FROM AND AFTER THE PROMULGATION OF THIS DECREE TO BE VALID** unless it has been voted by both Chambers and received the assent of His Highness the Khedive.
8. **THE VETO** of His Highness the Khedive may be over-ruled by a vote of two-thirds majority of both Chambers.
9. **ACCOUNTS** for preceding year and Budget to be presented to both Chambers on 1st of March and to be dealt with by 31st of March.
10. **PRESIDENT AND TWO VICE-PRESIDENTS** for each Chamber to be elected by the Chambers themselves.
11. **POWERS OF CHAMBERS**—Full jurisdiction in all matters which are purely Egyptian.
12. **FOREIGN RESIDENTS.**—Foreigners not to be entitled to vote for Members of the Legislative Council and General Assembly, but any limitations necessary to secure foreign Powers and foreigners from legislative interference to be accepted.

submit to taxes from which the foreigners were exempt. For foreigners, to whom so many industrial concerns in Egypt belong, would never consent to be taxed to pay for the jobs perpetrated by a Nationalist Parliament.

Lord Cromer, in an annual report, has recorded it as his opinion that if the Egyptian Parliament had a Ministry responsible to the Chamber and dependent for its existence on the maintenance of a majority, and complete control over the finances of the country, that "a state of things would be produced which might without exaggeration be called chaotic. Intrigue," he says, "of all sorts would be rife. The system of bribery and corruption which was at one time so prevalent in the country, and which is even now only dying a lingering death, would receive a fresh impulse. It is more than probable that under the specious title of free institutions, the worst evils of personal government would re-appear. The handing over complete financial control to the Chamber would almost inevitably," he considers, "lead to national bankruptcy. Can any sane man," he asks, "believe that a country which had for centuries past been exposed to the worst forms of misgovernment at the hands of its rulers, from Pharaohs to Pashas, and in which, but ten years ago, only 9·5 per cent. of the men and '3 per cent. of the women could read and write, is capable of suddenly springing into a position which will enable it to exercise full rights of autonomy with advantage to itself and to others interested in its welfare? The idea is absurd. The programme of the National party is quite incapable of realization at present, and it may well be doubted whether, in the form in which it is now conceived, it can ever be realized."

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Hafiz Awad admits that the immediate withdrawal of the English would precipitate a financial crash ; he does not object to the Army of Occupation, provided Egyptians are allowed Parliamentary independence. He admits that the change would take time, because, in the present state of things, if the English officials were withdrawn, there are no Egyptians trained to take their places ; he attaches much importance to the training of Egyptians for the special purpose of replacing the English officials at the earliest opportunity. He does not think it would be good for Egypt for the English to withdraw before the Egyptian constitutional machine is working. He places the needful reforms in the following order :—

1. Educational developments. 2. The Granting of Parliamentary Institutions. 3. The Reform of the Kadis' Courts. 4. The Reform of the Mohammedan University of El-Azhar. 5. The Emancipation of Women.

He is extremely interested in legislation to check abuses like the sale of cheap and vile intoxicants—he would like to root out the Greek distilleries which make and sell a highly intoxicating compound labelled whisky at two piastres for a quart bottle, and brandy for a piastre and a half. He complains that the English try to please the small Powers at the expense of the Egyptians, but here, of course, he should blame the Capitulations.

Hafiz Awad is apparently an amiable, moderate man, but he has not very clear ideas. He says, for instance, in a plausible way : “No education can be



perfect unless it is conducted by the people themselves. Egyptians would subscribe money for the purpose of education if the teaching were in Arabic." But he does not see what this means. The number of good textbooks in Arabic, the number of good books of any kind in Arabic, is so limited that the education would be terribly limited. He voices the Egyptian demand for universities "like the English universities, not superficial affairs"; but I have shown in the chapter on Education how impossible it would be to create an Oxford or Cambridge out of Egyptian students. They are only just beginning to outgrow El-Azhar—a typical mediæval university—a thirteenth-century Oxford.

Hafiz Awad may be perfectly sincere in his declaration that he does not wish the aspirations of Egyptian Nationalism to be realized by coquetting with France or any other Power; that he does not wish to force the hand of the English by leaguings with the Irish Nationalists, or any other organization hostile to England; that he does not wish to be identified with Egyptian agitators; that he is unwilling to have any Irish Nationalist among the people working for an Egyptian Constitution in London. He declares that the interests of Egypt are not advanced when the Irish use them as a stalking-horse in their anti-British campaign in the House of Commons.

It is interesting to compare with the manifesto of Hafiz Awad that of the new Nationalist Party, of whom Aknukh Fanus Effendi is the spokesman. This has been spoken of as the Landowners' Party, because Aknukh Fanus has the support of the Egyptians who have the greatest stake in the country.

In a good many points the Constitution is one which

should commend itself to the English Government. Lord Cromer's idea of a Legislative Council composed of foreign residents in Egypt, which occupied so much of his 1906 and 1907 reports, is put into practice by providing that half the lower chamber should consist of foreign residents of five years' standing, and that foreigners who have been naturalized are to count as Egyptians, while the terms of naturalization are to be made easy. This would prevent blind financial legislation, as the foreigners elected would chiefly be members of the commercial community.

The weak points of the manifesto are that it shirks the questions of the chief magnitude. The loose phrase, "the independence of Egypt," is allowed to stand for the withdrawal of the Army of Occupation and the surrender of British control, which are questions that would have to be most specifically treated. The manifesto practically implies the British evacuation of the Sudan, of which half-possession and entire control are permanently secured to Great Britain by treaty, and could not be surrendered.

Also it is certain that the great body of Egyptian Nationalists would not, at present, be prepared to accept it. But it is worth close study, because it contains the germs from which the Egyptian Constitution will ultimately be developed, and because it is conceived in a statesmanlike spirit of moderation and compromise, though it is not sufficiently precise about essentials.

In a word, it is typical of the Egyptian way of conducting a transaction. It shows a knowledge of what would be broadly acceptable to the other party; it shows an honest desire to gratify the other party. But

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everything is so vague that when it comes to business the divergences appear insuperable.\*

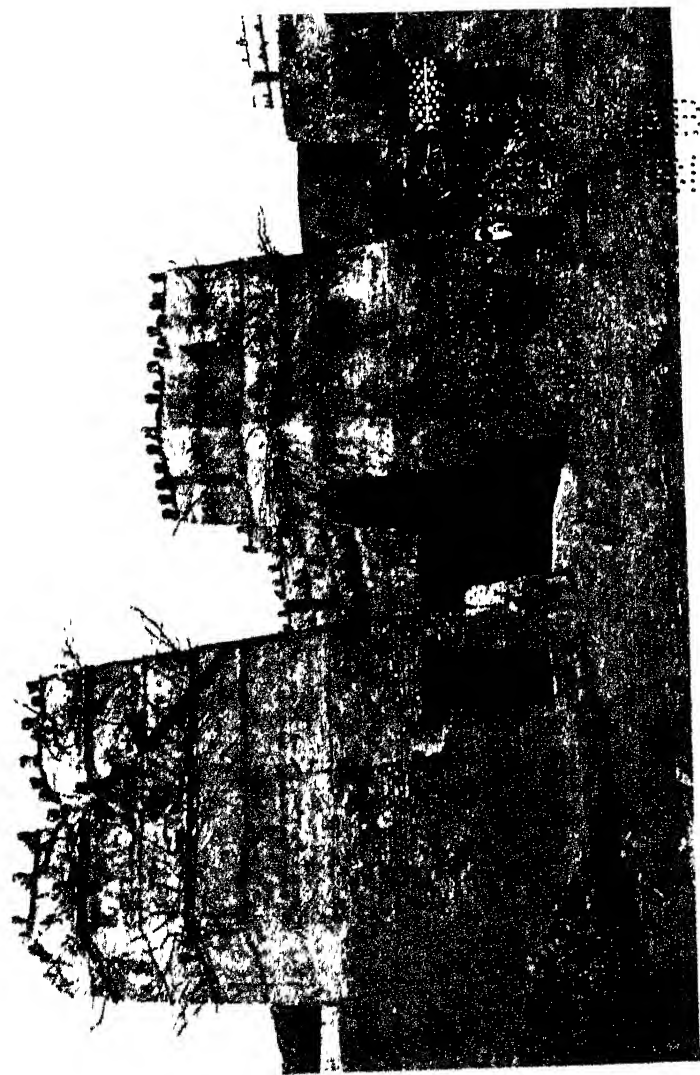
Hafiz Awad and Aknukh Fanus Effendi stand away from the Nationalists of the Mustapha Pasha Kamel type by the fact that they endeavour to convince English opinion, whereas the Kamel party simply appeal to

\* "The Aims of the Party," voiced by Aknukh Fanus Effendi, as given in the *Daily Telegraph* of September 8th, 1908, are :—

- (a) In order to ensure for Egypt the possession of and command of the Nile, which is the life of the country, Egypt and the Soudan must be one and inseparable.
- (b) The independence of Egypt.
- (c) The abolition of the capitulations.
- (d) The prosperity and progress of the dwellers in the Nile Valley.
- (e) Consider the word "Egyptian" as comprising those of Egyptian origin and those naturalised.
- (f) To facilitate the condition of Egyptian naturalisation.

Aknukh Fanus Effendi then proceeds to lay down the means and methods for the attainment of these aims—namely :

1. The establishment of real friendship and sincerity between Egypt and England in order to gain the confidence of England.
2. To retain good and friendly relations with the foreigners resident in Egypt, and to guarantee the safety of their rights and interests by a sure and just legislation.
3. To entirely separate religion from politics, and to ensure perfect equality to all residents in common rights, and of the Egyptians in national rights, by a sure and just legislation, irrespective of race or creed.
4. The imposition of income-tax on all residents, foreigners, or Egyptians.
5. The making of a treaty between England and Egypt for the purpose of, on the one hand, ensuring the freedom of English trade in Egypt and guaranteeing the freedom of the Egyptian ports and of the Suez Canal to England in the time of peace and war ; on the other hand, England will promise to uphold the independence of Egypt and to prevent foreign aggression.
6. The formation of two Constitutional Chambers of the country, composed as follows
  - (a) The first chamber, with legislative powers, to be composed of members half of which are to be elected from foreigners who have resided in Egypt for at least five years, the other half to be Egyptians.
  - All members to be elected in such a manner as to fully represent each community.
  - The president to be elected by the members ; in case of an equal vote the decision to be made by the drawing of a "lot."
  - In case of an equality of votes on any question in the chamber the casting vote to be given by the president.
  - (b) The second chamber for general control to be composed of Deputies elected by Egyptians only, in such a way as to represent each community.
7. The compulsory preliminary education of both sexes.
8. The uniformity of jurisdiction.



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The Lyon Towers, 1939: the most complete source of disorder

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the lowest passions of the Egyptian mob without the slightest regard to truth or justice, or even probability. Lord Cromer had the vernacular papers read for him every day, and has recorded the results. He says:

“I consider it as part of my duty to read many of the articles which appear in the vernacular papers—notably those which are opposed to British policy in Egypt. I do so mainly with a view to ascertaining whether they contain any practical suggestions which are worthy of consideration. That the views of the writers should, on all subjects, be tinged by their political opinions is natural enough, and cannot justly form matter for complaint. I thought, however, at one time that occasionally something might be learnt from them as regards administrative and other local matters of a non-political character. In this respect I have been disappointed. I find that facts are generally misstated, and often wilfully perverted, and that vague declamation, wholly erroneous and even fantastic ideas as to the motives and intentions, not only of England, but of other foreign Powers, and sweeping generalities, which are not accompanied by any semblance of proof, form the principal stock-in-trade of these writers. I do not remember ever to have read, in any of the newspapers of which I am now speaking, a single accurate, well-argued, or useful article, on such matters as finance, education, or the working of the judicial system. On the whole, I think it may be said with truth that constant perusal of those vernacular papers which strongly advocate Egyptian autonomy is well calculated to convince any one who, like myself, is most desirous to afford reasonable sympathy to Egyptian aspirations, that the rapid realization of those aspirations would be disastrous to the Egyptians themselves and to all interested in the welfare of Egypt. I commend the above remarks to the attention of the writers in these newspapers. Notably, I would observe that, if they wish to be taken seriously, and to obtain the ear of any but those who are wholly ignorant of Egyptian affairs,

they will do well to base their conclusions on real instead of on purely imaginary facts."

The representatives of the most respectable elements of Egyptian society warned him that the unfettered licence allowed to the vernacular Press was an unmixed evil. For some reason, perhaps because freedom of the Press was a favourite cry of the parrot politicians at home, he did not see his way to interfere with it. It may be even that the English who read the wanton attacks made on all Christian authority in the Egyptian vernacular Press are in truth better off than the French, whose censorship in Tunis and Algeria is so severe that they never learn the true trend of native opinion. In any case, Lord Cromer paid little heed to the outrageous utterances of the vernacular Press until the Sinai incident occurred. Here the Sultan was making a wanton attack upon the integrity of Egypt, but the vernacular Press of Egypt represented it instead as a wanton attack by the British Government on the position held by the head of the Moslem religion and the Suzerain of Egypt. Lord Cromer's retort was a masterstroke of policy, of exactly the kind which Oriental people understand best. He did nothing to interfere with the freedom of the Egyptian Press. He said that all it went to prove was that the Egyptian people were still in the highest degree credulous, and that the Egyptian agitators were wholly unscrupulous as to the methods they were prepared to adopt for imposing on the credulity of the masses and for inflaming their passions. But in order to show them that an unscrupulous agitation of this kind would not have the effect they desired in weakening the British action and hurrying the withdrawal of the English Occu-

pation, he considered that it was necessary to increase the Army of Occupation by a force which cost the Egyptian Treasury an additional forty-five thousand pounds a year.

“ Because it was essential to show that British policy in Egypt, being based on the fact of a situation which is only capable of very gradual change, is not liable to be influenced, nor the British Occupation disturbed, by any passing wave of local opinion.”

The career of the Nationalist party in Egypt has been largely identified with the career of the newspaper *Al-Lewa*, of which the *Egyptian Standard* was the English edition. The same man, Mustapha Pasha Kamel, was editor of the paper and leader of the party. If the contents of the *Standard* were any index to the contents of *Al-Lewa*, it cannot be denied that it was conducted in an interesting manner. Every kind of picturesque lie and effective misstatement was pressed into its service. It appealed frankly to the passions and prejudices of the proletariat. It got up all sorts of petitions and agitations. But when Mustapha Pasha Kamel died a change was made in its staff, resulting in the retirement or dismissal of Ahmed Effendi Hilmy, who was a sort of editor of *Al-Lewa*. As soon as his connection with it terminated, having a true Egyptian indifference to considerations of gratitude, he at once rounded upon it and supplied a writer in a rival paper, *Al-Akbar*, with the following damaging revelations: “ The *Al-Lewa*,” said its late editor, “ no longer follows the policy of its founder, the late Mustapha Pasha Kamel, for the simple reason that the brother of Mustapha Kamel is trying to curry favour with the English in order to get them to pay Mustapha’s debts.” *Al-Lewa* retorted by an article



which said that Ahmed Hilmy was a nobody, a mere underling, who was not trusted to do anything of importance on the *Al-Lewa*. The convenient friend once more took up the cudgels for Ahmed Hilmy in *Al-Akbar*. Ahmed Hilmy, he said, was the man who got up the National indignation about the Denshawai affair. He was the man who wrote the articles which attracted so much attention in the *Al-Lewa* about *Moslems and Islamism*, *Patrie and Patriotism*, *The Living Feeling*, *The National Sympathies*, *The Young Egyptian*, *The Well-Directed Young Egyptian*, *The Man of the Future*, *The Full Independence*, *The Evacuation in the Shortest Possible Time*, *Lift up Your Voice*, *Ask for Your Rights*, etc.

Ahmed Hilmy, said his friend, wrote all the petitions which came in from different quarters about the Denshawai affair or the demanding a Parliament in Egypt. It was he who got up the idea for a subscription for a Moslem fleet ; it was he who got up the idea of bringing letters and telegrams from right and left in every instance where public opinion was required, or praise for the *Al-Lewa* or Mustapha Pasha Kamel were needed. He was the organizer of all the Nationalist demonstrations and receptions ; he was the writer of all the different epistles which were attributed to every class and rank of society ; he was the inventor of the names and signatures which appeared beneath them ; he was the originator of the different forms of attack. In short, says the ingenious writer in the *Al-Akbar*, Ahmed Hilmy was "the turner of the wheel of perpetual motion which attracted the mind and hypnotized the heart and opened the pockets and established the leadership of the late Mustapha Kamel. It was Hilmy who soared upon the

horizon of the country fluttering over the heads of the inhabitants." "If," says the writer in *Al-Akbar*, "it had not been for his noble character and his gratitude to his principals he could have dealt the present managers of *Al-Lewa* wounds that reached their bones and exposed their actions."

The meaning of all this rigmarole is that none of the petitions and correspondence of indignation against the English, with which *Al-Lewa* was flooded, were genuine — they were all concocted in the office by this man, Ahmed Hilmy, who consequently became so "swollen-headed" that the new editor, when Mustapha Pasha Kamel died, did not care to retain his services.

## EGYPTIAN BANKRUPTCY.

EGYPTIAN bankruptcy stares you in the face at Cairo. The whole city looks like a Sicilian beggar, with nothing on his head or his arms or below his knees, and a hundred odd patches on his coat.

The Egyptians, as usual, were in a hurry to pull down before they knew whether they would ever be able to build up again. They are just the same in building speculations as in politics. They are *jerries* to the soles of their feet. In this instance they went to perdition faster than usual because they had the foreigners, except the English, as well as the Levantines, to help them.

The result on the appearance of Cairo is appalling. A garden city was projected. They cut down the trees and rooted up the flowers in a number of Pashas' gardens which used to be earthly paradises for laying out their garden city. I suppose it received its name in sarcasm because it was made out of gardens, not because it was going to have them. In any case it now consists of dust-heaps.

Cairo is the city of dust-heaps. When the Crusaders came to Egypt seven or eight centuries ago, the then Caliph, not having enough men to garrison the whole city, made a rubbish heap of Al-Fustat, the original



*Photo by*

Exterior of an old Mamlúk house at Cairo.

[LEKHTAN, Cairo.

*(Facing page 150.)*



Arab capital: it is a rubbish-heap still, covering a good part of a square mile, without a habitation on it. It is a good thing that Cairo bankruptcy came when it did, or they would have had a garden city on the rubbish heaps of Al-Fustat, which have not been properly excavated yet and may contain valuable antiquities. There is another lot of mediæval rubbish-heaps—quite a range of hills—between the end of the Muski and the Tombs of the Caliphs.

But these are ancient history. During the development-mania in Cairo, thirty-one land companies began to buy and develop suburban lands. With Egyptian vanity and ignorance, they thought they needed a city as large as London. It would have taken half the inhabitants of Egypt to fill it. They were not troubled about that. They wanted people to speculate in houses, not to live in them. They at once proceeded to buy and lay waste all the country houses in the outskirts of Cairo. At Ghezireh they destroyed the grounds of the Ghezireh Palace; on the road out to Old Cairo they destroyed the villas and gardens of the Royal Family, and have left a scene of dust and desolation not exceeded by the rubbish-heaps of Al-Fustat itself. At Roda Island, which has the sentimental value of being the supposed site where Princess Bint-Anat, the Pharaoh's daughter, found Moses in the bulrushes, they did not get much further than persuading the Pashas to desert their beautiful villas and let them go to ruin for money which they most of them never received. They depopulated the garden suburb of Choubra in the same way for a garden city which was still-born. They left open grinning foundations in the two hundred acres they bought at Rod-el-Farag, on the way out to the cafés

and the dancing-girls on the banks of the Nile. There were to be houses all the way to the Pyramids, a trifle of eight miles, and all the way to Helwân, which takes you about an hour to reach in the train. Out in these wilds land was fetching a pound a metre, and enormous villas in the worst Swiss taste began to rise. Providence allowed a few to be finished as a warning to posterity. But they mostly stopped at the foundations or the lower half of the ground-floor, just enough to show that the Nile would have flooded them in a good year.

But the climax was at the modern Heliopolis, whose bones are whitening in the desert out of reach of Cairo. This was the wildest of all the wild-cat schemes. But the founders had capital—real capital, not Egyptian credit—so there are some buildings to show for it, though it will never succeed unless the people take leave of their senses.

The desolation of buildings pulled down and gardens uprooted to make room for more ambitious buildings, which bankruptcy nipped in the bud, pierces right into the heart of Cairo. You find them even in the central thoroughfares which lead up to the Ezbekiya Gardens. They are almost sadder where the foundations have been laid and the walls were beginning to rise. Banks, hotels, flats, stately business premises were imagined with the utmost freedom for these eligible sites. They were to have had everything but proper drainage, and the prime sarcasm of it all is, that there are not enough new houses in Cairo to accommodate the population, though there seem to be thousands of them begun. The owners of the land are either too bankrupt to finish the houses on it, or they are waiting to get out of their speculations

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with a profit. But it is necessary to the existence of Cairo that the price of land, and with it rents, should drop. The residents can hardly live there, and business is almost killed on account of the high rents. Everything is forced and unnatural. How did this bankruptcy of a city come about? Chiefly on account of Egyptian vanity and recklessness.

It began with the boom in cotton, which in 1903 rose to a level that had not been known for fifteen years, and which has since been maintained. The exports, in which cotton is by far the most important item, increased immensely. The Egyptian would not have been true to his nature if the imports had not increased on the same scale. New banking and mortgage companies were formed, and those which existed already added largely to their resources with capital provided almost entirely from abroad. The price of the agricultural land rose rapidly, though the English did what they could to check mischief by extensive sales of properties on the ex-Khedivial lands which they administered. The cost of food increased, and so did the cost of labour, the prices of local securities advanced, all sorts of mail companies were floated, and a boom began of dimensions which should have staggered the banks. But for a time all went well. The high prices continued, the cotton crop of 1906 realized no less than twenty-seven millions. "Capital," says Sir Eldon Gorst, in his report, "was raised with facility on the European markets and dispensed with equal facility in Egypt." Overtrading with excessive credit became general. The demand for houseaccommodation caused a rise in rents. This caused a rise in the price of building land, and a rush to purchase urban and suburban plots. Numerous



companies were formed for the purpose of dealing in building land, and some of them declared large profits in a fabulously short space of time. Even this might have done some good if any of them had thought of building cheap houses. But for the moment people were making money so fast that they did not mind rents. The banks were so anxious to make money that they opened unlimited credit, and the money so borrowed was spent in the wildest way. "Despite certain momentary checks, such as that caused by the downfall of the Sucreries Company in 1905," says Sir E. Gorst, "the wave of speculation continued till 1907. For some time, however, it had been apparent (but seemingly only to the Government), that, as soon as fresh supplies of capital were no longer forthcoming, a re-action must ensue. Early in 1907 the unsoundness of the position began to be felt in financial centres." Credit stopped in a minute. The Egyptians thought that the English had stopped it to show their power. Shares had to be sold to save credit, but as bad shares would not sell, good ones had to be sold. The very best were prostrated by the panic. National Bank shares went down in one week from twenty-eight to five, though they, of course, rose again after the panic was over. People who had been rich—rich enough to have expensive luxuries like dahabeahs a year before—had not enough money to buy food. The Jew usurers laid the foundations of a great business in jewels; dog-carts and motors sold for a third of their prices. There were a few, like the son of a man who had been a mammoth hotel keeper, who had the sense to job a motor instead of selling it. Sir E. Gorst describes the downward movement in the prices of local securities, which sounded the bottom in June; the general rush to

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liquidate; the general feeling of alarm and distrust that took the place of the confidence in the future of Egyptian enterprise which had prevailed alike in Egypt and abroad only a few months before; the banks refusing further advances altogether; the almost impossibility of renewing the existing credits culminating in the run on the Cassa di Sconto ed Risparmio and that bank having to close its doors. Business in Cairo was at a standstill. There was a fear lest this situation should re-act on the fellahin. This, however, did not happen, and even in Cairo many of the Arabs had made money, for suburban properties sold at very high prices, though, of course, in some cases they did not get the money before the crash came and took away all chance of their ever getting it.

The actual crisis is over now, but Cairo is full of bankrupt stocks of land which have produced the most appalling effect on the appearance of the city, because building operations were stopped with the suddenness with which operations were suspended in the Old Testament by angels with flaming swords. I have been in places devastated by some of the great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions of modern times a few months after the disasters. They looked no worse than Cairo after its eruption of bankruptcy. It is to be hoped that these bankrupt stocks of land will be disposed of in the same way as the drapers in the London suburbs sell off the bankrupt stocks of "a well-known West End firm." If Sir Eldon Gorst's action in refusing to bolster up the financial institutions of Cairo, which had lent money on land, with two millions of Government funds, results in a wholesale sacrifice of Cairo land-values, he will have done Egypt a service not easily to be exaggerated. Of

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course, the said institutions pretend that the money is needed to prevent them having to foreclose on the mortgaged lands of the fellahin. But careful investigation points to the fact that the money really is being demanded to relieve the Cairo land-rings.

## THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

THE Army of Occupation consists roughly of three Infantry regiments, a Cavalry regiment, some Mounted Infantry, some Garrison and Horse Artillery, and some Royal Engineers, and detachments of the non-combatant services, at Cairo ; of a regiment of Infantry, some Royal Artillery, and Royal Engineers, with the requisite non-combatants, at Alexandria ; and of a regiment of Infantry and a few Artillerymen at Khartum.

They are commanded by a Major-General in the British Army, who, with his staff and the headquarters of the Royal Engineers, the Army Service Corps, the Royal Army Medical Corps, the Army Veterinary Corps, the Army Chaplain's Department, the Army Ordnance Corps, and the Army Pay Department, are accommodated in the Headquarters of the Army of Occupation in the Sharia Kasr-el-Nil, near the Opera House.

The occupation of the Army of Occupation is sport. They do their drill—very well ; they are kept in a high state of readiness in case of an *émeute*—they are used to add prestige to social gatherings ; they are the life and soul of entertainments, both with their uniforms and their purses, but, collectively, as regiments in an Army of Occupation, they are kept out of sight as much

as possible except at reviews and manœuvres, unless there is unrest among the populace. Then they are marched through the city with bands playing and bayonets fixed to a parade got up for the purpose, and the Egyptian populace remembers that the men who annihilated the navy of Napoleon in the roads of Aboukir, and expelled his armies from Egypt after another disastrous day of Aboukir—the men who destroyed the forces of anarchy behind the ramparts of Alexandria, and on the field of Tel-el-Kebir, and destroyed the mighty power of the Mahdi and the Khalifa at the Atbara, Omdurman and Omdibrekat, have to be reckoned with, and the excitement dies away with an article in *Al-Lewa* saying that all appeals to force are to be deprecated, because they could only lead to the annexation of Egypt.

The custom of wearing uniforms except in the afternoon just keeps the Army of Occupation in evidence -- and it cannot be said that the officers are popular with anyone except their own countrymen of the dancing set, though brave, good-natured, generous, free and easy Tommy Atkins is a general favourite.

Lord Cromer, no mean judge, thought it not a bad thing that the officers should be aloof and unpopular. For he rightly judged that if the officers were much in the households of the rich Levantines there would be trouble over their beautiful and hot-blooded women, and quarrels and probably business entanglements with the unscrupulous men who have no Fatherland--the bastard nation.

The British officer is too well-bred to be rude to them—he merely avoids associating with them as he avoids associating with vulgar people at home, and he

certainly sets them an example how to behave except when he is ragging at a carnival or at one of the Covent Garden balls in the Abbas Theatre. For you hardly ever hear any complaint about his behaviour except with regard to his insularity and the said exclusiveness.

On the contrary, he takes a great deal of care to keep up the name of the army for gentlemanliness.

About his exclusiveness the Levantines and Egyptians complain fiercely and bitterly. "Who is he," they ask, "to persist in this arrogant exclusiveness?" They consider it his duty to enliven their society, from which the other English are almost as conspicuously absent as he is.

At the same time the Egyptian yields the officers the sincerest form of flattery--he races because they race; he drives tandems because they drive; he plays tennis because some of them play tennis; and he would play polo, golf, and cricket, if those games did not demand qualities which he does not possess. He imitates their dress, and, above all, their collars, though he cannot resist outshining them in the matter of boots, and has not always the heart to give up his beloved tarboosh in favour of the straw hat. He imitates their talk (if he can speak enough English), their walk, and, above all, the air and manner which he resents in them.

I cannot but echo Lord Cromer that it is good for officers of the Army of Occupation to be examples rather than objects of the familiarity which breeds contempt. If the Levantines and Egyptians hate the brave, honourable young men for their aloofness and pride of race, they respect them for the strenuous lives they lead physically--up in the early hours of

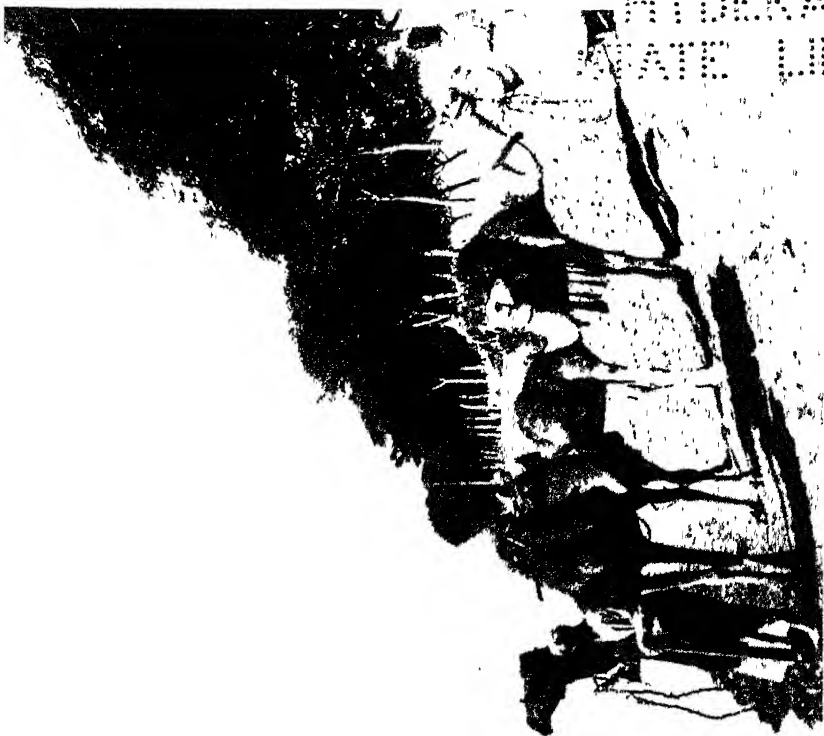
morning for drill and other military duties—taking hard exercise at cricket, polo, golf, or tennis in the afternoon ; dancing till midnight, and not always going to bed when they do get back to the barracks for the few hours before the next day begins. The Cairenes who are rich enough to be exempt from manual labour are mostly lie-abeds, soft-living people, to whom the muscular Englishman is a marvel.

The officers of the King's Royal Rifles struck me as a very fine set of men, though they were hedged to an unusual extent with the air which the Cairene so resents, and which the other foreigners in Cairo do not hesitate to call military swagger. The majority of them had the advantage of height and figures that went well with a smart uniform—they were as well bred and handsome a lot of men as I ever saw in a single mess ; there was among them not a little of the fair hair and fair, bright colouring which, contrasted with sallow Oriental skins, is eloquent of the high qualities of a martial race, and they had, with such of the English as saw much of them, a singularly pleasing manner. They were really charming—the kind of fellow-countrymen one is proud of. But the yellow Cairenes hated them for their very distinction and manner, as much as the Englishwomen admired them. It was characteristic of the regiment that they showed up in force at dances, though they were so keen about sports that their total absence from the ball-room could hardly have been a surprise. Their old mess kit of invisible green, with scarlet facings and elaborate cordings, is a very elegant one beside the absurd tartan trousers of the Borderers, and I liked it as well as the scarlet of the Guards and the Inniskilling Dragoons.

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The only uniform which looked better was the old Royal Artillery mess kit, with its dark-blue jacket gay with bullion shoulder-knots, its gold-laced scarlet waistcoat and dark blue trousers with a broad gold stripe.

It made a ball-room much gayer when the officers had to come on from a levée and the Guards were in all the glory of their full-dress scarlet tunics, and the Horse Artillery had on their gold-laced jackets and looped gold cords.

The Headquarters do their best to safeguard the respect due to the King's uniform. Not only are officers, as usual, forbidden to appear in uniform on occasions like fancy dress balls, where it might be burlesqued, but the military of all ranks are forbidden to go near the celebration of the Birthday of the Prophet or other celebrations at which native feeling may be expected to run high, for fear of disrespect being shown.

In a climate like Egypt the officers always look far better in the cool khaki, which the Egyptian climate compels them to wear on all occasions in the day time, except for full dress parade. But the helmet is an ugly one.

Tommy Atkins is ubiquitous. Out at the Pyramids you see his honest, red face very often because it is the only good tram ride out of Cairo, and he dearly loves an outing, and he has a sneaking fondness for monuments which are really celebrated.

He rather likes the Zoo—for not only do the wild animals and the monkey-tricks of their attendants amuse him—but it is within a walk—and Tommy is a great walker, chiefly, perhaps, for economical reasons; it is a very cheap amusement, for admission to the Cairo Zoo costs a penny-farthing.

Like the Arab, he is a patron of tram rides when he has any money in his pocket, but the place where you see him most is in the café and entertainment streets of the gay quarter at the back of the Ezbekiya Gardens, when its electric lights and its piano-organs are in full blare. That is his little bit of London *in partibus infidelium*, and he is a patron of the Ezbekiya Gardens, too, when an Egyptian band is murdering European music there.

A good deal might be said for Tommy's good behaviour in a place so full of iniquities and temptations as Cairo. You see commendably few Tommies drunk, and I saw none really disorderly.

One of their favourite bars is kept by a retired sergeant, who married a Greek. This was under an hotel where we stayed for a fortnight, so I had some opportunities of observing Tommy at his ease. His favourite amusement, tempered, of course, by beer, was singing comic songs. There was a piano in the place, and I was astonished at the number of the men who could play the accompaniments for a ringing chorus. The military mounted police, who rode through the streets in pairs, looking very martial and majestic, had nothing to do in the streets devoted to gaiety except occasionally to put a man in a cab when he could not walk home. I expect their duties were more onerous in protecting Tommy from maltreatment in the disreputable quarter known as the Fish Market.

I often saw Tommy at his field-sports. The sanded parade-ground outside the barracks at the Nile Bridge (now occupied by the King's Royal Rifles), does duty for an Association football ground and hockey—much to the delight of the populace—and Tommy, in

Egypt, often has flannels and plays tennis like an officer.

Unfortunately for his pleasures at night, the Cairo trams stop running at an absurdly early hour. They decidedly need municipalizing—if their infrequency and short hours are due to the economical fears of a private company. This makes it very difficult for the Guards, and other Tommies quartered out at the distant Abbassiya Barracks, to get home after a night-out, for the cab fare is an expensive one. But this might be met by having regimental brakes. The barracks at the Nile Bridge are handy for most things; and the barracks in the Citadel assigned to the Scottish Borderers and the Royal Artillery are not much of a walk for a young and vigorous man—only about a mile. The one place where you seldom see Tommy is in the purely native quarters like the Bazar. Perhaps he is forbidden to go there.

The regimental bands are much appreciated in Cairo, especially the fine band of the Inniskilling Dragoons, who play dance music particularly well, and have a showy scarlet uniform.

The Army of Occupation has its headquarters close to the Opera House in the Sharia Kasr-el-Nil, the broad street that leads down to the Nile Bridge. Beside the General in command, the officer commanding the Royal Engineers and other branches of the service have their offices there, but the officer commanding the Royal Artillery has his office in the Citadel to be near the guns. The headquarters are in rather an old-fashioned looking building, whose lattices and sentry-boxes and knot of soldiers in uniform at the gate make a pleasant bit of colour in this busy part of Cairo.

The General Commanding the Army of Occupation

has nothing to do with the Egyptian forces. The Army of Occupation and the Egyptian Army are kept carefully apart, even at reviews. The Egyptian Army is under the command of the Sirdar, and has a huge War Office on the edge of the Kasr-el-Doubara, the most fashionable quarter of Cairo, for its administration.

Its higher posts are all filled by British officers ; it consists of about twenty thousand officers and men. A large portion of it is quartered in the Sudan, and a good many Sudanese are quartered in Cairo. The Sudanese soldiers in the Egyptian Army present some curious phases and problems. They hate and despise the Egyptians, yet it is uncertain what they would do in case of trouble between England and Egypt. Unlike the Egyptians, the Sudanese are fond of the English, and specially fond of their officers ; but the Sudanese regiments are Moslem, and it is difficult for a Moslem not to put religion before everything. I cannot help thinking that that very sagacious and patriotic Englishman, the Sirdar, is wrong in one respect---not to make Christians of the pagan recruits in the Sudanese regiments, who are physically some of the finest men in his army. They have no religion to speak of when they are recruited, and I am told by one of their higher officers that they all become Moslem in time. It must be almost as easy to convert them to Christianity as to convert them to Mohammedanism, and this would be a safeguard in case of race-riots.

The Egyptian Army adds much to the gaiety of the nations (who are represented in the polyglot population of the country) by the gaiety of its uniforms. When you see a tall Sudanese (he may be nearly seven feet in his boots and his tarboosh) in a uniform whose blue would

make Mr. Reckitt look green with envy, and a crimson tarboosh, you feel inclined to whistle, "*Oh, que j'aime les militaires !*" and invoke the shade of Offenbach.

The Camel Corps are even finer ; with their cocks' plumes they put the theatrical supers of the German Emperor's household—even his huntsmen—quite in the shade.

The Egyptian Army consists, as I have said, of about twenty thousand men, who are nominally bound to assist Turkey in times of necessity. This is now made up of 19,213 of all ranks, against the former strength of 18,476. The present strength of arms may be put down at : Cavalry, 633, instead of 791 ; Artillery, 1,278 ; Camel Corps, 778, instead of 632 ; Arab Mounted Battalion, 206 ; Arab Dismounted Battalion, 301 (this is a new organization) ; Egyptian Infantry, 5,621 ; Sudan Infantry, 5,086, instead of 4,668. Service in the army is still popular with the Sudanese, as well it may be.

Since the work of the Egyptian Army is so largely in the Sudan, there is a War Office in Khartum as well as a War Office in Cairo. Besides the regimental commands, there are fifteen provincial commands—the Districts of the Atbara, Bahr-el-Ghazal, Berber, Blue Nile, Cairo, Dongola, Kassala, Khartum, Kordofan, Sennar, Upper Nile, Halfa, Mongalla, and the Red Sea, with the Assuan Sub-district. The regiments in the Egyptian service only have two or three English officers each, with the exception of the Sudanese regiments, which have rather more. The Egyptian officers are not of the same class as the English ; even at the Abdin Barracks, opposite to the Khedive's palace, there are separate messes for the English and the Egyptian officers.

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I asked a Bey, who was the Khedive's cousin by marriage, if the Egyptians felt indignant about this distinction. "Why should they?" he replied. "You could not expect the English officers to eat with men who belong to the same class as tram-conductors and barbers, who do not know how to sit at table."

He was an Egyptian-Turk, with a Turk's contempt for the un-Turkish Egyptian, so he may have been doing the pure Egyptians an injustice; but I am told that he was only voicing the unanimous opinion of the Khedive's entourage when he said that it was impossible to give a responsible post to ordinary Egyptians—he was much harder on them than the English are.

The question as to what would happen to Egyptian credit—to the existence of Egypt—if the Army of Occupation were withdrawn, is treated in another chapter. It is sufficient to say that nobody who has a halfpenny invested in Egypt is able to contemplate its possibility without blank dismay—nobody, not even the Khedive, who has more money in Egyptian investments than any of his subjects.

And the Pashas, who object most to the English occupation, pay it a silent testimony by refusing to allow their much-needed millions to be invested in Egyptian mortgages because they are agitating for the withdrawal of the English and do not wish to have any of their money invested in Egypt if the English should withdraw. It is a truly fine situation where patriots withdraw money from their country in their fear lest their patriotic projects should succeed.

I have drawn a picture of the heartrending scenes which attend the selection of conscripts for service in

the army in another chapter. The Egyptian Army is recruited by conscription. The following recruiting statistics are from Lord Cromer's Report for 1906 about Egypt in 1905 :

"From the 1st January to 31st October, 1905, 73,613 conscripts were presented to the Recruiting Commissions for ballotage. Of these, 11,692, or about 16 per cent., were exempted for family reasons ; 7,795, or 11 per cent., for physical defects ; and 1,777, or rather more than 2 per cent., on account of their being Fikis, or religious students ; 6,357, or about 9 per cent., paid the 'Badalia'—that is to say, the sum paid in order to be exempted from the ballotage. Thus 45,982, or about 62 per cent., were left for ballotage.

"The number of conscripts called up for service, from the ballotage of 1901, was 47,944. Of these, no less than 24,986, or 52 per cent., were rejected, on medical examination, as unfit for service. There were 14,614, or 30 per cent., of absentees ; 2,334, or about 5 per cent., were enlisted ; and 6,010, or 13 per cent., were 'placed under call.'

"There can be no doubt that the recruiting law requires revision. I hope that, in the course of the present spring or summer, it will be found possible to go thoroughly into the matter. In the meanwhile, one very distinct blot on the system heretofore existing has been removed.

"There has always been a considerable difficulty in finding trained artisans and clerks for the army. Up to last July the practice had been to take men who knew a trade, or who could read or write, irrespective of their ballot number. This was not only unjust, but also extremely impolitic, for the general policy of the Government has been to encourage both general and technical instruction in every possible way ; and, under the system I have described above, the man who knew a trade, or who was not wholly illiterate, was placed under a positive disadvantage. The system has now been wholly abolished. Men are taken for the army accord-



ing to their ballot number, without reference to any special qualifications which they may possess.

"I am informed that last July 90 artisans, of various kinds, were required for the army, and that out of a total of 8,344 men found fit for army service, only 34 were artisans.

"The medical inspectors report that the people now quite understand that the knowledge of a trade will not, in future, in any way influence the chance of being taken for the colours. The new arrangements are, therefore, much appreciated."

Up to this the Egyptian conscript has been compelled to serve for five years in the police after his service in the army has ceased. But the following scheme is, according to Sir Eldon Gorst's report, under consideration to relieve the conscript from serving in the police unless he wishes to do so:

"Hitherto the greater part of the police force has been composed of conscripts who have finished their term of service with the army. It is not to be expected that an efficient force can ever be formed out of men whose only desire is to leave the service as soon as possible and return to their villages. As has been already explained, under the heading of 'Finance,' it is now proposed to utilize a portion of the proceeds of the payments for exemption from military service to abolish the obligation to serve in the police after the completion of five years in the army; consequently, in a few years' time, when the present men's time has expired, the whole force, with the exception of the guard companies, whose service is instead of, and not additional to, army service, will be composed of volunteers drawing sufficient pay to make dismissal for bad conduct a real punishment. . . ."

"In the first place, every conscript, on leaving the army, police, or coast-guard at the expiration of his term of service, will receive a gratuity of £120, which is the sum paid for exemption. Secondly, the obligation

to serve five years in the police after the completion of their five years in the army will be abolished. This will necessitate raising the pay of the police in order to attract volunteers, and the extra expenditure thus entailed will be charged to the special fund. This measure will reduce the period of conscription by one-half, and will confer a greater benefit on the conscript than any other method of employing the money. A training school for the guard companies of the police will also be formed, in order that such police service as must still be carried out by conscripts may be performed by men recruited directly for the purpose, instead of men who have already passed through the army. Lastly, if the funds available are sufficient, it is proposed to create army schools, in which soldiers may be given sufficient instruction to enable them, at the expiration of their term, either to become policemen or prison warders, if they wish to continue in the Government service, or to earn their livelihood in their own villages as artisans."

There is an excellently managed Police school for the training of cadets in Cairo, under Major Elgood, one of the ablest officers in the Egyptian service. He is the only Englishman in the place, though there are six hundred men under him.

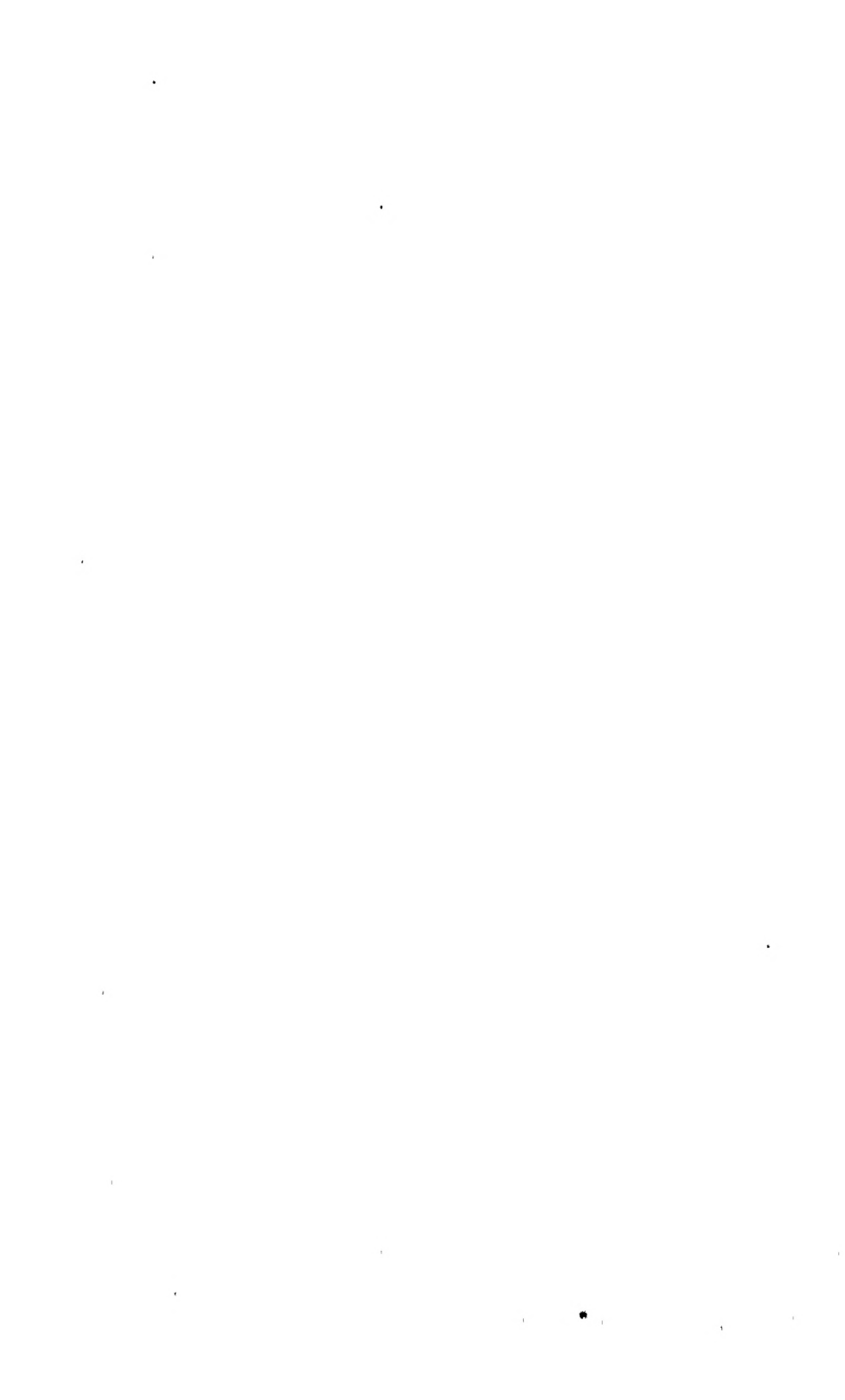
The Egyptian police are amiable in the great cities, though sometimes tyrants in the small. They always come to the relief of foreigners who are being molested by cab-drivers, donkey-boys or the like, and look a very respectable body of men. I am told that the force is tainted with the Nationalist conspiracy to the core, and that it does not cope successfully with bad criminals. Police intelligence and public security are not at high tide in Egypt.

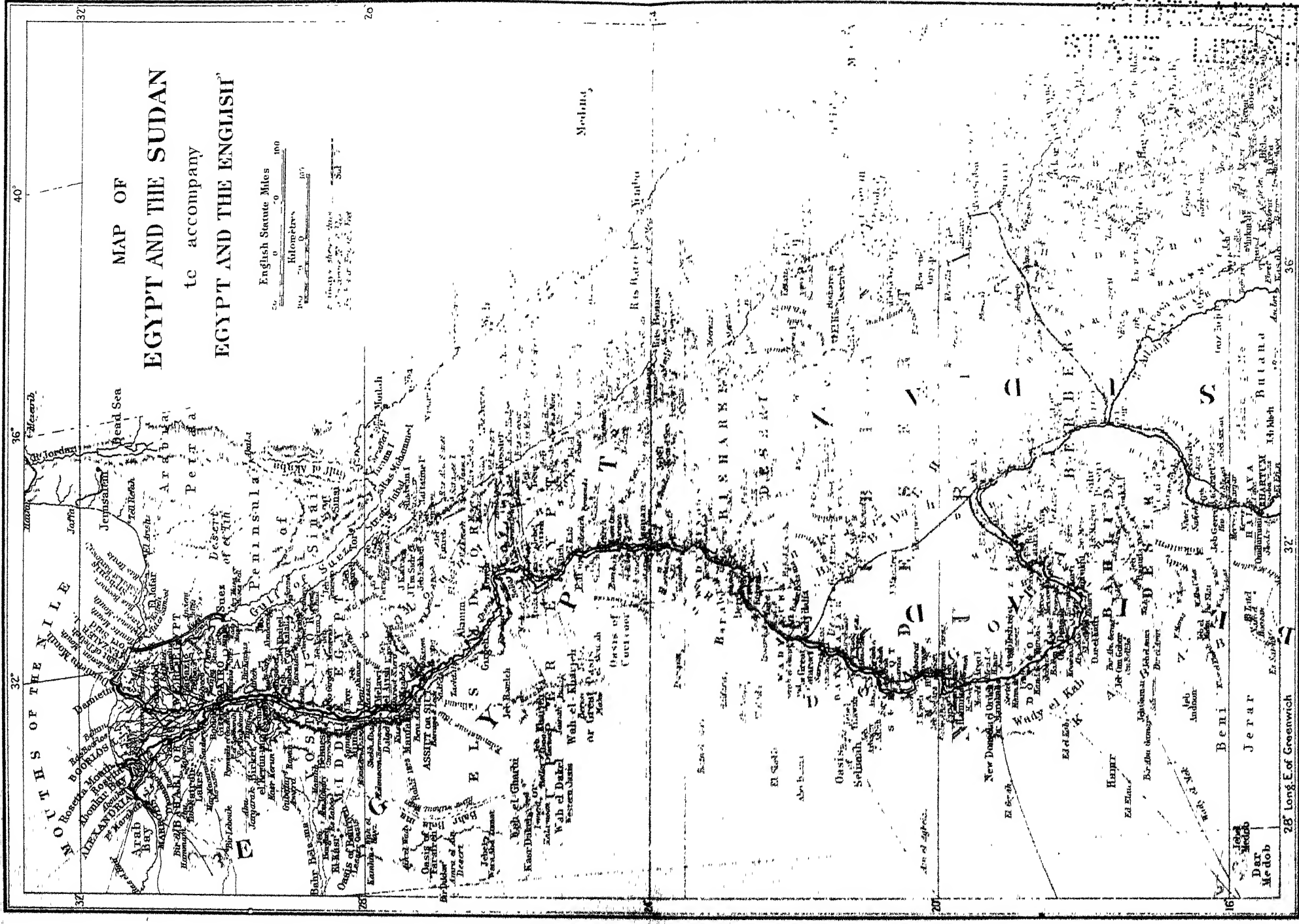
If the foot-policeman is a somewhat dull, uninspiring person, the same cannot be said of the smart, top-

booted trooper mounted on a noble white Arab horse, who controls the traffic in the Cairo streets, and the donkey-boys where Cook congregates tourists. He is very smart and soldierly, a most picturesque figure, and does his work of looking after foreigners well.

But his methods of dealing with natives of the poorer classes impress the English observer as being unnecessarily cruel and tyrannical. He does not hesitate to thrash a close-packed crowd that cannot move away over the head and face with his whip—sometimes he still uses the dreaded hippopotamus hide whip, which has officially been abolished. The excuse I made for him to myself was that he probably understood the Egyptian crowd better than I did.

The Egyptian firemen are said to be very efficient—and they are in Cairo fairly well off for modern appliances. I can imagine them being very good. Egyptians learn their army drill with such wonderful ease and precision that I see no reason why they should not be equally successful with their fire drill. Added to which, they have the Oriental handiness. But there are so few fires in Cairo that I never saw them at work





MAP OF  
EGYPT AND THE SUDAN  
to accompany  
EGYPT AND THE ENGLISH

English Statute Miles  
0 100  
Kilometres  
0 100  
Scale of miles and kilometres

## PART II.—THE SUDAN.

### A TROPICAL UTOPIA.

ON the banks of the Blue Nile, just before its union with the White Nile which begets the Nile, nearly two thousand miles above the sea, stands a vast white palace. In its principal chamber, with a Dinka orderly, more than seven feet high in his tarbooshi, beside him, sits the General whose lightning dash in the field caught the flying Khalifa and all his Emirs at Omdebekat, and who, with one blow of his heavy hand, ended Mahdism in the Sudan. Smart young captains, and once in a way a Colonel, pass through the room; one stating his problem and receiving his decision in less than a minute; another, probably Colonel Bernard, the very able Financial Secretary of the Sudan, having a difficult question sifted clearly in all its pros and cons. This is Sir Reginald Wingate, Sirdar of Egypt and Governor-General of the Sudan. And these are the instruments with which he has made the Sudan a Tropical Utopia.

He had strange materials for the creation of his Utopia, a territory of nearly a million square miles, most of it what Lord Salisbury with his biting tongue defined as "light, sandy soil," and much of that, which

was not desert, swamp and primeval forest. Yet before the rise of the Mahdi, eight and a half million people, as many as Egypt supported under her magnificent Pharaohs, dwelt or roamed within its limits. When Sir Reginald assumed control of this domain, he found that three and a half millions of the inhabitants had died of famine or disease in the devastated provinces, for when the Dervishes of the Mahdi entered a village they took all its stores of grain, and those of the villagers who did not die of starvation, in their enfeebled state, could offer hardly any resistance to small-pox. All but as many were killed in fighting the Mahdi, or fighting the British, or fighting each other --including massacres. The savage Baggara, who were the mainstay of the Dervish power, had a habit of exterminating the tribes which had been their rivals before the consolidation, and the improved arms, which their service for the Mahdi gave them, made them irresistible. I have told in another place an instance of how they were dreaded, how even the powerful Jaalin were so paralyzed with fear by them that four thousand of them turned before ten Baggara horsemen. Sir Reginald found villages which used to put five hundred fighting-men into the field with only fifty or sixty adults, and when Lord Cromer first visited Metemneh, a large Jaalin city, he found the inhabitants left in the extensive ruins reduced to thirteen hundred, of whom all but a hundred and fifty were women and children. Between a million and two million inhabitants are all that survived when nearly thirty thousand Dervishes lay dead or wounded on the battlefield of Omdurman, and the empire of the Khalifa was at an end, though he carried on a desultory warfare till Sir Reginald Wingate pounced on him at

Omdebrekat. This, then, was the raw material of the Tropical Utopia—almost literally raw—with blood. Nearly every town and village in the Sudan was in ruins except those which the Mahdists had held as fortresses. All along the banks of the Nile in the Sudan you come across their ruins, which remind you of Pompeii with their low roofless walls—and not a little with their antique style of building. The houses that the Roman legionaries saw in the Sudan must have looked strangely like those which met the eyes of the English legionaries under Kitchener.

The Sudan is to-day better governed than Egypt, owing to the hybrid constitution which Lord Cromer succeeded in breeding. What that constitution is I may show in Lord Cromer's own words. When, on January 4th, 1899, he assembled the Sheikhs of the Sudan at Omdurman to hear his proclamation, addressing them in the courtyard of the house of one of the Khalifa's Emirs, he lifted his hand and pointed to the twin flagstuffs, saying: "You see both the British and the Egyptian flag are floating over this house. That is an indication that for the future you will be governed by the Queen of England and by the Khedive of Egypt." In his great book on modern Egypt, Lord Cromer comments thus upon the speech: "There could be no mistaking the significance of these words, and there was no desire that they should be mistaken. They meant that the Sudan was to be governed by a partnership of two, of which England was the predominant member." How refreshing it is to find a statesman speaking, to use the words Sir Philip Sidney wrote of the ballad of Chevy Chase, "like the blast of a trumpet." Lord Cromer summarizes thus the agreement between the British and



Egyptian Governments regulating its political status, which is the constitution of the Sudan :

“The first and most important point was to assert a valid title to the exercise of sovereign rights in the Sudan by the Queen of England, in conjunction with the Khedive. There could be only one sound basis on which that title could rest. This was the right of conquest. A title based on this ground had the merit of being in accordance with the indisputable facts of the situation. It was also in accordance, if not with international law—which can obviously never be codified save in respect to certain special issues—at all events with international practice, as set forth by competent authorities. It was, therefore, laid down in the preamble of the Agreement that it was desirable to give effect to the claims which have accrued to Her Britannic Majesty's Government, by right of conquest, to share in the present settlement and future working and development of the legislative and administrative systems of the Sudan.

“This principle having been once accepted, the ground was cleared for further action. The shadowy claims of Turkish suzerainty were practically, though not nominally, swept away by a stroke of the pen. Their disappearance connoted the abrogation of all those privileges which, in other parts of the Ottoman dominions, are vested in European Powers in order to check an abusive exercise of the Sultan's sovereign rights. All that then remained was to settle the practical points at issue in the manner most convenient and most conducive to the interests of the two sole contracting parties, namely, the British and the Egyptian Governments.

“The twenty-second parallel of latitude was fixed as the northern frontier of the new state ; on the other hand, the southern frontier was left undefined. It was provided that both the British and Egyptian flags should be used throughout the Sudan ; that the supreme civil and military command should be vested in one officer, termed the Governor-General of the Sudan, who was to be appointed by a Khedivial Decree on the

recommendation of the British Government ; that proclamations by the Governor-General should have the force of law ; that the jurisdiction of the Mixed Tribunals should not extend or be recognized for any purpose whatsoever, in any part of the Sudan, and that no foreign Consuls should be allowed to reside in the country without the previous consent of the British Government."

This bugle-note awoke the slumbering diplomatists—they were shocked, said Lord Cromer, "at the creation of a political status hitherto unknown by the law of Europe." The Agent of another Power in Egypt said that he knew what British territory meant and knew what Ottoman territory meant ; he wished to understand the status of the Sudan. He was informed that "the political status of the Sudan was such as was laid down in the agreement of January 19th, 1899, and that Lord Cromer could give no more precise or epigrammatic definition."

Another asked what, in the absence of Consuls, would happen to those Europeans who were married or buried in the Sudan, and he received a grim reply that any European who considered it essential that his marriage or his burial should be attested by a consular representative of his country, would do well to remain in the territory lying north of the twenty-second parallel of latitude. When an answer like this is given, diplomatists understand that further questions are useless unless they are to be supported with an ultimatum, but ultimatums were the speciality of Lord Cromer, and not of the people with whom he was dealing.

This, then, is the constitution of the Sudan, which its author himself describes as "the child of Opportunism."

The country was, in the first instance, divided into districts, each of which was placed under the control of a military officer, though they were not technically under military government. Most of the Governor-General's subordinates are still military officers, but they will gradually be replaced by civilians, and for this Civil Service Lord Cromer finds that the choice product of our English Public Schools is exactly the right article:

"The system of education adopted at our Public Schools and Military Colleges is of a nature to turn out a number of young men who are admirable agents in the execution of an Imperial policy. The German, the Frenchman, and others may be, and sometimes are, better educated, but any defects on the score of technical knowledge are amply compensated by the governing powers, the willingness to assume responsibility, and the versatility under strange circumstances in which the Anglo-Saxon, trained in the free atmosphere which develops individualism, excels beyond all other nations."

Lord Cromer, as usual, hits the nail on the head. The system of our public schools is the ideal education for a future ruler. The drawback is that only a limited number of boys are born to be Rulers.

When the formation of the Tropical Utopia began, more than three quarters of the population had been destroyed; every flock and herd had disappeared; and most of the date-trees, which were the principal product of the country, had been hewn down by the Mahdists, mad with the spirit of destruction. In 1898, when the English took over the Sudan, its revenue was modestly estimated at eight thousand pounds; conservatism of estimate has remained a feature of the Sudan Adminis-

tration, and in that year not eight thousand pounds, but thirty-five thousand pounds was collected. There was an expenditure of another two hundred thousand, which was made good by the Egyptian Treasury. Only eight years later, instead of being estimated at eight thousand pounds, the revenue was estimated at over eight hundred thousand, and the following year (not including the quarter of a million subsidy from the Egyptian Government) the revenue of the Sudan almost reached a million. This year it will be over a million. Into the details of administration I shall not go very deeply. The Governor-General is practically a Dictator. He can make or alter laws by Proclamation and the system is working admirably; one does not know which to praise most highly—Sir Reginald's benevolence as a despot or his intuition and ability as a ruler. He is like the general manager of a great private business. Minor details are entrusted to the heads of departments; larger questions come up for his decision, and his word is literally law. His heads of departments require an unusual amount of latitude, for some of them live much more than a thousand miles from him and administer territories larger than several European countries. One feature is noticeable throughout the Sudan Administration—the affection the natives acquire for the gallant young Englishmen who rule them, Captains-General as they might be succinctly defined, for Captain is their average rank in the British Army, and they are like little Governors-General in their responsibilities. Their reports are as breezy as might be expected. Major Hodgson, in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, reported this year that money was gradually taking the place of beads, and that one of the two foreign liquor licences granted in 1906 was

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cancelled on the 1st of January, 1907, and the other on the 1st of January, 1908.

Captain Burges, of the province of Berber, wrote :

“ The material condition of the people continues to improve ; large sums of money have been paid away in wages . . . . In addition there were very good rains, which caused plenty of good grazing. Cattle, sheep and goats bried well, and there was a considerable export of sheep north . . . . Men have now to pay as much as £E20 dowry for a wife. They have never been so well off before in their lives.”

But he adds that the scarcity of labour has made a third of the cultivable land lie fallow. “ Cultivators are attracted away by the high wages offered for labour on Government or private enterprises. Moreover, the natives, while thrifty, sober and moral and giving little trouble, are disinclined to work, although ready enough to make their children, who appear to be rapidly increasing in numbers, do so for them.”

Major Dickinson, of the Blue Nile province, writes contentedly except as to the supply of labour, which makes him deplore that his province is so near Khartum.

The chief complaint that Colonel Jackson, of the important Dongola province, has to make, is against the sparrows. He has something to say about schools. His Dongola school has a hundred and ten pupils now, against only forty in 1906, and he has opened a new school at Kortī. He is so alarmed at the decrease of forest areas that he has had to prohibit the cutting of trees for fuel. He has inaugurated a most important reform. Colonel Jackson, I may mention, is recognized as one of the ablest and most far-seeing of the Sirdar's subordinates. The rate of freight for dates has been

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reduced, and a through booking system has been established whereby goods can be shipped on steamers or barges at any recognized station on the river and conveyed direct to their destination. This is possible now because the Sirdar, with what may be called his saving common-sense, has transferred the control of the water transport in the province from the Steamers and Boats Department to the Railway Administration. The Arabs of the Bayuda Desert, who formerly had the monopoly of the export trade from this province to Omdurman, have been compelled to reduce their charges in order to compete.

Every one except the Sirdar himself, and those who were trusted with the creation of the new railway and the new seaport, and therefore felt a parent's pride in their offspring, was rather doubtful as to the effect that the construction of Port Sudan and the Port Sudan Railway might have on the river traffic from Cairo to Wady Halfa and the Desert Railway from Wady Halfa to Khartum North. For the Red Sea route is so much more direct than the Nile route. It is no wonder that Captain Morant writes almost gleefully from the Halfa province: "Not only has Halfa continued to hold its own as the principal passenger and mail route, but goods traffic is much the same as before. Gum and Government stores have, of course, been carried by the new railway: the bulk of the merchants still use the Nile route. 3,700 foreigners have entered the Sudan by the Halfa route during the last two years, the traffic of 1907 being not quite double that of 1906. Very nearly 2,000 of these are Greeks, but whereas the Greek traffic only increased from 865 in 1906 to 1,104 in 1907, the British more than doubled itself from 200 to 434. With

the exception of the Greeks, four times more English than natives of any other country went into the Sudan. Egyptians are not reckoned, and Levantines are euphemistically included in 'other nationalities.'"

From the province of Kassala, Colonel Wilkinson writes in sober satisfaction: "Beyond the professional religious mendicant there are no paupers, and it is satisfactory to find that, in spite of this prosperity, there is no difficulty in obtaining labour . . . . There has been no emigration from the province that has come to my notice . . . . . There is a general increase both in exports and imports, but I do not anticipate any really substantial improvement until the province is opened up by railway communication . . . . . That cotton growing has become popular round Kassala is beyond doubt; 3,785 kantars of 1906-7 crop have been exported by merchants, exclusive of about 100 kantars sent privately to Suakin . . . . There will be in a few years a good opening to persons wishing to erect ginning machinery in Kassala, and, with the amount of fuel available in the neighbourhood, the cost of ginning should not be great."

But Kassala has not been very healthy lately; for, besides Malta fever, it has had a considerable increase in malarial fever, which Colonel Wilkinson thinks may be due to irrigation. This would be irony indeed, for the irrigation works were half demolished by a flood as soon as they were made.

The Khartum province, Colonel Stanton informs us, suffered from the financial crisis in Egypt, though the nomad Arabs are probably more prosperous than they ever have been. Like so many other provincial governors, he finds that the natives are now full of



enthusiasm for education. "The great difficulty," he says, "is to get them to let their children complete their studies. As soon as a father thinks his child has learned enough to earn money he wants to take him away from school." The Sudanese, he mentions, make a curious distinction between stone-cutting and carpentering and blacksmith's work—the latter are honourable professions, but stone-cutting is slaves' work.

Captain Lloyd, of the Kordofan province, is distinctly breezier. He gives instances of the increased purchasing power and growing desire for luxuries among his subjects. His Nubas are buying clothes; his Arabs, silver ornaments for their women; enamelled iron pots are replacing the earthenware burmas; and people on the whole are better dressed. "Dammur" (*i.e.*, Sudanese cotton cloth), though expensive, is still the general wear outside the towns." And then comes a passage which shows that life is losing its colour in Kordofan: "The great grievance," says Captain Lloyd, "with all Arabs, is want of slaves, which is increasing now that every black man can claim his freedom as a right without compensation to his owner. They also find peace, when continued year after year, rather a bore than otherwise."

Captain Cameron, writing from the distant Mongalla province, is also naïve. He started assessing and collecting tribute (in kind, of course, not in money) from the tribes who were nearest Government posts, and who might be supposed to derive some benefit from the pacification of the country. He did this, not in the hope of getting in much revenue, but because the fact of the tribes paying him a contribution was an acknow-

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ledgment of their being under Government. To his surprise he found that nowhere was there any hesitation or demur about paying the tribute. But labour is the difficulty in Mongalla, which is not surprising, as Captain Cameron informs us that, "Short of putting a man to work under the eye of a policeman, there seems to be no way of getting regular, steady work out of any of these people. They come and ask for work now and then, but, after a day or two of the lightest employment at a good wage, they go off to loiter about their villages again."

The Red Sea province, though it includes the sea-ports of Port Sudan and Suakin, does not yet pay its way, but education is eagerly sought after, and a hill station has been established at Erkowit for the Europeans in the trying climate of the Red Sea coast to summer at, which may develop into a sanatorium for the whole Sudan. Likewise, the noted brigand, Hamid Tabbal, has been captured, and his band dispersed, removing the long-standing menace to trade between Kassala and Suakin.

In the Blue Nile province of Sennar, Major Wilson reports that the hill people have now taken to wearing clothes, and that "in the northern half of the province the natives show some desire for their children to be educated, but that they are suspicious of the intentions of the Government, who will, they fear, after teaching their sons, force them to become clerks or to enter the police."

In the Upper Nile province the primitive Nuers are at last being induced to enter into relations with the Government. Major Matthews, the Governor, writes: "Their rooted distrust and dread of Government parties

have given place to manifest expressions of confidence and even welcome." But that the compliment is not complete is shown by the recent reply of a Geok Sheikh, who, when asked why he did not wish for an angarib (native bedstead), replied scornfully, "Angarib! If the Government wished to take a fine from me, how should I run away with an angarib to carry?"

The Sirdar, with his usual intuition, has allowed a few trustworthy traders—Greeks and Gellabas—special permits to enter the Nuer country. They were selected with great care to establish confidence and to eradicate the old idea that commerce and the slave trade were synonymous. The idea seems to have worked well.

The most interesting feature in the report of Mr. Butler, from the district of the White Nile province, is what he has to say about slavery. "If a slave is ill-treated nowadays, he only has to complain to the nearest Government authority to be emancipated."

The Sirdar takes a minute personal interest in all affairs connected with the Sudan, and no matter what the crux may be, whether it is that the date-exporter finds that the Government steamers are more expensive than camel transport, or that the donkeys of Khartum are running short of forage, or that the everlasting labour question is coming up, he has to find a remedy. In the last, Lord Kitchener left him a difficult task, for when the war was over, forgetting that the natives had been paid war prices for all the work they had done during the campaign, he omitted to reduce their wages to the ordinary scale; consequently all labour is paid at war rates.

One gets some curious lights thrown on Sudan life

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in the Sirdar's report. The richer the province is, it appears, the fewer are the people to be found in it. When it is easy for a family to provide for its wants the men go and seek employment as domestic servants, and so on, elsewhere. Europeans of all sorts, including even Greeks, are honourably firm about not supplying natives with strong liquors. But the rascally Egyptian has no such scruples.

In Lord Cromer's last report, Major Sir Henry Hill gives some interesting information about the manners and customs of the nomad Arabs.

"There is very little crime among the riverain classes. As a rule, they have a high code of honour amongst themselves, though their code is somewhat curious to Western ideas. A man, for instance, who would not think twice about swindling an orphan or widow out of their estate—especially land—would scorn to commit a petty theft from a neighbour. The Government is always looked on as fair game to rob. Violence is extremely rare. The code of honour amongst the nomad Arabs is extremely high. Adultery is practically unknown, as, when detected, it is punished by the death of both parties. An Arab who would never steal camels, etc., from his own tribe, looks on stealing from another tribe as excellent sport."

"But it is difficult," says Sir Henry, "to get witnesses to testify against criminals, especially where a life has been taken." At the same time, as an instance of their practical goodness, he mentions two penniless Germans and a Syrian Jew being helped all the way along the river, from Wady Halfa to Khartum, a distance of nine hundred miles. A Sheikh, who was questioned about it, told Sir Henry that when they sat down to their

evening meal, no matter what his race or creed might be, they could never allow a hungry man to pass without giving him some of their food.

In the Khartum province it was stated in Lord Cromer's last report that only half a dozen cases of drunkenness had come to the notice of the Governor in ten years. He mentions, at the same time, their anxiety for education. His principal troubles were that the Arabs were so improvident about selling their land—they did not seem to be able to resist the sight of ready money—and that English firms do not give sufficiently long credit to local store-keepers, the bills often becoming due before the goods have arrived on such a slow journey. The Germans, who keep themselves better informed as to the financial standing of the traders, allow three months. Perhaps the National Bank of Egypt, which appears to do a very miscellaneous business, might solve the problem.

The Sudan would appear to be in danger of milk-and-wateriness if it were not for passages like that in Lord Cromer's last report about the Kordofan province. Here again it is the breezy Captain Lloyd speaking:

“Most of the trouble in this province is caused by slave questions. It is not to be expected that, after having been a centre of the slave traffic for generations, the inhabitants can settle down or change their habits for some years. The Nubas have always been raided, and have always raided one another, and the Arabs since they first came into the country have raided the Nubas. To expect a brave, warlike, and war-loving people to give up their old habits, and surrender what they regard as their right—much less to give up their property without a struggle—is manifestly to expect the impossible. Vendettas, quarrels over women and cattle, and often pure devilment, must give rise to dis-

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turbances from time to time. Moreover, a generation of young men have grown up who have seen no war. The young women taunt them with this, and say they are not half the men their fathers were. As a result, the youngsters look out for the first opportunity of a fight, as a means of winning favour in the eyes of the women. I cannot think the worse of them for it. There is much more hope for the development of such a race than for a people who accept every change with passive docility. . . . It is to be hoped that people who think that enough is not done in this province to suppress slavery will realize that the matter is not so easy or simple in practice as it is in theory. . . . The Baggara and other tribes are short of slaves, and both feel and resent the loss."

Of Mongalla, Captain Cameron writes: "The Baris appear to be in a chronic state of semi-starvation, but it is not to be wondered at, seeing the absolute apathy with which they take life. . . . They have sunk so deep into a state of lethargy that nothing seems to tempt them out of it, and it is almost impossible to get them to work even to provide their own food."

In the Upper Nile province the Sirdar, in 1906, once more showed his adaptiveness and judgment, by deciding not to apply the ordinary code to the administration of justice in this part of the Sudan. He authorized Captain O'Sullivan, of the Royal Marines, who understood the language of the pagan Dinkas, to compile a compendium of Dinka customs and laws. In three years, about sixteen hundred cases of complaints of property right, and cattle and marriage disputes, have been submitted by the tribesmen to Government officials for decision in accordance with their own customs, and they have all been settled to the apparent satisfaction of the natives. I have read this little book

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of Captain O'Sullivan's in the typewritten copy kept in the Sirdar's office at Khartum. Investigators like Sir Henry Maine and Max Müller would, if they had been alive, have hailed Captain O'Sullivan's work with acclamation. There is also a young Egyptian officer, who is greatly distinguished for his familiarity with the Dinka vernacular; his name is Mulaziin Tani Ahmed Effendi Mohamed Ragab. The Shilluks in the same province have utterly refused to send their children to the schools of the American Mission. They have an idea that if their children are educated they will be seized for Government service. Their suspicions were lulled a little when they were allowed to remove the fortifications of the Egyptian Government in the province, but they would not let the children come to school. The missionaries in the Upper Nile province set an example to the missionaries of the world; they avoid doctrine which they know the native cannot grasp, and preach the abandonment of laziness. In the White Nile province, on the other hand, the Sheikhs of all the districts have expressed their willingness to pay educational rates, so keen are they to have schools established.

The foregoing will serve to show the nature of the provinces which form the Sudan. The mention of missionaries just above recalls another instance of the Sirdar's tact. Missionaries, except in special places where they are under the Government eye, as in the city of Khartum, are not allowed to go about in provinces where the Mohammedan religion prevails. They have to confine their efforts to the southern provinces, where most of the population are pagan. It is against the laws of the Sudan to proselytize Mohammedans. Where their presence is tolerated in places inhabited by

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Mohammedans it is as teachers of English, and the parents of all the children who go to their schools, if they are not Christians, have to make a declaration before a Government official that they are willing for their children to be present at religious instruction. Otherwise it is against the law for them to be taught religion. This does away with much friction. The odd thing is that some Mohammedan parents do give the permission.

But where the Sirdar's tact is shown above all is in the matter of taxation. Instead of applying any system of his own (which would sure to have been worked out with much intuition and care) he has been content to take over the system of the Khalifa to which the people were accustomed. Commenting on this, Lord Cromer remarks that Oriental systems are often good and thoroughly adapted to the people for whom they are framed; *it is the way the system is carried out that is barbarous*. The Khalifa's ideas upon the subject of taxation were excellent, but the ideas of the subordinates who collected the taxes were to take all the spare money or produce a man had, no matter how little was due from him. The Sirdar, on the other hand, takes not as much, but as little as possible, from each individual, and he recognizes the Oriental principle, that if the lands have yielded no crop it is futile for the tax-collector to demand anything from the cultivator. The European idea of a fixed tax is not considered suitable for taxing the natives in the Sudan, and the Government does not exact as much in a bad year as in a good one. Liberal concessions are made to the holders of land not irrigated, and, as far as possible, seizures in default of payment are avoided,

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though in the last instance their use is legally empowered. But the Sirdar has laid down the rule that, when a summons is taken out against a man for non-payment of the land-tax, "the magistrate, if he is satisfied that the crop upon the land has failed through no fault of the owner or cultivator, and that the tax cannot be paid without depriving the owner of the means of earning his living as an agriculturalist," may adjourn the summons, and report the case to the Governor-General. The latter can then, if he thinks fit, remit the tax. The clothing of the owner and that of his wife and children, the tools of an artisan, or the implements of a cultivator, as well as cattle ordinarily employed in agriculture, are exempted from seizure. Further, the process for the recovery of taxes, though it may perhaps be criticized on the ground of being somewhat too elaborate, is manifestly devised with the express object of obviating a resort to expropriation, save in cases of absolute necessity."

The consequence of this wise and considerate legislation is that the Government is very popular with the natives- -the English are as popular in the Sudan as they are unpopular in Egypt.

But the Sirdar is not content to stand still and merely avoid friction. On the contrary, this benevolent autocrat is as eager and active in pushing forward the development of the Sudan as the managing director of a company would be to extend its business. What is there which requires attending to? What is there which needs putting right? What new things are essential to the progress of the country? These are the questions which the Sirdar asks himself every day. The Englishmen engaged in commerce in the Sudan some-

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times chafe against the paternal legislation. It may be imagined that the general trend of their complaints is that the soldiers who carry on the administration of the Sudan are amateurs who do not understand their business; that if they (the merchants) had the management of affairs they would do this or that which would develop the country in quarter of the time, and so on. But in many cases their central idea of development and the Sirdar's are radically opposite. They regard the Sudan as a money-making machine. If certain things were done investors would make money more quickly. He is often deterred from giving permission for this or that concession by the opinion that, though it might be in the investor's interest, the natives might suffer. He does not approve, for instance, of the native's haste to sell his land so recklessly. He regards the native in many ways as only a child, who must be protected against carrying out unwise wishes. The Aborigines' Protection Society, and similar organizations in London, would be much gratified if they knew how vigilantly Sir Reginald Wingate guards the interests of the natives from speculators.

The Sirdar's own activities in the development of the Sudan are largely devoted to education, irrigation and means of communication. To take the last first. He has obtained a grant of a quarter of a million from the Egyptian Government to bridge the Blue Nile between Khartum North and Khartum, and carry the railway across the bridge to be extended up the centre of the Ghezireh,—that is, the peninsula between the White and Blue Niles. In this district are four million acres of cultivable land, though it will take a long time before more than half a million of them can be brought under

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cultivation. Spur lines, right and left, will run along the banks of the Blue and White Niles. Another railway will run up the other bank of the Blue Nile to Sennar, where a barrage is to be made from which an irrigation canal will carry the water required for the irrigation of the Ghezirch. Already there is a railway from Wady Halfa to Khartum North, and from the Atbara, a little way up the line, a line runs on to Port Sudan. In Khartum itself there is a tramway to the point opposite Omdurman, where the ferry-boat starts.

It is in water communication especially that the Sudanese Government has shown its enterprise. Its steamers have a regular service for mails and passengers to the head of navigation on the White Nile, and smaller steamers go up the Blue Nile when and as far as it is practicable. In the docks at Khartum North there is an extensive flotilla of steamers and barges of all sorts that are needed for the goods and passenger traffic, and three of the most improved dredgers, with all the barges and plant necessary for their use, have been ordered from America for dredging the White Nile and the Nile. As I have stated above, the river goods traffic is under the same administration as the railways, and the two are used in combination for collection and delivery—an immense boon to the producer. The Government also guarantees three per cent. to the Sudan Development and Exploration Company, which has a fleet of steamers, and is engaged in various operations for the development both of the city of Khartum and the agricultural districts.

Side by side with the development of the means of communication comes the development of irrigation, and, until the bridge over the Blue Nile is finished and

a good deal of the railway up the Ghezireh is laid, the irrigation, which will be provided by the Sennar barrage and canal, would not be fully productive for want of means of getting the produce to market. I may mention that wheat-growing, not cotton-growing, is expected to be the staple industry—the Arabian ports opposite Port Sudan offering apparently a very remunerative market for wheat.

These are large projects—the bridge over the Blue Nile, which is already begun, the three railways in the Ghezireh, and the railway on the opposite bank to Sennar, and the Sennar barrage and canal. But they will be executed, that is certain. Only Sir Reginald Wingate refuses to hurry. One of the greatest services that he has rendered to the country which he has ruled so wisely is not to let things be done before the country is ready for them, though he is himself such a very far-seeing and progressive man.

The Sudan Government railway across the desert from Wady Halfa to Khartum North is six hundred miles in length, and in 1907 carried 342,126 passengers, 101,606 tons of merchandise, and 35,856 head of live-stock, exclusive of Government supplies.

There is a Department of Roads and Wells, which go together in countries that are half desert. As regards surface, the desert is often a ready-made road. The tracks from which the tall grass has to be removed after every rainy season are a much more difficult question. Fourteen hundred new tracks were cleared in 1907, and a hundred new wells have been dug by the Government, apart from the new wells dug, and old ones re-opened by the natives themselves.

There are to be motor-cars with special sand-casings

and motor lorries introduced in the Bahr-el-Ghazal province, where the surface is hard sand, and in the Red Sea province between Summit and Erkowit. If, as the Sirdar hopes, motors are found workable in the "fly districts," where the fly causes such a heavy mortality among animals, the conditions in that part of the country will be revolutionized.

Though no actual irrigation works have been executed except those on the Gash river, which were injured by the floods almost directly they were made, an immense deal of work has been done in connection with the subject of irrigation. New Nile gauges are constantly being established, thousands of miles of levels have been run; elaborate contoured maps have been prepared; and Lieutenant Huntley Walsh, R.N., has done much cutting and exploring in the Sud district.

I have left education to the end, because that is the crown of the whole system. The natives themselves have shown their genuine interest in it by their willingness to pay a rate for it. The great educational establishment of the Sudan is, of course, the Gordon College.

The funds of the Gordon College are derived partly from endowment and partly from the very liberal grants of the Sudan Government. It has between five and six hundred students. The Mohammedans are allowed to teach their own religion in the college; so are the Christians; but though there are a certain number of Copts among the pupils, there has been no application for Christian teaching. During Ramadan only the Copts have lunch, but to make up for this the boys only work in the morning. The Mohammedan students

keep Ramadan quite fairly for the first two days ; then they begin to cheat about the time by putting the clock on. It is a genuine relief to the staff that this year Ramadan falls in the summer, though the Sudanese are not troublesome about their religion. Decidedly the most picturesque element in the College is the department of young Sheikhs, who are being taught in the vernacular to fit them for the posts of Kadis and school-teachers. Their dress is a white turban wound round a red skull cap, long dark robes, with white or pale sleeves, fastened round the waist with a sash. Mr. Currie, the Principal of the Gordon College and Director of Education, says that their examination papers show an intelligence and promise of a kind that would be noteworthy in any country ; but " whether they will, when they enter on their professional work, show themselves proof against the evil, obscurantist, and fanatical doctrine which will assuredly from time to time be preached to them, remains to be seen." There are a hundred and five students in this department, and thirty cadets in the military school, who are to receive commissions when they are ready. The Gordon College has now a secondary school, with a curriculum of four years, for the training of men fitted to enter the Government service in such minor posts as junior telegraphist, land measurer, or petty clerk. Mr. Currie, with grim humour, explains that the Gordon College is not like an Egyptian secondary school, " an institution for the manufacture of superfluous clerks—superfluous and therefore discontented," because owing to the very rapid development of the Sudan he cannot supply one-twentieth of the demands that are made for such employees by the various Government departments. A more practical

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question, he says, is whether the Sudanese boys that he is turning out, are reasonably efficient and honest. The inquiries he has made of the Director of Posts and Telegraphs and the Director of Surveys have brought very favourable reports. The vast majority of the Gordon College students who have entered the Government service appear to be doing their work honestly and efficiently, says the cautious Mr. Currie.

In the Engineering Department of the Secondary School his object is not to turn out an engineer, but a skilled overseer of the type found so useful by the Public Works Department in India. This is one of the hints he has taken from the Roorkee Engineering College in India.

The Second, or Surveyor's section, which has a course of two years, in addition to the knowledge of the elements of surveying, requires a sufficient knowledge of English "to take instructions and write intelligible reports."

The magnificent "Wellcome Research Laboratories" at the Gordon College, for conducting tropical experiments, were founded by the munificence of Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, of Burroughs and Wellcome. He has just supplemented this munificence by providing a floating laboratory in the far south of the Sudan.

The Gordon College appeared to me to be doing genuine work, though there was the humour in the situation of a College in the memory of Gordon being rigidly non-Christian. I am extremely tolerant in the matter of religion, but both in Egypt and the Sudan it seemed to me that a little too much consideration was shown to Mohammedanism, considering the active part taken by Islamists against the English Occupation.

There are now twenty primary Government schools in the Sudan and five higher primary schools, besides the Gordon College, which are situated at Omdurman, Halfa, Suakin, Wad Medani, the capital of the Blue Nile province, and Berber. There are instructional workshops at Khartum, Kassala and Omdurman; training colleges for teachers at Khartum, Omdurman, Suakin and Rufaa on the Blue Nile, where one hundred and seventy-four "sons and relatives of the most influential or religious families of the Sudan," young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four, are having a five years' course to fit them for the post of teachers in the vernacular schools or Kadis in the district courts. There is also a girls' school at Rufaa, which has seventeen pupils. One hundred and seventy-seven boys were trained as fitters, smiths, carpenters and mechanics at Gordon College in 1907; and forty-one boys at Kassala and twenty-six at Omdurman are learning stone-cutting and building work. Altogether there were 2,643 students receiving a Government education in 1907. Besides the Government schools, there are fifteen others, maintained wholly or partly by voluntary local rates. Mr. Currie, in his report to Sir Eldon Gorst, gives an interesting anecdote of the anxiety of quite young pupils for a more extended education. "A holiday school has risen spontaneously into existence in Omdurman. All the primary schools of the department are closed for three months during the summer, in order that the staff may return for their leave to their homes in Egypt or Europe. During these holidays, in 1906, a boy, in the upper school of the Gordon College, aged about seventeen, and spurred, no doubt, by poverty, opened a class in Omdurman, following the programme of the Depart-



ment ; it was attended by about twenty boys. In 1907, the same boy took into partnership three others, like himself in the upper school or training college, and for more than two months taught some seventy boys, divided into classes corresponding to those in the Government primary and vernacular schools, using the same text-books, working for the same hours, and extracting from their parents fees differentiated according to the school classes. This school was held in a private building, and its existence was only discovered accidentally through the rapid promotion of boys in the Omdurman school rendered possible through their extra work."

I went over several schools in the Sudan where the boys had learnt English more or less fluently. They did various lessons in English for my benefit, but rather in the parrotty Egyptian way, as it seemed to me. I was much more struck with their knowledge of English than anything else. In that they had made genuine progress, and apparently they show considerable ability in subjects like surveying and engineering, for which there are classes at the Gordon College. One thing was quite clear wherever you went—the genuine desire of the boys to learn. The Director of Education, who is an old Oxford Blue, and, I believe, a Scottish International Footballer, told me that the Sudanese boys were as keen about their work as English boys are about their sports. So that the stately edifice of the Gordon College, in the pleasant and appropriate style of architecture which has been evolved to suit the climate of the Sudan, rising high on the banks of the Blue Nile, is no empty form, but a type of the spirit of education which is a real force in this Tropical Utopia.

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Even the animals share in the Utopia, as a study of the "Preservation of Wild Animals Ordinance" shows.\*

#### \*PART I.

CLASS 1. Animals and birds which may not be hunted, captured, or killed — Giraffe, Rhinoceros, Wild Ass, Zebra, Ostrich, Shoe-bill (*Balaeniceps*), Ground Horn-bill (*Bucorax*), and Secretary Bird (*Seipentarius*).

#### PART II.

CLASS 2. Animals and birds, a limited number of which may be captured or killed by the holder of an "A" licence, and the number authorized of any one species — Mrs Gray's Water Buck (*Cobus Maria*), 1; Elephant, 2; Eland (*Taurotragus*), 2; Kudu (*Strepsiceros*), 2; Hippopotamus, 4; Buffalo, 4; Roan Antelope (*Hippotragus*), 4; Oryx Beisa, 4; Water Buck (*Cobus Delassa*), 4; Bush Buck (*Tragelaphus*), 4; Reed Buck (*Cervicapra*), 4; Jackson's Hartebeest (*Bubalis Jacksoni*), 4; Tora Hartebeest (*Bubalis Tora*), 4; Oryx Leucoryx, 6; Addax, 6; White eared Cobi (*Cobus Leucotis*), 6; and Addra Gazelle (*Gazella Ruficollis*), 6.

There is no limit to the number of hippopotami which may be captured or killed South of Fashoda.

#### PART III.

CLASS 3. Animals and birds, a limited number of which may be captured or killed by the holder of an "A" or "B" licence, and the number authorized of any species — Ibex, 4; Wild Sheep, 4; Pelicans, 2; Egrets, 2; Herons, 2; Storks, 2; Marabout, 2; Spoon-bills, 2; Flamingoes, 2; Ibis, 2; Crowned Crane, 6; Wart Hog, 12; Lauge Bustard, 12; Tiang, 12; other Antelopes and Gazelles not before specified in this schedule (each species), 12.

A licence-holder on a trip of more than three months' duration may shoot four more of each of these for food in every additional month.

Here are some of the regulations about the issue of licences :

"No person other than a native of the Sudan shall hunt, capture, or kill any animal or bird included in class 2, unless he is the holder of a licence 'A.'"

"No person other than a native of the Sudan shall hunt, capture, or kill any animal or bird included in class 3, unless he is the holder of either a licence 'A' or of a licence 'B.'"

"No holder of a licence shall during the currency of one licence capture or kill a greater number of animals or birds of any species included in class 2 or class 3 than the number specified in the first schedule hereto opposite to the name of such species.

"The Governor-General may, at any time by notice in the *Sudan Gazette*, alter the number of any species of animal or bird included in class 2 or in class 3 which may be captured or killed by the holder of a licence."

"A" and "B" licences cost a stranger £40 and £5 respectively, though officers, officials and residents can get them for £5 and £1, if the Sirdar approves.

Shooting from steamers is forbidden altogether, except at those common enemies of mankind the lion, the leopard and the crocodile. Further, a huge extent of the country is reserved as a sanctuary in which no shooting whatever by strangers is permitted, and officers and officials can only "hunt, capture, or kill any wild animal or bird" by a special endorsement of the Sirdar on their licence.

The Government of the Sudan consists of a Governor-General in whom, speaking generally, all authority rests, except such as he delegates to his assistants. The Governor-General, who is always the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, is assisted by a Financial Secretary, a Legal Secretary, a Civil Secretary; by an Inspector-General—no less a personage than Slatin Pasha—and a number of heads of departments, most of whom are called Directors—the Directors of Surveys, Education, the Gordon College Laboratories, the Sudan Medical Department, Woods and Forests, Railways, Steamers and Boats, Posts and Telegraphs, Customs, Agriculture, Land and Works, with a Superintendent of Game Preservation, and a Principal Veterinary Officer. Besides which, the Egyptian Government keep an Inspector-General of Irrigation at Khartum and have their office for Slavery Repression represented. The Sudan is divided into thirteen provinces, and into First and Second Class Military Districts, which, it will be observed, almost coincide with the Provinces:

## PROVINCES OF THE SUDAN.

| PROVINCE.      | CAPITAL.        | FIRST CLASS MILITARY DISTRICTS.                                  |
|----------------|-----------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Bahr-el-Ghazal | ... Wau         | Bahr-el-Ghazal District, Headquarters, Wau.                      |
| Berber         | ... El-Damer.   | Berber District, Headquarters, El-Damer.                         |
| Blue Nile      | ... Wad Medani. | Blue Nile District (including Sennar), Headquarters, Wad Medani. |
| Dongola        | ... Merowe.     | Dongola District, Headquarters, Merowe.                          |
| Halfa          | ... Halfa.      |                                                                  |
| Kassala        | ... Kassala.    | Kassala District, Headquarters, Kassala.                         |
| Khartum        | ... Khartum.    | Khartum District, Headquarters, Khartum.                         |
| Kordofan       | ... El-Obeid.   | Kordofan District, Headquarters, El Obeid.                       |
| Mongalla       | ... Mongalla.   | Upper Nile District, Headquarters, Kodok.                        |
| Red Sea        | ... Suakin.     |                                                                  |
| Sennar         | ... Singa.      | SECOND CLASS MILITARY DISTRICTS.                                 |
| Upper Nile     | ... Kodok.      | Athara District, Headquarters, Athara.                           |
| White Nile     | ... Duedin.     | Halfa District, Headquarters, Halfa.                             |
|                |                 | Mongalla District, Headquarters, Mongalla.                       |
|                |                 | Red Sea District, Headquarters, Suakin.                          |

The Revenue is derived from —Land Tax (including "Ushur"), Date Tax, Animal Tax, Royalties, Tribute from Nomad Tribes, Timber and Firewood, Miscellaneous, Customs, Steamers and Boats, Posts and Telegraphs, Railways, other Departments and Services, Local Provincial Services.

To show the kind of improvements which are going on all the time in the Sudan, I may quote the various amounts voted for Public Works in 1908 out of the £247,500 reserve fund, leaving £50,000 for unforeseen contingencies

|                                                                                 | £E      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Railway bridges . . . . .                                                       | 25,000  |
| Public works ... ..                                                             | 25,000  |
| Roads and communications . . . . .                                              | 25,000  |
| Extension of electric light installation . . . . .                              | 13,100  |
| Cadastral Survey ... ..                                                         | 18,300  |
| Telegraph extensions . . . . .                                                  | 9,800   |
| Precautions against cholera and bubonic plague ... .                            | 10,000  |
| Anthropological expedition ... ..                                               | 1,500   |
| Various other services and requirements of the provinces and departments ... .. | 69,800  |
| Total .. ..                                                                     | 197,500 |

There are 56 post and telegraph offices in the Sudan; some of which are almost in the heart of Equatorial Africa, and 4,422 miles of telegraph lines. Nearly 5,000,000 postal packets were carried in 1907, and 434,800 telegraph messages were sent, 70 per cent. of which were in Arabic. At present the Department loses rather over £3,000 a year in its operations, astonishingly little, considering that Bor, Mongalla and Gondokoro, where the three most easily approached of the new post and telegraph offices are, lie 1,011, 1,101 and 1,131 miles up the White Nile respectively.

Fashoda, the scene of Marchand's expedition to rob the English of the fruits of the reconquest of the Sudan, whose theft was detected by papers captured after the victory of Omdurman, is itself four hundred and fifty-nine miles above Khartum and is now chiefly important to hippopotami, which may be shot in unlimited quantities south of Fashoda.

In 1907 there was an increase of more than forty per cent. over 1906 in the area under cultivation, though the Nile was one of the lowest on record. The principal products of the Sudan are cotton, gum, ivory, and ostrich feathers. About twenty million pounds of gum were exported last year.

The Public Health is a question of supreme import-

ance in a country like the Sudan, which has provinces situated in the unhealthy parts of the tropics. In the bad season it is difficult for anybody to escape fever in the enormous marshes in which the White Nile itself is almost lost as it enters the Sudan. It is so filled with a sud of vegetable matter, chiefly of the historical papyrus, many feet thick, that it is difficult to say which is choked river and which is swamped land. And this vegetable matter is, of course, supremely unhealthy. Deaths are very sudden and very frequent; a terribly heavy proportion of the officers who are sent there for administration or in connection with the clearing out of the river are victims to the climate: the missionaries, who are allowed a free hand in these pagan districts, face the risks with a gallantry that is nothing short of devotion, and half of them perish at their posts.

The Sudanese Government does all it can to cope with this gigantic evil. It has a large staff of the Army Medical Corps constantly moving over the country. Then there are the Wellcome Research Laboratories, established in the Gordon College for the study of tropical bacteria, and a Wellcome floating laboratory in the far South. The Sudanese authorities have been astonishingly successful in combating malaria. Khartum, Halfa, and three other provinces are now entirely free from it owing to the destruction of the malarial mosquito, chiefly effected by treating the wells and all standing water with paraffin to destroy the larvæ. Practically there are no mosquitoes in Khartum. The residents do not use mosquito nets, which is significant. It would be hard to find a tropical city as healthy as Khartum. The dreaded Sleeping Sickness has so far been kept out of the Sudan. It will be noticed that no less than ten thousand pounds

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out of a revenue of a million is to be spent this year on precautions against cholera and the bubonic plague.

Archæology has been the reverse of neglected in the Tropical Utopia. Sir Reginald Wingate has given Dr. Wallis Budge, of the British Museum, not only the permission, but the funds to explore some of the more notable monuments of the Sudan, such as the Pyramids of Meroë; and Mr. Crowfoot, the Conservator of Antiquities in the Sudan, considering the slender resources at his disposal, has done wonders. It should be remembered that the whole course of the Nile for many miles above Assuan is bordered with ruined temples, some of great beauty. A temple near Wady Halfa has been roofed and enclosed: the village has been cleared out of the old Temple of Kumna. "In the Dongola Province, Colonel Jackson has saved, by timely repairs, the few remaining columns in the temples near Gebel Barkal, the ancient Napata. Arrangements have also been made for the temporary protection of the Christian church at Old Dongola, which plays a large part in mediæval Nubian history. In the Berber Province, one of the columns in the Temple of Massurat, which was in a dangerous condition, has been strengthened."

The year 1906 was fruitful in the discovery of Christian antiquities, and "A series of old Nubian papyri, written partly in Meroïtic and partly in other known characters, is now in the hands of the Berlin savants. When the results of their studies are published, it may be expected that a good deal of light will be thrown upon the hitherto undecipherable inscriptions of the Sudan."

In 1905 a law was made with a view to preserving the antiquities of the Sudan and to preventing their

export from the country without the knowledge of the Government.

With regard to mining, it has been known from very ancient times that there is gold in the Sudan; but the Government is not anxious for a premature development of this industry, because miners are apt to be *enfants terribles* in a Utopia—especially where the miners are white and the Utopians are black.

If there is a screw loose in the administration of the Sudan, it would seem to the uninitiated observer that it must be in the wholesale way in which people are divorced there, for Sheikh Mohammed Harun, the Grand Kadi, reports “that the young Sheikhs supplied from the training college are doing extremely well as district Kadis, and it is now under consideration to provide clerks for the courts from the same source.” Among other information he records that “twelve thousand three hundred and forty marriages and seven thousand six hundred and thirty-nine divorce certificates were issued in the course of the year.” Only two out of three people were divorced in Japan in the palmiest days of masculine irresponsibility.

Lest any one should imagine that because things go so smoothly in the Sudan the Sirdar has an easy task, I will describe, mostly in the words of Sir Eldon Gorst’s Report, the fate of the Bir Natron Expedition last year. Bir Natron is two hundred and eighty miles west of Dongola, and a small garrison had to be sent there to prevent fighting between the various tribes who visit the Natron fields during the winter. An officer and forty non-commissioned officers and men of the Camel Corps, with two guides, took up their position there in the first week in March.

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“The party was fully equipped and rationed up to the 20th April. A convoy carrying further supplies left Dongola on the 12th March, and was due to reach Bir Natron on the 7th April, allowing the ample time of twenty-five days for the journey. This convoy lost its way in the desert, and was so much delayed that by the 14th April it had only proceeded a short way beyond the wells of Abu Tabari, one hundred and ten miles from its destination.

“Meanwhile the officer in command at Bir Natron, fearing to run short of supplies, and acting in accordance with his instructions, evacuated the post on the 10th April, and started to march on Dongola, fully expecting to meet the food convoy *en route*. The party carried enough supplies to take them to Abu Tabari, a five days' march, but on the fifth day they found themselves still in the waterless desert, and their remaining guide—the other having previously deserted—acknowledged that he had lost his way. Their supply of water ran out. The officer halted and sent out two scouting parties of four men each, north and south. The first of these came across the food convoy on the 15th April, and returned with guides and water to where the remainder of the detachment had been left. Here only eleven men, seven women, and a child were found, all in a very exhausted condition, and from them it was ascertained that a few hours previously the officer, with those who were strong enough to move, had proceeded southwards to look for water. The tracks of this main party had, however, been obliterated by a heavy sand-storm, and all efforts to trace them were fruitless.

“News of the calamity reached Dongola on the 27th April. On the 28th search parties from the local Arab tribes were organized and sent out with offers of large rewards. Although they were handicapped by sandstorms and extreme heat, they succeeded in finding the dead bodies of the officer and one man and in rescuing alive the sergeant and three men of the southern scouting party. The latter had reached Abu Tabari, after terrible sufferings. To the courage and resource



displayed by this sergeant, he and his companions owe their lives."

The officer and half his men and one woman perished. But the post was re-occupied before the end of the year.

The rehabilitation of the Sudan is a work upon which the English can look with infinite pride. It was devastated as hardly any country in history has ever been devastated. Its vastness, its ruined condition, its savage wilds made it a most formidable base for the great Mohammedan crusade which is to drive all the Christians out of North Africa, as well as for the Mahdi's conquest of Egypt. But for the English, Egypt would have been swept by the Mahdists with fire and sword. And if Mahdism had been triumphant, assuredly the Mohammedans of the Desert would have been so much nearer the fulfilment of their dream, though they could never have prevailed against the English in Egypt or the French in Algeria in places to which these two great Powers could send forces by sea. Still the Sudan was a blood-stained wilderness, and held by the most formidable army of savages the English have been called upon to meet in their long Colonial history, when Lord Kitchener set to work to reconquer it. He extinguished the conflagration of Mahdism which had destroyed the Sudan and threatened Egypt, and Sir Reginald Wingate stamped out the embers.

The task of reconstruction might well have seemed hopeless, but it has succeeded beyond all precedent. He who goes to Khartum to-day at the end of a luxurious voyage up the Nile on Cook's magnificent steamers, or in the comfortable vessels of the Sudan Govern-

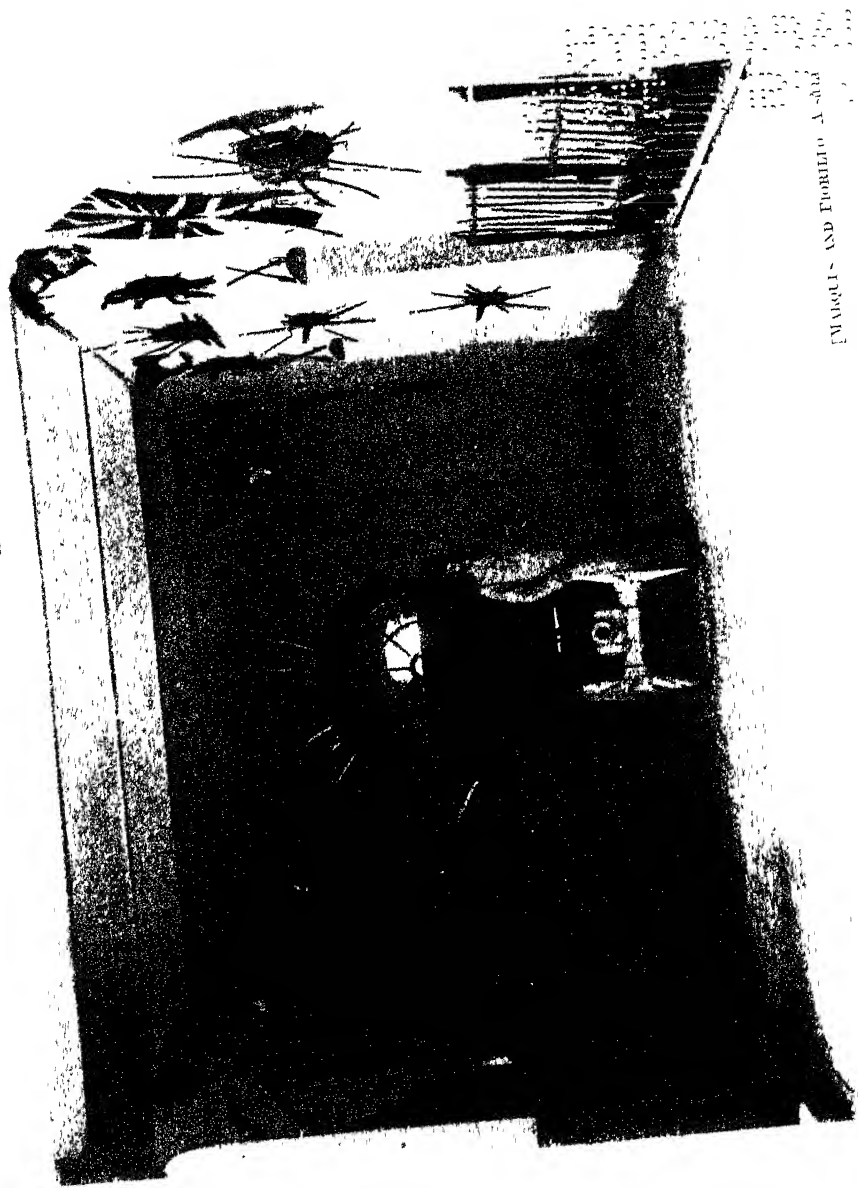
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ment itself, is transported six hundred miles across the Desert Railway in a sleeping-car as good as he will find anywhere. And when he gets to the end of his journey, he will find a triple city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, Khartum, Khartum North and Omdurman, where a Government of singular simplicity conducts without a hitch the business of thirteen provinces covering an area nearly a quarter of the size of the United States, in which savages in all stages of primitiveness, some of them only just emerging from the cannibal stage, submit to order and engage in industry. The English in ten years have raised the estimate of the Sudan revenue from eight thousand pounds to more than a million, and have converted a blood-drenched desert into a loyal and contented province.

“ Oh, Hubshee, carry your shoes in your hand and bow your head on your breast !  
This is the message of Kitchener who did not break you in jest.  
It was permitted to him to fulfil the long-appointed years ;  
Reaching the end ordained of old over your dead Emirs.

“ He stamped only before your walls, and the Tomb ye knew was dust :  
He gathered up under his armpits all the swords of your trust :  
He set a guard on your granaries, securing the weak from the strong .  
He said : ‘ Go, work the waterwheels that were abolished so long.’ ”

RUDYARD KIPLING—*Kitchener's School.*



EVANS AND FIORINO 1-10-11

The spot where Gordon fell; built into the Palace at Khartoum

Pl. n. 6.2



## THE TRAGEDY OF GORDON AT KHARTUM.

It is impossible to go to Khartum without thinking of Gordon. Gordon is in the air there. The great white palace stands where Gordon fell; the great red college of Unchristianity bears, rather ironically, his name. But, best of all, in the public gardens behind the palace, high over the plumes of palm and plantain, thrust into the merciless sunshine so typical of the merciless desert races with whom he strove, is the statue of Gordon on his camel. This, a replica of the statue which stands outside the Headquarters of the Royal Engineers at Chatham, is one of the most impressive statues of modern times, and, seen at Khartum, it awakes extraordinary emotion in the breast of everyone who beholds it. The American riding along the sandy road beneath it feels, as instinctively as the Englishman, that he is in the presence of a hero, that this is poetry in bronze, that it was genius that thus transfigured the mortal semblance behind which lay one of the most heroic souls that ever looked God in the face.

One can say this and yet believe as I do, that a Baden-Powell would have held Khartum triumphantly until it was relieved, just as I am convinced that a Roberts would have saved it, even as things were.

But then in place of the Sudanese State of to-day—a Tropical Utopia—there would have been at best a state of affairs like there is in Somaliland, for the garrisons having been withdrawn at vast expense, the country would have been abandoned to the Mahdi. It was only the martyrdom of Gordon which recalled Great Britain, sunk in the sloth of Government by Party, to a sense of duty. So long as we have Party Government, so long will England be a prey marked out for the first resolute invader. For both Parties are eaten up with the same fallacy, that the only way to win votes is by an elaborate system of hypocrisies. And our position in Egypt is the most elaborate of all the hypocrisies ever engendered by the attempt to make the utilitarian necessities of national life fit in with our national cant. Gordon and millions of murdered Sudanese were sacrificed by Mr. Gladstone on the altar of cant, just as the Conservatives sacrificed all the lives that were lost in the South African war on the altar of cant. Lord Cromer's dictum on the reason of the fall of Khartum—"in a word the Nile Expedition was sanctioned too late, and the reason why it was sanctioned too late was that Mr. Gladstone would not accept simple evidence of a plain fact which was patent to much less powerful intellects than his own"—could be applied with equal force to Lord Salisbury's neglect to prepare for the war which every sane person who read the newspapers saw coming up like a thunderstorm in South Africa.

I need not here go into the events which led up to the despatch of Gordon to Khartum; I see no advantage in discussing Lord Cromer's scathing criticisms of Gordon. At the point where Gordon comes naturally into

the present work, there is not much difference of opinion, among those who have studied the subject at all, as to Gordon's merits and faults—his achievements and mistakes. My business is to show the ordinary person what he can realize of Gordon by going to Khartum. Before proceeding to describe the siege, one must point out the cardinal errors which led to the fall of the city, when the relieving force was, so to say, in sight. Gordon neglected elementary precautions of fortification and commissariat.

With a commander like Baden-Powell to defend it, Khartum could never have been taken by the Mahdi. I do not understand the writers who speak of Khartum as a naturally indefensible place.

If Khartum stood like Mafeking, with no river to guard its front for the whole encinte except a distance of less than a mile ; if Khartum were being attacked by invaders like the Boers, armed with the latest weapons of precision and *rusés* in every device of modern warfare, it might be true. But Khartum was being attacked by people who still relied on sword and spear more than the rifle, and the attack could only be on the strip of land less than a mile across, for Gordon had a fleet of steamers with complete command of the White and Blue Nile. No attack could come from the water. Khartum, it should be borne in mind, occupies the tongue between the Blue and White Nile. Gordon was content with the entrenchments of no great strength thrown up by de Coetlogon across the root of the tongue. He did nothing to improve them—he did not even see that they were kept in order—the final rush was made across a place where the inundation had damaged the earthworks and filled up the ditch. The attackers knew that the

fortification was out of repair here—and a Baden-Powell would have known it and seen to it.

This fortification could have been and should have been made much stronger, and mined approaches could have been used to great advantage against an enemy so simple in the ruses of modern warfare that several times they pulled up red flags attached to mines for the purpose of exciting their curiosity and fanatical spirit of destruction.

Why, in the second place, did Gordon have no citadel round his palace, no inner line of defence in the very case of the outworks being rushed? If he had had a strong entrenchment round the land face of his palace he could have gone on defying any attacks the Mahdists could have made for another indefinite period when the outworks had been taken, for the short lines of defence could have been held by a very small force, and the concentration of the attack on such a limited point would have made it mere food for machine guns, with a mining area absolutely fatal for a dense pack of spearmen. At the same time the steamers could have lain along the river base ready to take the defenders off if fresh hordes poured in over the exploded mines, and with electric wires from the steamers the defenders, when they had retreated to their ships, could have made the capture of the citadel the deadliest blow of all to the Mahdists, because the whole of it could have been undermined and the mines exploded from the steamers at the psychological moment. This is what a Baden-Powell would have done.

It did not need a *rusé* modern fortress commander to know that his duty to his soldiers when he undertook the defence of Khartum against the merciless hordes



of the Mahdi was to remove every non-combatant who was not needed to carry on the everyday life and machinery of the defence, *i.e.*, the people concerned with feeding, and repairs, and so on. And it is not as if there had been any insuperable difficulty about it in the early days of the siege. Gordon had the command of the Nile and plenty of steamers. He could dump the non-combatants at any point which he thought best for their safety. The present Sirdar, who knows more about the Sudan than anyone living, has recorded it in his brilliant work upon Mahdism and the Egyptian Sudan, that it was the starvation of its soldiers that brought about the fall of Khartum. If Gordon had sent away the non-combatants and reserved his stores for his soldiers, he could have held out for an unlimited time, because every year when the Nile was high his steamers could have secured him an abundance of fresh supplies for the limited numbers of the garrison.

It is certain that these are the reasons why Khartum fell. One may, therefore, pass at once to the contemplation of the extraordinary fact that Gordon was so heroic and had such a genius for encouraging his own men and discouraging his enemies, that he almost succeeded in his impossible task in spite of neglecting these elementary precautions.

"Khartum," declares the Sirdar, "was virtually in a state of siege from July, 1883." "Colonel de Coëtlogon, one of the officers of the luckless Hicks Pasha, who had been left in charge of the dépôt," says the Sirdar, quoting Power, the English Consul in Khartum who was murdered with Colonel Stewart, "drove a deep ditch and parapet one thousand five hundred and thirty yards long across the level space or plain left dry by

the subsidence of the river. But for him this broad avenue into the town would have been left open and unprotected." And he adds that there is no doubt that Power was correct.

The tongue of land between the two Niles on which Khartum stands, it should be explained, is of very shrunken dimensions when the inundation is at its full. In November, 1883, there were only two thousand fighting-men in the city and only provisions for one month; but on Boxing Day the defenders were reinforced by the garrison withdrawn from Fashoda, which included one thousand three hundred regulars; and a few smaller outposts came in directly afterwards. Gordon arrived at Khartum on the 18th of February, 1884, to use the words of the Sirdar—"to loose the bonds of every system he had laboured to construct, to authorize the slave trade which he had fought so many battles to suppress, and, if it might be, to collect the scattered sheep and lead them home to their own pastures."

Zubeir could have done this far better than Gordon, and could also probably have stripped the Mahdi of his following; but Lord Granville, whose one accomplishment was to humour the prejudices of his fellow countrymen, could not stomach the employment of one convicted of slave-trading even when the object in hand was the restoration of the slave trade; so Zubeir, whom his old enemy Gordon himself picked out as the one man who could do what was required of him, was rejected by deaf and ignorant Downing Street. "The natural ruler of the Sudan," says the Sirdar, "was Zubeir. If he were coming all would go well."

Gordon was from the outset in an impossible

position. The Sirdar in his "Mahdism and the Egyptian Sudan" speaks of "the fatal Proclamation which gave the Sudan away," and Lord Cromer gives an excerpt from Colonel Stewart's Journal of February 12th, 1884, about it. "I was called up at five a.m. by General Gordon, who, having pondered deeply all night, had come to the decision of opening the Pandora box, and openly proclaiming the divorce of the Sudan from Egypt, and the forming of local militias, and the appointment of Sudan officials in every important post. At 8 a.m., Hussein Pasha Khalifa and Mohammed Tahir, the judge of the Civil Court, a man we have every reason to believe is a bosom friend of the Mahdi, made their appearance. With their assistance, and after showing them the secret Firmans, which the General thought necessary to show them to allay their alarm at the overturning of the Khedive's authority, a Proclamation was drawn up. This Proclamation appointed a committee or provisional government consisting of six of the most influential Notables of the Mudirieh, and proclaimed that the Mudirieh was from henceforth independent of Cairo, but subject to General Gordon as Governor-General and Commissioner of the British Government. The Proclamation was affixed to the gate, and caused a good deal of excitement; so far as I am able to judge, the people appeared to approve of it."

The passage about the re-recognition of slavery in the Proclamation itself is as follows: "My sincerest desire is to adopt a course of action which shall lead to public tranquillity, and knowing your regret at the severe measures taken by the Government for the suppression of the slave traffic, and the seizure and punishment of all

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concerned, according to the Convention and Decrees, I confer upon you these rights, that henceforth none shall interfere with your property ; whoever has slaves, shall have full right to their services, and full control over them. This Proclamation is a proof of my clemency towards you."

If the Sudan was to be abandoned as soon as the garrisons were withdrawn, it was obvious that the Mahdi would wreak his vengeance on all the tribes who had assisted in their withdrawal, and, without the assistance of the tribes, they could not be withdrawn. When Gordon saw that he could do nothing with the tribes he prepared for war, and, as a start, less than a month after his arrival in Khartum, he risked a battle. His men ran away and were massacred, and the only survivors, the two commanding officers, had to be executed for treachery. The Bashi-Basouks refused to obey orders, and had to be disarmed. "One searches in vain," says the Sirdar, "for a single circumstance hopeful for Gordon."

Gordon had already, in a most picturesque document of immense length, been summoned to surrender and become a Mahdist. He replied in a letter of three lines :— "I have received the letters sent by your three messengers, and I understand all their contents ; but I cannot have any more communication with you." The Notables and townsmen with whom he held a council of war on the summons, voted unanimously in favour of resistance and trusting Gordon. They looked upon him as a sort of talisman, and never allowed him to leave the city alone for fear of his vanishing, and in making his faithless and mutinous soldiers serve him so long and so well he often had to refer to this vote.

Two months after Gordon's arrival, the Mahdists persuaded Saleh Pasha, who was in command of El-Mek, twenty-two miles above Khartum on the White Nile, to surrender, by making him believe that Khartum had fallen. He had one thousand four hundred men and a steamer, and the town was the key of the White Nile, which is narrow here. Gordon suspected him of treachery. Abu Girgeh, who took such a prominent part in the siege of Khartum about this time, threw up the battery near enough de Coëtlogon's lines to throw projectiles into the town from his Krupp guns.

The long-wished-for rise of the Nile began in June; it rose rapidly in July, and in August all Khartum was submerged except the strip on the high bank of the Blue Nile on which the palace and the public buildings and the European settlement stand.

The opportunity for striking a blow at the investing force and reprovisioning the city was obvious. With such a natural aid as this a Baden-Powell would have held the city for any time against an investing force so ignorant of siege tactics.

Gordon was a most untypical R.E.—a General in the Royal Engineers might have been expected to leave no stone unturned to make his fortifications secure. A capacity for commissariat would not have been so very strange in an R.E. Gordon was supremely careless about both. But when it came to delivering a blow, or to winning the hearts of Orientals and savages for desperate enterprises by his personal magnetism and martyr-spirit, his genius shone out.

Towards the end of August he delivered a series of blows against the besiegers which, if he had only

sent Stewart out with the force to steady it when the blow was struck, might have raised the siege, or at all events so crippled the besieging force that he could have held out till the English army arrived.

At the end of August he sent his "fighting Pasha," Mohammed Ali, up the Blue Nile "with a large and well-equipped force both by land and water." Mohammed Ali won a great victory over the Emir Abd-el-Kader at Gereif, in which he captured sixteen hundred rifles and innumerable swords and spears, and another victory shortly afterwards which cleared the whole triangle south of Khartum from Kalakala on the White Nile to Gereif on the Blue Nile. On the following day he won another brilliant victory over the Sheikh-el-Obeid at Halfaya, which is now called Khartum North. El-Obeid was utterly routed, and the river was cleared of the besiegers on both sides from Khartum as far north as Shendi, a station some way up the Desert Railway to Halfa. Fresh provisions of all sorts poured into the town, which went wild with joy, and prices sank to their normal level. Four days after this the want of a British Commander to insist on the precautions of discipline proved fatal to Mohammed Ali and half his army. He had won another great victory at El-Eilafun, close to the ruins of Soba, which tourists visit from Khartum for its fanciful identification with the Sheba of the great Queen. The defeated Sheikhs retreated inland towards Om Dubban. Without waiting for reinforcements, which were headed too late by Stewart in person, Mohammed Ali let his tired and disordered men pursue in hopes of plunder. They lost their way in the darkness and the besiegers turned on them and annihilated them. Mohammed Ali, whom Gordon had made a General for his

successes, cried (according to the Sirdar): "Refuse to yield an inch."\* "*He stood on his fur,*" as the expression is—that is, he placed the sheepskin from his saddle on the ground and refused to move from the spot. "He was cut down fighting, and with him eight hundred men, half of his force; nine hundred and eighty Remington rifles were lost at the same time." The steamer with the reinforcements brought back Faragala Pasha, his second in command, whom he had left entrenched on the river with a small force, as Stewart would have entrenched the whole force if he had been with him. After this defeat Gordon sent a despatch to Berber in which he said that the situation in Khartum was, humanly speaking, impossible, and immediately after the defeat he carried out his intention of sending a steamer down on the flood to Cairo. The French Consul volunteered to go in charge, but Gordon thought that a British military man would speak with more effect to the military authorities in Cairo, so he sent Stewart, though it was difficult to persuade him to leave his Chief in danger. With him went Power, the British Consul. The *Abbass*, which carried them, was escorted by armed steamers past Shendi and Berber, towing four boats in case of accident, and they were near Abu Hamed before any disaster happened. The Arabs refrained from offering battle because they knew that the steersman was a traitor and intended to wreck them if opportunity offered. If Stewart had been an American instead of an Englishman they might have been disappointed, for an American would have suspected treachery from

\* Mohammed Ali deserves a statue in Khartum. It would not only be a statue to a hero, but, since he was fighting against the Mahdi, a monument to show that the courage of the Mohammedan Sudanese is the courage of the fearless, and not of the fanatic.

everybody and would never have consented to cutting the boats adrift till the steamer was safe at Assuan. Stewart allowed them to be cut adrift as they neared Abu Hamed. Not so very long after that, he noticed large numbers of natives hurrying along the banks at both sides. Perhaps the cutting adrift of the boats had itself been the signal ; perhaps there was another ; but at all events the treacherous steersman had allowed the Mahdists to know that Gordon's envoys were deprived of all means of escape and that he now meant to carry out his bargain and wreck the steamer, which he did. Stewart and his party landed at a village apparently friendly, though it was armed, and allowed themselves to be lured into a house and murdered. There seems little doubt that Stewart lost his life and deprived Gordon of one of his few remaining chances by, one can call it, carelessness or credulity akin to his Chief's remissness about fortification and commissariat. Fatuity is the explanation of most British disasters. It is thus that men brave to excess have often been defeated by cowards, and in this instance they were not fighting cowards, but warriors of inspired and fanatical courage without any notion of honour or truthfulness. All through that autumn steamers were running the gauntlet between Khartum and Shendi and Metemmeh. They were at Metemmeh in January for the last time, and saw large numbers of Arabs on their way to Abu Klea, where they were defeated by the other Stewart at the loss of his own life and that of his infinitely valuable second in command, Colonel Burnaby, who was killed when the square was for a short time penetrated by the Dervish attack. It speaks volumes about the low state into which Mr. Gladstone had allowed our army

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to fall that there should have been serving as infantry, in the force sent across the Desert of the Sudan to relieve Khartum, soldiers of our Household Cavalry, highly trained for the specific purpose of aiding the police in guarding the Sovereign in London from mobs. Lord Dundonald, the future reliever of Ladysmith, was in the square at Abu Klea as a Life Guards subaltern. Colonel Burnaby was in the Royal Horse Guards.

It seems as if Providence intended Khartum to fall as a lesson to stiffen the English nation into a sense of their national duties. For that fatal assegai which struck Burnaby in the throat left Sir Charles Wilson in command, a scientific literary man, but woefully wanting in the qualities which Burnaby possessed to such an eminent degree. Burnaby would have seen that the one thing to do was for him and the merest handful of English to get to Khartum somehow and restore the *morale*. If Wilson and the twenty Englishmen, and the hundred or so of Sudanese he had with him on the steamers, had got to Khartum before that fatal dawn of the 26th of January and shown themselves, the Mahdist army would have carried out its intention of melting away. Only a single Emir stiffened it into standing its ground and delivering an attack before it raised the siege. Wilson, who had no greatness in his soul, held back.

On the 17th of January, 1885, the British relieving force won a great victory over the Arabs at Abu Klea. Though they were exhausted and their leaders killed or wounded, they fought their way to the Nile, where, on the 19th, they won another victory at Nur Angara. They struck the river at Gubat, two miles south of Metemmeh, which was only weakly held.

At Gubat Wilson showed his hopeless incapacity for the command which had devolved upon him. "On the 21st," says the Sirdar, "they met Gordon's steamers. These four steamers, armed to the teeth and well-provisioned, had held their own upon the Nile for a hundred and twelve days. The engines were in fair order. The steersmen knew every inch of the river." What did Wilson do? Spent three days in overhauling the steamers and removing the Egyptians whom Gordon had stipulated should not return to Khartum, and in making a reconnaissance towards Metemneh. And when he did let the steamers start on the 24th, he only proceeded slowly and cautiously towards Khartum. This at a time when every moment was precious! One wonders what Lord Charles Beresford, who was on board one of the steamers, thought of him. They arrived at Khartum two days after the city had fallen, but if they had put the small relieving force on board directly they arrived, and dashed up as Burnaby or Beresford would have dashed up, at full speed, they would have been there a day or two before the city fell, and the moral effect would have been there long before them. One can only think once more of the mills of God.

The story of the fall of Khartum is best told by the great man who has resuscitated the Sudan in such a miraculous way—the present Sirdar. In his "History of Mahdism" he gives three accounts of it, one written by a merchant captured in the city, another from the records of the relieving expedition, another from the statements of the besiegers, who are many of them serving under him now. It is most interesting for us here to follow the narrative of Bordeini Bey, the rich

Khartum merchant, who "willingly gave up his large stores of grain to Gordon for the supply of the garrison," and was carried as a prisoner to Omdurman. When Khartum fell, the Arabs who took him prisoner drove him before them naked, but he soon got into the favour of the Mahdi by the good offices of his niece, whom the Mahdi chose as one of his wives. Bordeini's narrative, translated by the Sirdar, is wonderfully graphic. He tells us of the despair and distress and tears of the inhabitants when the news of the annihilation of Mohammed Ali Pasha and his force was brought to them; how Gordon, seeing them in such distress, wept too (the first and last time he ever saw Gordon Pasha in tears), but recovered himself and tried to strengthen and calm them by all the means in his power, appointing special men for the purpose. On the very next day, says Bordeini, the Mahdi sent Abderrahman Wad-en-Nejumi with a hundred thousand men to Karakala to recall all the tribes in the towns and deserts east and west to hurry to the siege of Khartum immediately on pain of confiscation of all their property. He tells us of the numbers who came and of the flood of projectiles from guns, rockets and rifles which they poured on the city from all sides. In the face of such a fire the sorties were almost fruitless. In his account we get some wonderful portraiture of Gordon :

"In spite of all this danger by which he was surrounded, Gordon Pasha had no fear. I remember one night some of the principal men in Khartum came to my house and begged me to ask Gordon Pasha not to light up the rooms of the palace, as they offered a good mark for the enemy's bullets. When I mentioned this to Gordon Pasha he was very angry, saying, 'Who has said Gordon was ever afraid?' A few evenings after-

wards I was with Gordon in the palace, and as the rooms were still lighted up, I suggested that he should put boxes full of sand in front of the windows to stop the bullets. Gordon Pasha was then more enraged than ever. He called up the guard, and gave them orders to shoot me if I moved; he then brought a very large lantern which would hold twenty-four candles. He and I then put the candles into the sockets, placed the lantern on the table in front of the window, lit the candles, and then we sat down at the table. The Pasha then said, 'When God was portioning out fear to all the people in the world, at last it came to my turn, and there was no fear left to give me; go, tell all the people in Khartum that Gordon fears nothing, for God has created him without fear.'

He tells us how the Mahdi sent Gordon a suit of dammur, the cloth of the Sudan, with a letter demanding that he should give up Khartum. Gordon kicked the suit aside with his foot and sent a reply that there could be no communication between them except by arms. He tells us that the rebels then drew nearer, and putting guns in a place called Hillet Hamed, fired on the citadel (whatever he means by that), the palace, and on the town itself. Then we get another bit of Gordon portraiture :

"In order to keep them off, Gordon Pasha made the soldiers fire from the top of the saraya, and he sometimes used to take mines with him, and go down in a boat, and bury the mines in a place to which the rebels used often to come, and he used to attach to them red flags. The rebels coming to seize the flags, the mines used to explode and kill them all. This stratagem was at last discovered, and had to be discontinued. The enemy also made a fort at Khojali, in which they placed a gun and used to fire at the saraya. Sometimes the shots hit it, and sometimes they fell short in the river.



*[Photo by]*

*[MARQUIS AND FLORELLA, A CARD]*

The Statue of Gordon at Khartoum.

*[Facing page 22]*

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"When all the corn I had was finished, for I had sold it all to Gordon Pasha, he ordered a certain quantity of corn to be distributed among the poor from the commissariat, and sometimes he ordered a thousand, sometimes two thousand, ardebs (an ardeb equals three bushels) of the commissariat corn to be sold to the inhabitants for paper money. He occasionally ordered parties of soldiers and civilians to search the town and bring all the corn they found to the commissariat."

Omdurman held out till the middle of November. The communication between Omdurman and Khartum having been cut off on November 12th, 1884, Gordon sent a large force and three steamers to relieve the garrison. There was a furious battle, and one of Gordon's steamers was struck by a shell and sunk. The rebels maintained their position and put up forts to shell Omdurman and Khartum, and watchposts on the Omdurman bank to fire on the steamers. Gordon retorted with forts and watchposts on the Khartum bank and a fort on Tuti Island, which is opposite Khartum on the other side of the Blue Nile. A furious cannonade was kept up for fifty-four days. On the fifty-fourth, Faragala Pasha, who commanded in Omdurman, signalled that his provisions and ammunition were exhausted. Gordon sent two steamers laden with ammunition and provisions to relieve him, but in the preceding night one of the soldiers in the Omdurman garrison deserted, and the rebels, knowing that the steamers were coming, sent a force which checked them, while the main body attacked and repelled the sortie made from Omdurman to create a diversion for the relieving force. Faragala then held a council of war to discuss capitulation, and the matter was referred to Gordon, who advised them to surrender on the 5th of

January. The Mahdi sent a coat of dammur to Faragala and promised to spare the lives and property of the garrison. Faragala then surrendered. The Mahdi then took possession of all that was in the fort, and the soldiers, both Sudanese and Egyptian, became prisoners.

“Khartum then fell into a dangerous state. The rebels surrounded it from all sides, and cut off all supplies. The crops on the island of Tuti were sown and reaped under the fire of the forts, and then stored in the commissariat. They produced altogether about two hundred ardebs of corn, and each ardeb was bought by Gordon Pasha for twelve pounds. This corn was distributed among the soldiers, and when it and all the biscuits were finished, Gordon Pasha ordered me and the Greek Consul and two adjutant-majors and forty soldiers to search the town through and through for corn, and store all we found in the commissariat. We found a little corn in some of the merchants' stores, and some we found buried under the ground, and we took it all to the commissariat. Every corn-owner was given a receipt for the corn taken from him. We used to search daily for about three hours, until we were certain that there was nothing left in the possession of any of the inhabitants. But soon all that had been collected in the commissariat was finished, and then the inhabitants and the soldiers had to eat dogs, donkeys, skins of animals, gum and palm fibre, and famine prevailed. The soldiers stood on the fortifications like pieces of wood. The civilians were even worse off. Many died of hunger, and corpses filled the streets; no one even had energy to bury them. Gordon Pasha then ordered four guards, one guard for each quarter of the town, to bury the dead. But even these could not carry out the duty, so he issued an order that anyone who buried a corpse should receive a reward of two dollars; but even this proved of no avail. The soldiers suffered terribly for want of food; some of them deserted and joined the rebels. Gordon then held a meeting, of which I was a member, to consider some plan



of alleviating the distress, and it was unanimously decided that all the cattle in the town and in the fields should be collected for the troops. The party who had to carry out this order were myself; the Mudir, Ahmed Bey Ali Jalleh; Nicolo Leontides, the Greek Consul; Ibrahim Bey Fauzi; Fathallah Jehami, of the transport; and Nicola Bey, the medical inspector-general of the Sudan.

"We gathered together all the cattle found in the city, slew them and distributed them amongst the soldiers; that is to say, a meat ration was issued to the soldiers once every three days; about twenty-eight cattle in all were killed."

In the middle of January a major of Bashi-Basouks and others deserted, and from them the enemy learnt the state of Khartum and the weakness of the soldiers from starvation. Just before this Gordon, seeing the miserable state the inhabitants were in, did what all military authorities agree he should have done at the beginning—placed a steamer and boat at the disposal of the inhabitants so that all who wished might cross over and join the enemy. "Every day hundreds and even thousands used to go," says Bordeini.

From this point forwards the whole of Bordeini's narrative becomes of superlative interest. On the 20th of January, 1885, he tells us the rebels fired a salute of one hundred and one guns—their signal for having won a victory; but the inhabitants did not believe that they could have beaten the English, and Gordon had seen through his telescope crowds of women wailing, so that he knew it must be a stratagem. This was confirmed by a woman of the Shaggieh tribe, who acted as a spy for Gordon, crossing over in the night in a small boat from Khartum to Ondurman to talk with the rebels. She brought news of the English victory at

Abu Klea. Then Gordon summoned a council, to which he sent his chief clerk to say that he had information that the English were approaching, and would be at Halfaya (Khartum North) in two or three days; that he did not expect the English would enter Khartum; that they would moor off the palace, and that as they would be commanded by an officer of much higher rank than Gordon himself, Gordon would be summoned on board to see the English Commander-in-Chief. He ordered all officers to put on their full uniform upon the approach of the steamers. His secretary was told to announce that, if the English, instead of entering Khartum, attempted to take him back with them, that "the garrison and people of Khartum might rest perfectly satisfied that he would not leave them, but would stay and die with his soldiers."

Bordeini declares that he thought Gordon only said this to encourage them, but that they had no doubt that the English were coming and were all greatly pleased.

"We then became full of hope," writes Bordeini, "daily expecting the arrival of the English; but as day by day passed, and we neither saw or heard anything of them, we began again to despair. Gordon Pasha used to say every day, 'They must come to-morrow'; but they never came, and we began to think that they must have been defeated by the rebels after all. We all became heartbroken, and concluded that no army was coming to relieve Khartum. If a steamer had come and we had known the truth, and that help was so near, we should have taken fresh courage, as we all knew we should be badly treated by the rebels if we fell into their hands, and we had heard how they had treated those whom they had captured at El-Obeid. Besides, Gordon Pasha had promised officers, soldiers and civilians great rewards if we held out till relief came. So we had every

inducement to hold out till despair seized upon us. But up to the end Gordon Pasha used every stratagem to keep up hope. About the 23rd, when we were all in despair, a rumour was spread through the town that a spy had arrived with letters. Ahmed Eff. Bedawi received a letter from Mustafa Pasha Yawer from Dongola, enclosing some money; a merchant found a piece of newspaper lying on the road, in which it was said that the strength of the English force was fifteen thousand. This news stirred up some hope, but I knew afterwards that this was only a plan of Gordon's, and that he himself had had the letters written, the money enclosed, and the paper printed."

Some time before this Gordon had had all the ammunition removed from the arsenal magazine and placed in the Catholic church, a strong stone building near the palace, between which he meant to lay a train of slow-match, so that the Arabs should not become the possessors of such large supplies if the city fell. But the city fell before the train was ready. He also provisioned a small steamer and anchored her close to the palace walls to enable a chosen few to make their escape if the city fell, but Bordeini thinks that Gordon would never have gone himself, but only have secured the escape of as many of the principal people as he could, for he had some time previously declared in council that he would never surrender, and emphasized his word by stamping his foot violently on the ground. The engineer of the steamer was warned to be ready to get up steam at a given signal—all these arrangements were kept secret from everyone except the Greeks, and their Consul, whom he had enrolled as a bodyguard, and who would be certain to keep the secret, as their lives depended on it; the Austrian Consul, Bordeini himself, and a few others whom Gordon felt he could trust. Gordon

did all in his power, says Bordeini, to keep up hope. About a week before the fall he issued a decree that every day's delay in the fall would count as a year in pay and service, but when three days passed after the last council and there were no signs of the English, they all began to despair again. And the people and soldiers began to lose faith in Gordon's promises: they were so terribly weak from famine.

On Sunday morning, the 25th of January, Gordon, who always watched the enemy's movements from the top of the palace, noticed a considerable movement to the south, as if the Arabs were massing at Karakala. He sent word to all who had attended the previous council and a few others, and told them that he had noticed much movement in the enemy's lines, and believed that an attack was imminent. He ordered every male in the town from the age of eight to the old men to line the fortifications, and force was to be used to all who disobeyed. The secretary appealed to them in Gordon's name to make a determined stand for twenty-four hours, for in twenty-four hours he was certain that the English would be there, and if they were not, he would then give the commandant free leave to open the gates and let everyone out to join the rebels. As Giriagis Bey, the secretary, had nothing more to say, Bordeini asked to be allowed to see Gordon.

"I found him sitting on a divan; and as I came in he pulled off his tarboosh (fez), and flung it from him, saying, 'What more can I say; I have nothing more to say, the people will no longer believe me. I have told them over and over again that help would be here, but it has never come, and now they must see I tell them lies. If this, my last promise, fails, I can do nothing more. Go and collect all the people you can on the lines and

make a good stand. Now leave me to smoke these cigarettes (there were two full boxes of cigarettes on the table). I could see he was in despair, and he spoke in a tone I had never heard before. I knew then that he had been too agitated to address the meeting, and thought the sight of his despair would dishearten us. All the anxiety he had undergone had gradually turned his hair to a snowy white. I left him, and this was the last time I saw him alive "

Bordeini tells us how he went away and called out all the men and lined the fortifications. From him we learn that the garrison did not expect to be attacked at the point where the storming-party made their entrance, for though the parapet was broken down, the ground was soft and the ditch was full of wet mud ; but it seems an extraordinary thing that Gordon, who was a Royal Engineer, should not have seen to the repair of this parapet in a line of defence only fifteen hundred and thirty yards long. He must have known that determined and fanatical men like the Baggara would fill the mud up with their dead bodies if they had not brought any of the very simple appliances necessary for getting over it. As a matter of fact, they did bring beds, and faggots and bundles of straw, which acted admirably. It was expected that the attack would take place between the Buri and Messalamieh Gate, not far from where the old prison stands now. And the strongest part of the garrison was posted there. Bordeini overheard the men moaning, "The Pasha has deceived us at last, and yet we have listened to him and believed all he said for almost a year of siege." And he records that Gordon often had said to him : "If only a couple of English soldiers of the advancing force could be paraded about the streets of Khartum, I should not fear the enemy's

attack." But he adds: "It was not to be—it was a gloomy day, that last day in Khartum; hundreds lay dead and dying in the streets of starvation, and there were none to bury them."

Gordon sat up till midnight that night writing and then lay down to sleep. He was awakened between two and three a.m. Perhaps instinct told him that something was wrong; perhaps he heard the wild war cries of the Arabs in his sleep.

It was at the unrepaired gap in the fortification that the rebels entered. The guards, tired out with starvation, lying listlessly at their posts, hardly able to move their swollen legs, did not notice that the enemy were so much as approaching, till twenty minutes before the attack was delivered. Suddenly they heard the tramp of feet; then the alarm was sounded; but it was not until the sentries fired that the bulk of the guards started up, to be cut down by the Arabs swarming over the ditch and the parapet with fierce war cries. There was no resistance; the men could hardly stand and were four or five yards apart. Once within the lines, the Mahdists took the rest of the defenders in the rear.

At two places only was there anything like a fight. Mohammed Bey Ibrahim, who was in charge of the Messalamieh Gate, formed a square with his soldiers and fought doggedly on till he and all his men were killed. Bakhit Betraki, the commandant of Buri, and his men also fought on till all were killed.

Farag Pasha, who was in command of the whole line, has been accused of having opened the gates to the Mahdists. Bordeini thinks that he was not a traitor, but only tried to escape. When the attack began he rode down the lines to encourage a resistance all along

the line. He soon saw its impossibility, and when on his arrival at the Messalamieh Gate he saw that the Mahdists were already inside and "rolling up" the line, he threw a civilian's coat over his uniform and ordered the sentry to open the Messalamieh Gate, so that he might make his escape. The sentry, who was a Sudanese soldier, said, "I will not disobey Gordon Pasha's orders—and I do not take orders from you in civilian's clothes." Farag cut him down, and opening the gate, escaped. But Bordeini says that the town had already fallen, so the opening of the gate was of no importance. And the Sirdar, the best judge, says, "Of treachery there was none. Only the cruel river filled the ditch with mud and ebbed away. The race was fairly run. Help was at hand, only one short hundred miles away—but hunger and despair decided the issue."

The rebels, having rushed the town, made for the palace. Gordon, when he was aroused by the noise, went on the roof of the palace in his sleeping clothes. He had a gun there and with it kept up a hot fire for an hour. Bordeini says that he sent word to the steamer to get up steam, but that the engineer was not there, having been too frightened to leave his house. At dawn Gordon could see that the town was full of Mahdists' banners. Soon there were thousands of them round the palace, but he could not depress the gun sufficiently to bear on them. They made no attempt to enter at first; even these barbarians knew that the approach ought to have been mined. Meanwhile Gordon went from the roof to his bedroom to put on his uniform—a white one; he carried his sword undrawn and a revolver in his right hand, which he did not mean to fire, and "stepped out into the passage in front of the entrance to the office,

and just at the head of the staircase." What follows I must give in Bordeini's own words, because his version of the event is the most generally accepted.

"During this interval, four men more brave than the rest forced their way into the palace, and once in, were followed by hundreds of others; of these latter, the majority rushed up the stairs to the roof, where, after a short resistance, the palace guard, servants and cavasses were all killed; while the four men—Taha Shahin, a Dongolawi, whose father was formerly in my service; Ibrahim Abu Shanab, servant of George Angeletto; Hamad Wad Ahmed Jar en Nebbi, Hassani; and a fourth, also a Dongolawi, servant to Fathallah Jehami—followed by a crowd of others, knowing Gordon Pasha's room, rushed towards it. Taha Shahin was the first to encounter Gordon beside the door of the divan, apparently waiting for the Arabs, and standing with a calm and dignified manner, his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword. Shahin, dashing forward with the curse, 'Mala' oun el yom yomek' (O cursed one, your time is come!) plunged his spear into his body. Gordon, it is said, made a gesture of scorn with his right hand, and turned his back, where he received another spear wound, which caused him to fall forward, and was most likely his mortal wound. The other three men, closely following Shahin, then rushed in, and, cutting at the prostrate body with their swords, must have killed him in a few seconds. His death occurred just before sunrise. He made no resistance, and did not fire a shot from his revolver. From all I know I am convinced that he never intended to surrender. I should say that he must have intended to use his revolver only if he saw it was the intention of the Arabs to take him prisoner alive; but he saw such crowds rushing on him with swords and spears, and there being no important emirs with them, he must have known that they did not intend to spare him, and that was most likely what he wanted; besides, if he had fired, it could only have delayed his death for a few moments; the wild fana-



tical Arabs would never have been checked by a few shots from a revolver.

"Gordon Pasha's head was immediately cut off, and sent to the Mahdi at Omdurman, while his body was dragged downstairs and left exposed for a time in the garden, where many Arabs came to plunge their spears into it."

So died Gordon, as fine a death as any man in history with no need to envy Nelson dying at the zenith of victory. His death was a glory to England. Being dead, he was a prophet in his degenerate country. His finest epitaph was written by the man who has ventured to criticize him most strongly, the great pro-Consul of Egypt: "If any consolation can be offered to those who strove, but strove in vain, to save him, it is to be found in the fact that it may be said of General Gordon, perhaps more than of any man, that he was *felix opportunitate mortis*."

As to the tradition that the Mahdi had given orders for Gordon's life to be spared, Bordeini says that he had his account from the four men who killed Gordon; and that not only did the Mahdi forgive them for disobeying orders, but they were still living among the "ansar" at Omdurman when he made his escape from that city. He says that he saw Gordon's head exposed in Omdurman, stuck in the forks of a tree, and that all who passed threw stones at it, the first to throw a stone being the Mamûr of police at El-Obeid, whom Gordon had dismissed for misconduct, and the Mahdi had made the commander of his artillery. The Mahdists massacred and looted in Khartum for six hours, until the Mahdi gave them orders to desist.

So perished Charles George Gordon. The character

of Gordon has passed beyond the range of discussion—he is of the demi-gods—the only white man of modern times whom all would place in the lower heaven.

Of his life in Khartum before the devils of starvation and instant peril were let loose from hell, a book may yet be made by some Bordeini telling his simple tale. I cannot close this chapter without saying a few words upon the remains of Gordon which are to be found in Khartum to-day. First, must one repeat the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren in the vast cathedral with which he dignified London : “ *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*”

Of the works of his hand little remains except the fast vanishing earthworks, over which the battle raged when Khartum fell, and an old steamer or two as frail as a ferry-boat, but which fought desperately through a long war ; and a rose-tree planted by his hands in the palace gardens which the fanatics failed to kill.

But one can see the spot where he fell, which is included in the present palace ; the stately monument rising high into the fierce African air, and here a college, there an hotel bearing his name. And the palace, which he never inhabited—of which not one stone was laid till the city lost by his death had been reconquered by his fellow-countrymen—the great white palace which presents such a stately front to the Blue Nile, is itself a monument by never-delayed negation. For no one ever asks which is the palace who is not told in the same breath that this was not Gordon's palace. But in it sits Gordon's avenger. For Sir Reginald Wingate, the Sirdar of Egypt and Governor-General of the Sudan, not only was Intelligence Officer in the crowning battle between the city of Omdurman and the hills of Kerreri,

where Mahdism was shattered in pieces by the late-arriving battalions of England, but it was he, supremely intelligent and swift to strike, who caught the elusive Khalifa, the will-o'-the-wisp of so many months, on the field of Omdabrekut, and in one short hour slew him and all his emirs—the whole brood of Mahdism—as one beats the life out of a viper and her young.

The Khalifa was a wicked, bloodthirsty, devastating tyrant. Macaulay's fine saying of Charles I., that nothing in all his life became him like the leaving of it, is not less true of the Khalifa Abdullah-el-Taashi. For when he heard the British bugles sound the last trumpet to his empire, he preferred to part from life rather than liberty. He himself came out into the open to launch the bravest of all the brave men, whom the British have met in battle, on the invincible foe. And when the Dervish attack was crumpled up by the merciless fire, he and his sons, and the Mahdi's son, and all his emirs, except the crafty Osman Digna, spread out their sheepskins and sat down calmly to die—an example as fine as any in history of the fatalistic intrepidity of Islam.

In a photograph taken by the Sirdar after his victory and reproduced in Mr. John Ward's "Our Sudan," one can see the Khalifa and his generals, and his and the Mahdi's sons, lying as they died, side by side, and in another the robe worn by the Khalifa with a bloodstain over the heart.

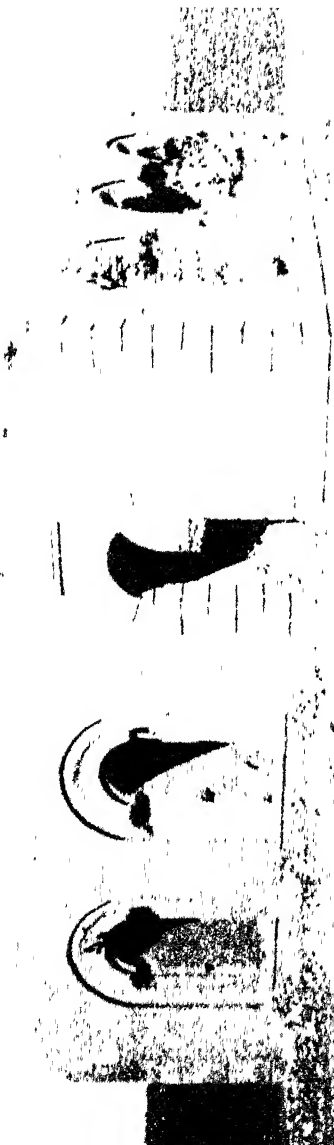
Kitchener's first thought after the capture of Omdurman was homage to Gordon. On the 4th of September, 1898, he entered Khartum at the head of his army and hoisted the British and Egyptian flags and had a memorial service read by chaplains English, Scotch and Irish, Church of England, Presbyterian and

Roman Catholic, on the spot where Gordon fell. The place was pointed out by one of Gordon's old guards, who was with his master when he fell, and was so badly wounded that he was left for dead. The foreign attachés took part in the ceremony—a notable figure among them being the German Count Von Tiedemann, in the superb uniform of the Kaiser's White Cuirassiers. The wrecked walls of Gordon's palace made an impressive background ; and as the strains of " God Save the Queen " rose from the military bands, and the minute guns thundered from the gunboat commanded by Gordon's nephew, there were few dry eyes in an assemblage fresh from the lake of blood shed on the field of Omdurman. " The English will come," Gordon, the man who never lied, had said, and this was a sign that the English had come to stay.

HYDERABAD  
STATE 1954

STATE OF ANDHRA PRADESH

GOVERNMENT OF ANDHRA PRADESH





## KHARTUM: THE CAPITAL OF THE YOUNG MEN'S COUNTRY.

To go to Khartum is to renew one's youth, everything about it is so young and so eager. There, on the banks of the beautiful Blue Nile, and on the site of the spot where less than quarter of a century ago Gordon met his political martyrdom, an English city has sprung up with broad roads and fair gardens, which is ruled by the best young blood in the Empire. Khartum is the capital of the Young Men's country--of the Tropical Utopia. It is odd to think that a province which stretches most of the way from the Tropic of Cancer to the Equator should be among the best ruled parts of the world. But it is so. Rather less than a year before the present Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, had, with his brilliant victory at Omdebrekat (fought on November 24th, 1899), annihilated the Khalifa and his army, and his power and all his works, it was determined to create the Sudan into an administration on its present basis\*—which is, roughly speaking, that the country should be under the joint flags of Great Britain and Egypt, but that nobody in Egypt should interfere with it except the representative of Great Britain.

\* The Treaty determining the political status of the Sudan was signed by Lord Cromer and the Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs on Jan. 19, 1899.

The Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army—who is always an Englishman—is the Governor-General of the Sudan. His proclamations are its laws ; he can vary them at his pleasure, which, under the present wise and humane ruler, has come to mean that the ordinances are varied as the necessities of the community dictate. In carrying on his administration he is assisted by men who can best be described as the youthful flower of the British Army, for the competition for these well-paid and responsible posts is so great that the Sudan gets the very pick of the army. They do their work with such keenness and such a sense of duty, as well as with such ability, that the only one of them all who is troubled with complaints is about the ablest—Colonel Bernard—for he is the head of the finances of the Sudan, and receives applications for four times as much money as he has to spend. The Sudan, thanks to his ability, is run on incredibly economical lines.

But enough of politics. Khartum, the city, extends for a few miles along the tongue of land between the Blue and the White Nile, and on the Blue Nile front the Governor-General and the principal officials have their residences. On opposite sides of the Government buildings, which consist chiefly of the War Office and the Post Office, the whole of the front is edged with beautiful avenues of palms and lebbek (acacias), and the lofty bank is for a considerable way protected by embankments like the Thames. For their houses the officials have evolved a style of building admirably suited to the tropical heat, with broad arcades below built of the dark red local brick, and broad verandahs above. They all have their names and rank or occupa-

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tion written on their gates, e.g., "Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard, Financial Secretary, etc." The most charming house and garden of them all belongs to a holy man, who was in possession. Instead of turning him out, the Sudan Government very astutely built him a house with a beautiful arcade, which, whether you see it lit up at night or besieged with flowers by day, is one of the most charming features of that tropical paradise—the Blue Nile promenade of Khartum. These gardens are gay with the bright yellow parkinsonia, and with oleander and poinsettia, and the whole town is full of noble palm trees.

Visitors to Khartum naturally turn their eyes first to the great white palace of the Governor-General, which has a fine space in front of it. Its long lines of arcades, rising in three tiers, have a stately effect. One enters it through the door on the north side into a hall commanded by machine guns, placed there rather as trophies than military precautions. This leads into a cross-hall, long and dark, hung with Sudanese weapons—the most sacred spot in Khartum for an Englishman, since a tablet in the south-west corner marks the spot where Gordon fell on that fatal morning. It is about a yard long by half a yard deep, and bears the plain inscription: "Charles George Gordon. Died 26th January, 1885." I remember an entry in the "will" paragraphs of the *Illustrated London News*, quite pathetically simple: "The will of Major-General Charles George Gordon, R.E., who died at Khartum, Upper Egypt, 26th January, 1885, etc." No reference was made to his greatness or his tragedy. He might have been an ordinary Major-General dying at Southsea, when the sands of a long life had run out, and not a

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man who had seemed like a god in the eyes of savages from the Yang-tse-Kiang to the Blue Nile.

Instantly after that you find yourself in the beautiful garden full of shady trees and tropical flowers, where the hospitable Sirdar and his wife give their parties. You are sure of fine weather in Khartum. There is a spot in that garden redolent of the memory of Gordon, where a rose tree grows, planted by Gordon's own hands. The Mahdi cut it down when he devastated the garden, but it sprang up again from the roots and now is affectionately tended by a Sudanese servant of the palace, who was there in Gordon's time. The Sirdar's garden-parties are the social events of Khartum. The one at which we were present had quite an interesting assemblage, ranging from the gentle and grey-bearded recluse, Father Ohrwalder, the Austrian missionary who was so long a captive of the Mahdi, and whose journal, so familiar to English readers, the Sirdar himself translated, to the Duchess of Aosta, whose husband, but for the birth of the baby heir to the Crown, might have been King of Italy, and whose brother should have been King of France. The Heads of Departments, the shrewd men who help the Sirdar to administer the Sudan so smoothly, were, of course, all there, and a sprinkling of British peers on their way to escape from civilization up the Blue or White Nile, whose sporting kit made the lawn in front of the "Grand Hotel" look like a canal wharf. There was an arch-deacon of the Church of England, who acts as a sort of informal chaplain to the forces at Khartum, and an Austrian missionary bishop, who is not allowed the luxury of conversions except in the pagan provinces of the south, where his operations are paralyzed by the

fact that his religion does not allow polygamy, in a country where investments take the form of wives to do agricultural work. But the real feature of the garden-party was the calibre of the captains. The Sirdar has picked exceptional men for his subordinates, in whom the best martial type of the British Army is combined with intelligence and tact—he recognized the value of personality in dealing with a primitive race. I was also rather astonished at the number of well-dressed young married women; for without a special dispensation, the officers of the Sudan are expected to be as celibate as Templars and Hospitallers until they have shaken the dust of the Sudan from off their feet. I was also very much surprised at the excellence of the military band—of black Sudanese—for the bands of the Egyptian regiments at Cairo make the *Geisha* and the *Mikado* sound like real Japanese music; but the Sirdar told me that the Sudanese have an excellent ear for music. Even a military band can be taught to play by ear.

There were some splendid groups of palm trees, many of them belonging to Gordon's time, and lovely stretches of turf in the garden, and a pergola of palms. The visitors came in anything but carriages—we had one of the two carriages of Khartum—some in launches, some in rikshas, mostly on donkeys. The great advantage of the fleece saddles of the Khartum donkeys is that if the fleeces are clean, women can ride on them in any dress—they go to balls on them—if their balance is good enough to use a donkey saddle like an arm-chair.

The centre of attraction was the *balaeniceps rex*—the shoe-bill, a sort of pelican-headed crane which

swallowed a whole bucketful of fish. This bird is as rare as it is remarkable ; there are hardly any specimens in captivity.

In the palace there is a church open to the whole community, in which the Sirdar takes a great interest. When one goes to service there on Sunday morning and finds himself surrounded by a score or two of brilliant British officers, and quite a sprinkling of well-dressed Englishwomen, it is difficult not to contrast it with the neglect and death of Gordon less than a quarter of a century ago.

Behind the palace there are some beautiful public gardens, in the centre of which is the romantic statue of Gordon seated on a camel. Here are the fairest trees and flowers in Khartum, and here the two principal roads intersect. Not far away is the line of poor earthworks razed by the Mahdi, after Gordon had held them so stoutly ; and out in the desert beyond that are the cantonments where contingents of twenty Sudanese tribes are encamped in lines, for what purpose I could not discover, except to give pleasure to tourists. This they undoubtedly do. It is a great privilege to visit them living under their own conditions ; the fierce Baggara Arabs, who were the backbone of the Mahdi's army ; the Jaalin, who were the special objects of his wrath ; the tall Shilluks and Dinkas ; the cannibal Nyam-Nyams and others. Some of the tribes were living in one-storied mud terraces, others in beehive-shaped huts thatched with straw. The women are immensely proud of their huts, having doors and locks, and they always lock the doors when they go out, though there would not seem to be much to steal. We were disappointed in not seeing the men, for some of

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the famous Baggara of the Mahdi's army and the swordsmen of Darfur are still living in these cantonments. But they were all away working. However, even the Baggara women are fierce-looking. Many of them were hanging about the wells; in this plain between the two Niles you can get water anywhere by digging for it not more than fifteen feet.

While we were photographing here, two excellent subjects presented themselves—a swarm of white figures with jet black faces and limbs returning from a Sheikh's funeral, and a very fine procession headed by banners, and musicians blowing horns and beating cymbals, and dancers almost naked, reminding one of King David's triumphal processions in the Bible. These were the pilgrims going to Mecca—such a show of nearly naked people.

I was then new to the Kingdom of the Khedive, and, mindful of the fanatical objection the Tunisian Arabs have to being photographed, had concealed myself behind a post with the sun in the right position for photographing the procession. But when it came up, the crowd accompanying the musicians and dancers and banner-bearers fell back of their own accord and politely motioned me forward to take unobstructed photographs.

The market of Khartum is even more picturesque and barbaric than the cantonments. The houses in it are made of matting, and the beds are mostly kept outside of them—these beds, called *angaribs*, are exactly of the old Egyptian pattern found in the Tombs of the Kings—ornamental four-legged frames, a foot and a half high, covered with basket-work. Their owners were using them. The market consisted chiefly of heaps of dried grass, grain, cucumbers and dates. There were

streams of donkeys, and a man who wanted to build a mud-brick house was making his bricks out of the soil of the road, mixed with water. They are allowed to do this if their operations make the road more level. There were a few stalls for the sale of old bottles, as there are in any native market in the world. The calabash stalls, where they sold flasks and drinking-cups made of decorated gourds, were the most picturesque things in the market, except the little children, who were invariably dressed in nothing but an amulet and whose little stomachs were often as distended as the crops of baby thrushes in a good worm season. They were delightful little creatures, with wonderfully graceful bodies and limbs, and skin that shone like a gun-metal watch. They had mobile features and bright, intelligent eyes—they were the most fascinating infants I have seen since I left Japan. The naked laundry men, who were cooking the wash in cauldrons under leaf shelters, were their chief rivals, but there was nothing that the most catholic-minded curio-hunter could buy in the native market of Khartum. The market of Omdurman is better in this respect, though for Central African life, the market of Khartum runs it close.

On the other side of the market is the mosque, which has two charming decorated minarets, a very handsome stone building outside, where all the world can see it, but with its piers inside merely built of Khartum brick, because only the worshippers will see them, and they are not so æsthetically particular. It is built on the model of the older mosques in Cairo, round a large court with a *liwân* of piers five deep. The Mahdi's famous mosque at Omdurman was a mere enclosure. The chief consideration is the accommodation of an

enormous crowd, and this mosque is one of the largest in Africa. It was erected by the British authorities at a cost of eight thousand pounds to show the Mohammedans that no attempt would be made to undermine their religion. This is not the only precaution of this kind, for Friday—the Mohammedan Sabbath—not Sunday, is the weekly holiday at all the Government offices in the Sudan, and the great Gordon College is practically devoted to Mohammedans, though its regulations are unsectarian, and the pupils can have religious instruction of any kind they desire. One of the chief uses of the Gordon College is to educate judges or Kadis for the Mohammedan religious courts, which are at present served by Kadis brought from Egypt at great cost. The youths for this training are selected from the sons of Sheikhs, and they are taught in Arabic. At present, all the inhabitants of Khartum who do not come within the terms of the endowment, are allowed to send their children to the college at a very small cost. It has an admirable staff and apparatus under that distinguished educationalist, Mr. James Currie.

Khartum is very well off for amusements; it has its golf club on the Khartum side, and its polo club on the Omdurman side—both natural sand courses. It has tennis courts in the palace gardens and elsewhere; good reaches for sailing; big game shooting within reasonable distance; and weekly dances, during the season, at the “Grand Hotel.” Its shops are not numerous, but it has an admirable English pharmacy, kept by a doctor (Dr. Morhig) who formerly held a commission in the Egyptian Army, to whom all strangers go for information and advice, as well as for medicines and the development of their photo-

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graphs. He protects them from being cheated, and tells them where to go and how to go everywhere. There are also large general stores kept by Greeks, where one can buy everything at not very elevated prices ; but there are only two carriages, and though there are half a dozen rikshas, there are no natives who will condescend to draw them. The universal vehicle in Khartum is the donkey—and the Khartum ass is excellent. It is true that his saddle is in the nature of a surprise to Europeans, for it is a large structure covered with a gay fleece, which both ladies and gentlemen are expected to ride, though it has no pummels for the former or stirrups for the latter. This is the public ass ; but most residents have a private ass, often a beautiful animal, beautifully kept, attended by a pretty donkey-boy, in a charming dress. It is odd to see an officer in full uniform, or his mess kit, riding on a donkey, especially if he is using a native saddle ; but it is quite a pretty feature of a ball to see the gay young officers, when it is all over, leaping on their donkeys and galloping off.

The hotel at Khartum has a beautiful situation on the Blue Nile, with a charming garden and verandah, and it is clean ; but it is far too dear for the accommodation and food it gives. Thomas Cook and Son have an office in it, and are wonderfully enterprising ; they have a fine light-draught steamer, which transports tourists to and from the railway and carries the mails, and takes tourists on excursions up the Blue Nile, and over to Omdurman and the battlefield at Kerreri. Cook's agent also sells tickets and carries on the usual banking and forwarding business—a great convenience at a place like Khartum.



The furniture of the hotel is of rather a Spartan order, and I have been in *pensions* where the food was a good deal better and more liberal. But the rooms are airy and well designed for the climate, and the broad verandah on the first floor is absolutely delightful, with its views up and down the Blue Nile. I loved this balcony at all hours of the day, for from one side of it, in the small hours after midnight, I could see the Southern Cross flaming low down on the horizon, and when the sun rose the Arab gardeners used to spread their mats and pray, standing and prone, with dignified and earnest gestures. Strange tropical birds flew about the heavy-scented flowering trees which lined the front along the bank of the river, and at night the watchman spread his angarib under the lebbek by the gate of the compound. The rikshas, with their shafts resting on the sand, brought back a note of Japan, just inside the gate; and outside was a scene of never-ending interest, for this is one of the favourite landing-stages, so there are always white figures streaming up and down the steep bank, or sitting under the trees like dogs. And there was a sakiya just outside driven by a little humped ox, which all day long sang its song of "Alexander has ears, Alexander has ears, Alexander has ears, Alexander has . . . ." sakiyas groan for grease, and once upon a time a rich English Liberal M.P., bursting to set the world right, had this sakiya greased at his own expense. The next day the owner arrived, livid with rage, because the sakiya wasn't making a noise. "How am I to know," he asked, "that the boy has not gone to sleep?" For each of these sakiyas, drawn by a camel or an ox, has a boy sitting on the beam to see that the animal does not stop

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unless it is required to, and the boy himself would stop *instantly* if it were not that the cessation of the sakiya's groan, which sounds so like "Alexander has ears," would betray him to his master. Other things besides walls have ears.

Khartum is dominated by kerosene tins. Half the beautiful white figures which stream down the bank in front of the hotel spoil the effect by carrying a kerosene tin on their heads to fetch water—so far as I could make out this was the only abuse which has escaped the Sirdar's attention.

That Blue Nile front of Khartum was most impressive. From the old Dervish fort at one end, which marks the limit of the inundation, and at high Nile is washed by the White Nile as well as the Blue, to the Gordon College, a distance of a couple of miles or so, it is one succession of shady avenues, rich gardens, luxurious villas and noble public buildings. As I have said above, a good deal of it is stone-faced like the Thames Embankment, though the original mud banks are now supposed to be more durable. The first night we were there we went for a walk under the star-lit tropical sky. The fine sand of the road was like velvet to the feet; the soaring palm trees made groups of magical beauty in the moonlight; lights and sounds of revelry streamed out from the dahabeahs moored along the bank; the sandbanks of the island opposite looked as white as marble; the air was perfumed by the blossoming trees; the crickets were fluting gaily; silent white figures were crouching in the sand or flitting through the shadows; and a felookah full of laughing and flirting Europeans, and gay with Japanese lanterns, was drifting down the stream. Hadrian, in

his Villa at Tivoli, could have achieved no fairer scene. The climax was going for a walk in the Zoo, which is also on the front, at midnight. In Khartum the Zoo is always open, and there is no charge. It is true that it does not contain many animals, being more renowned for its flowers and trees, but it had the animals necessary for my purpose. I had always been told that lions and leopards were very fierce and active at night. I went to see. Only the lioness and the leopard were in view. The lioness was lying down, too self-satisfied to move, and the leopard was rubbing its sides against the bars of its cage as a small boy runs a stick along the park railings in London, as a sign that it wanted to play. The African Zoo leopard is seldom so unsociable as they make out. All the time I was at Khartum I never once heard the lions or the leopards roaring at night, though I was generally out at midnight, because the nights were so absolutely exquisite---so soft, so fragrant, so luminous. At the other end of the front, near the Gordon College, are the excellent Sudan Club, a boon that cannot be exaggerated in such a place, and Slatin Pasha's house, a bungalow in a fine garden, and the hospital--a model establishment. The old prison was not very far from them, a large establishment, surrounded by a double mud wall.

Mud does not at first glance appear a very substantial material for prison walls. But all the bad prisoners wear very heavy irons, and as they are allowed to work in the street, the prison does not need to be so very inclusive. The Sudanese seem rather to like being in prison than otherwise: an air of extreme good-humour pervaded the whole establishment when I went over it, except among the sentries, who were waked

from a refreshing sleep by the commandant. One old man—a Mahdist prophet—had the liberty of going in and out as he pleased, but he never wanted to go outside. Various useful trades were taught and practised. The most interesting thing in the prison was the library of thumb-prints, which were all indexed, not only by names, but by characteristics. I should have said finger-prints: for prints are taken of all the fingers of both hands, and they have genera and species like plants or animals. The prisoners are much in request as servants when they leave the gaol, for as the Governor observed: “They are the only people who have been taught to work. No one has any object in working when a little dhurra feeds them and a little mud houses them; so very few of them have ever tried work, till they went to prison, and Sudanese prisoners are not like other prisoners: they are generally only people who have hit somebody hard on the head.”

Between the prison and the cantonments of the tribes is all that is left of Gordon’s entrenchments, so filled up and rounded off that they might be abandoned bunkers of the neighbouring golf course. I took a kodak of them, and nothing came out but the little white flags which attested the piety of a poor Mohammedan who had been buried in the sand beside them.

Khartum was designed by Nature for a great metropolis, standing as it does at the junction of the Blue and White Niles. From Khartum to the sea a stern-wheel steamer can have a free run of one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven miles, and from Khartum to Gondokoro it can run up the White Nile for another one thousand one hundred and thirty-one miles





—more than three thousand miles in all. It can only go up the Blue Nile for a trifling four hundred or five hundred miles. But one need only run fifty or sixty miles up the Blue Nile to get one's first glimpse of crocodiles and hippopotami, and the monkeys which the natives catch by the homely expedient of taking a jar of the spirit they make, and drinking a little in sight of the monkeys, and then leaving it behind them. Two years ago a pair of hippopotami came down below the junction of the two rivers and disported themselves awhile, to the great delight of the tourist, but to the dismay of the cultivator, for one hippo will destroy two or three acres of the crops in a night.

The Blue Nile is far more interesting to the sight-seer as well as the sportsman than the White Nile. And though the White Nile is the navigable stream, it is the Blue Nile down which the flood comes which fertilizes all Egypt: it is fed by the country of the great rains up Abyssinia way. Blue is a misnomer: the Arabic word which is translated *blue* really signifies "dark," and is applied by the natives to its waters to express the dark-red colour which they exhibit at flood-time. Sportsmen mostly go up the Blue Nile to Roseires as their jumping-off point. Gondokoro is the jumping-off point for the little-explored provinces of Darfur and Bahr-el-Ghazal: but they are very unhealthy and not very safe. For some miles above Khartum the banks of the White Nile are low and uninteresting—one sees nothing but cultivation and a few birds like ibises. But the Blue Nile continues picturesque. Its banks are high and studded with ruins of forts and villages destroyed by the Mahdi, and with the in-

numerable brick-kilns in which they produce the dark red bricks of Khartum. A little way up on the west bank, near the pretty little rest-house used by the officers when they are shooting gazelle, are the ruins of the basilica of Soba, which enthusiasts have identified with the Sheba of the great queen who visited Solomon. The ruins are not very extensive and are rather like the smaller ruins of the churches of Roman Carthage. For a good deal of the journey between Khartum and Soba the river is like a beautiful lake.

The ubiquitous Thomas Cook has organized afternoon excursions up the Blue Nile for eight shillings a head in one of the big ferry steamers which plies between Khartum and Khartum North, and afternoon tea is served on board; it seemed almost grotesque to have such civilizements on the Blue Nile.

There is even an ice factory on the Khartum bank. It was a relief to turn from this to the pelican-haunted shoals, and the Soba rest-house with its two low towers and a zareba of thorns. And a finer touch still was a naked Sudanese who had cut a load of logs higher up the stream and was sailing down on them serenely without oar or pole or sail, secure in the knowledge of the point where the current would wash him ashore to sell his firewood—after which he would walk back two hundred miles with two shillings in whatever apology he had for a pocket.

The meeting of the waters takes place a little below the old fort marked Mukram in the map of the siege given in the Sirdar's book on Mahdism. The view here towards sunset is extremely beautiful. Nowhere in Khartum, the City of Palms, are the palms finer than near the fort. The steep bank of the Blue Nile is so



well shaded here that you may see the women all day long laundrying in the edge of the Nile as the women of the Latin races laundry on a river's brim from Normandy to the old Norman Kingdom of Sicily. And here at sunset or sunrise you see the men, ebony statues, ducking their unwilling donkeys and camels. Donkeys hate this indignity and protest vigorously by throwing back their heads, whilst the camel shows his usual contempt in putting up with it. The buffalo needs no taking to water; he wallows in it like a hippopotamus, with his nostrils lying on the top of the water. But the Sudanese are not so fond of buffaloes as the Egyptians; they prefer the little humped cattle. This watering-place is a great resort for native life at all times of the day.

From the land on the Khartum side the sunset effects are finer on the White Nile because you are in the house of sunset yourself on the Blue Nile. The White Nile pours into the Nile through such a narrow channel that it is like a great lake with a green island as its mouth. I shall never forget the first sunset which I saw on the White Nile--a tall white Government steamer with a tiny puff of blue smoke was dropping lazily down stream on a silver lake below a golden welkin--I stood there beneath a glorious group of palms till the sky turned to crimson and the river to opal, looking at the vultures sitting as wise as owls upon the sandbanks; at the big Nile boats with their black boatmen; at the natives driving their flocks of black and white goats to the water; at the naked negroes fishing with nets in the shallows. Low on my right was Omdurman's forest of masts, high on my left, above the palms, were the minarets of Khartum, and

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in my ears were the barbaric sounds of Africa. The picture was perfect.

The first thing I did on my first morning in Khartum was to go up and see the Sirdar, to whom I had a personal introduction from a mutual friend, Colonel Sir Edward Ward, the Permanent Head of the War Office.

I thought I should never get there, for I had my camera with me, and the bank of the Blue Nile between the Grand Hotel and the Governor-General's palace is an epitome of a tropical city in the making. In front of the hotel is the favourite landing-place of the town. Here you may sometimes see steamers embarking and disembarking hundreds of solemn blacks in white clothing carrying their household effects on their heads. Here up a steep path from the river comes an unending procession of women drawing water. You see a kerosene tin rise, as it were, out of the bank as a red pocket-handkerchief with a struggling rabbit in it rises out of the conjuror's hat. This, as it rises, develops underneath it a comely black face and a lean, statuesque figure, and comely black legs whose heavy silver anklets have the same effect as the fetters worn by the gang of prisoners shifting the load of tram-rails which a steamer has dumped upon the bank. As fast as one woman with her kerosene tin balanced on her head has stepped off the bank upon the road, another comes up behind her. And she follows the procession across the road to disappear between clumps of palms shooting out at a dozen different angles, and of such size and beauty that, if they were in the palm-house at Kew Gardens, they would be one of the sights of London.

The road all the way along is of sand as soft and

almost as white as the dust to which we must all come. It was bordered on the one side with fantastic palms or the tropical gardens of the chiefs of the state; on the other were dark green lebbeks under whose grateful shade, robed in white, sat the terrible Sudanese who as the Mahdi's spearmen had made the world echo with their deeds. At short intervals came the droning of the sakiya driven by the naked negro boy and the hump-backed bull. The air was heavy with the golden blossoms of the acacias.

And then the road grew opener, that the folk passing up the great river might see the stately War Office and Post Office, which signify the reign of order and ease—for behind the War Office rise the Courts of Law, and behind them, the halls and the houses of commerce. They are houses of commerce still, with rows of patient blacks sitting like dogs outside them. There are very few regular shops except the barbers', which make nearly a whole street, headed by the High Life Hairdressing Saloon; and the tarboosh shop, and the Japanese rubbish shop—labelled *Au Japon*, of one Diamanti—always excepting the huge stores, like Spiers and Pond's, kept by the Greeks, whose commerce follows the British flag. I have seen Khartum in the making.

Half way up the Blue Nile promenade is the vast white palace of the Sirdar, at the head of majestic steps sweeping down to the sparkling waters of the great river. Beyond it lie the bungalow of Slatin Pasha, the hospital, the Sudan Club and the Gordon College. But my business lay in the palace, and the sergeant of the guard conducted me through the Gordon Hall, across the garden, and up a dazzling white outside stairway—an imposing approach in the style of the Italian

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Renaissance—to the interior of the palace, where Captain Symes, D.S.O., came forward and said that the Sirdar could see me in a few minutes.

The Sirdar was more than kind in helping us to see Khartum comprehensively. He arranged what sights we should see on every morning and afternoon of our stay in Khartum—put his yacht and launches at our disposal for making expeditions up and down the Nile or crossing to Omdurman and Khartum North: and gave orders for the Government contractor to have camels and donkeys ready for us for all our land excursions. Further, the kindest thing of all, he arranged for whatever officer knew the subject best to accompany us on each expedition, so that I could ask for any information I required. Sometimes we had the advantage of going with Captain Amery himself, who now holds the post of Intelligence Officer which the present Sirdar held at the great battle of Omdurman—a man who can speak half a dozen languages, including an intimate knowledge of Turkish and Arabic, of which latter he has written a grammar.

The Financial Secretary of the Sudan, Colonel Bernard, was kind enough to ask Mr. Russell Rea, M.P., whose party had shared a table with us all the way from Cairo, Mr. Sidney Low, the literary editor of the *Standard*, and ourselves to lunch to meet the famous Zubeir Pasha.

Zubeir came in late for lunch, but said he would stay to tea, at which he took coffee and lemonade. He speaks no English, though he has had so much to do with the English, both as friends and enemies; but Colonel Bernard, through whom his dealings with the Sudan Government pass, interpreted for us. It is through

him, I believe, that Zubeir draws his three thousand pounds a year from the British Government, against whom the Pasha has a claim for four millions in recompense for various temporalities of which we have deprived him. Zubeir still has very large landed possessions, which he farms more progressively than any other native. He is always willing to try new ideas, and would make much money if he were not drained by the number of his dependents. He has, for instance, his full complement of wives, and he has had forty children, of whom sixteen are living.

Zubeir is now over eighty years of age, but he is still very upright in the figure and stands over six feet high. He is almost black in the face, and wears a white moustache and imperial. He dresses, except for the tarboosh, like a wealthy Nonconformist clergyman, and when he came to call on Colonel Bernard that day was riding on a white ass worth forty or fifty pounds, with a fine crimson silk saddle and richly-mounted harness.

He had come on business to secure the remission of the land-tax on certain of his lands which, with such a low Nile as that of 1907, could not be cultivated. The request was perfectly in order and could be granted, so the Pasha was in an amiable mood. Colonel Bernard introduced us and explained the positions and occupations of Mr. Rea, Mr. Low, and myself—and Zubeir asked him to say that he was much interested to meet us. But the thing which interested him most was to know if we had our families with us.

He had no objection to talking about his relations with Gordon, who, he said, was a very good and noble man—the best man he had ever met.

He scouted the idea of having any hand in Gordon's

death. He bore him no malice, he said, for the death of his son, who was executed by one of Gordon's subordinates, Gessi. Zubeir said Gessi was entirely to blame for this ; that Gessi was a low-class Italian trader whom Gordon would never have employed if he had not been hard up for Europeans fit to hold posts. If the English and Egyptian Governments had only trusted him, he said, he would have saved Gordon. Colonel Bernard said that if Gordon's suggestion had been taken and Zubeir had been appointed Governor-General of the Sudan, the Mahdi would never have taken it. Meanwhile he had been explaining to us how extremely useful Zubeir had been to the Sudan Administration. As soon as the Sudan was opened on the present lines, Zubeir at once applied for leave to come back and settle there ; he promised to use his influence to make the natives content, and as soon as he received the permission he took up large tracts of land and laid out money on them boldly.

Colonel Bernard said that he had kept his promise well, that he had used his gigantic influence royally, that when the natives were wanted to do anything they were sure to ask Zubeir if it was all right, and he explained its advantages to them, and talked them out of their suspicions. He was also useful to consult if the authorities were in doubt as to whether a proposed change would be beneficial to the natives, while his example in taking up land and laying out money on it had been of immense benefit, because more than anything else it had inspired the natives to spend money on improvements in their agriculture.

Zubeir was not yet so familiar with cameras as to have a contempt for them. When he saw mine he

expressed a desire to be photographed—he wished himself, Colonel Bernard, Mr. Russell Rea, Mr. Low and myself to be photographed in a group, and wished to be taken riding his magnificent ass. It was hard to believe that the old man in the frock coat and correct striped trousers of civilization—very well-made clothes—riding on that ass had once been Sultan of dominions as large as the Sudan. Even the Kingdom of Bornu was included in them.

At the end of it all one is constrained to confess that it is well that he was not made Governor-General of the Sudan, for though Gordon's life and the lives of hundreds of thousands of Sudanese would have been saved, the Sudan to-day might only have been in the condition of the Wadai of the Senussi instead of a Tropical Utopia.

Adieu, Khartum! Amid all the recollections of Utopian achievements and fantastical African effects one night will stand out in my memory. It was the night of the Christmas Ball: the band of a British regiment was sending the strains of *La Faute des Roses* waltzing across the Blue Nile, and in the intervals of the dances the natives, sitting like black ghosts in the shadow of the lebbek trees, were watching the gallant and gay young officers in their brilliant uniforms, and the Englishwomen in their light and filmy ball dresses, wandering along the gleaming road by the gleaming river, under the full moon and the full stars. The tropical air was like balm: a light breeze stirred the fans of the palm trees clustered at the road corners, and blew the perfume out of the leafy acacias, and below, on the Blue Nile—so blue in the moonlight—the tall felookahs nodded in the sleepy acquiescence of the South.

## THE CITY OF OMDURMAN, AND THE GREAT BATTLE.

AT Khartum, even in December, the thermometer can top a hundred in the shade, so we used to start off virtuously about eight o'clock in the morning, intending to come in before the heat of noon ; but regularly every morning we found ourselves coming in just in time for lunch and starting out again very soon afterwards. We made one of these early starts for Omdurman. It was not yet eight o'clock when we heard the little warning snort, and the Sirdar's white yacht came running swiftly down the Blue Nile to the steps cut in the mud in front of our hotel. Its captain was a white-turbaned, white-gowned Nubian rais, more pilot than captain, as on most Nile steamers. And Captain Amery himself, the Sirdar's Intelligence Officer, was on board to take charge of us. The yacht was a pleasant boat, with a high deck under an awning to give one the air and the view, and with the usual cabin arrangements below. It was very delightful in the fresh air of early morning to run down past the high bank and old fort at the point of the Blue Nile ; and the low green island which closes the mouth of the White Nile, except the narrow and immensely deep channel which carries down its huge body of water ; and the long, low shore



of the Omdurman side. The city of Omdurman stretches for six miles along the shore because all its inhabitants want to be within easy reach of the water. Omdurman is one of the great Nile ports; there are sometimes a whole fleet of felookahs fringing its shore, especially in the season for gum—its principal export. The gum market is outside the city at the Khartum end. We landed, not without difficulty, in the stiff north wind, a little higher up near the Dervish fort under the famous South Gate. There we were met by the Mamûr of Omdurman, Captain Hamdi, of the Egyptian Army, and Sheikh Salah Gebriel, the Sudan Government contractor for camels and donkeys. There were some very grand donkeys, saddled with blue fleeces, to take us round the city. The pleasure of our visit to Omdurman was much enhanced by the Sirdar's having asked the Mamûr to join Captain Amery in taking charge of us on this most interesting day. His intuitive knowledge of the Sudanese, and tact and firmness in handling them, have made him one of the most valued officers in the administration of the Sudan. He speaks English like an Englishman, and was able to answer every question that eager inquisitiveness could put to him. The Sheikh, a magnificent old Arab, received his present appointment as a reward for the valuable service he rendered to the English at the great battle of Omdurman, where he was a sort of intelligence orderly to the present Sirdar, who was at that time Intelligence Officer to Kitchener. The city of Omdurman is nowhere near the battlefield, being several miles further south. The battle received its name because it was fought to take the city. I shall describe it lower down. Mounting took some little time, because, though the ladies

liked the fleece saddles very much, I found the ordinary English saddle much easier for getting on and off quickly, and as I knew I should be constantly dismounting to take photographs, I got the Sheikh to send for one. Omdurman is almost pure African, diluted only by the barracks of a few Sudanese regiments with English officers, and by the presence of an English Governor, and several model schools, at one of which the Khalifa's son, a rather backward boy, is receiving his education with the Arab Tom, Dick and Harry. The chief objects of interest at Omdurman are the relics of the rule of the Mahdists, and Bazars and markets equatorially primitive.

The traces of the Mahdi and the Khalifa are numerous; they are the ruins of the Mahdi's house and tomb; the plain enclosure which was his mosque; the Khalifa's house, which is still quite perfect; the Khalifa's treasury and arsenal; the fortified lines where his Baggara guard were quartered; several forts; the Khalifa's execution ground; his prison; the house in which Slatin Pasha was confined; and smaller things.

As we rode into the South Gate under a low arch, the band of one of the Sudanese regiments was playing a Sudanese air, which gave a weird Oriental effect. We were then in the walled town of the Baggara, who were the fellow tribesmen of the Khalifa, his body-guard, and the backbone of his army, kept separate to guard against surprises and to be in readiness to deal with any disaffection. Adjoining it naturally are most of the buildings mentioned above as relics of the Mahdi and the Khalifa. To the north of this is the Christian quarter, occupied by the Abyssinians and Copts and a few Greeks. This Baggara town once went

down to the river ; it is most of it covered with ruins now, but being the best portion of Omdurman, is, I am informed, going to be properly sanitated and let out in plots for European villas and gardens.

The first of the Mahdist buildings which we entered was the famous treasury and arsenal, where they still keep the Khalifa's magazines of uniforms, and all sorts of weapons, from the Remingtons captured from Hicks Pasha to Turkish officers' pistols, Brown Besses, matchlocks, long-barrelled Arab guns, and even spears. There were a few cannon of old patterns which the Mamûr said had been used against the English. Here, too, were Gordon's carriages and the Mahdi's carriages, half landau, half carrier's carts, painted light blue, and fast dropping to pieces now ; and Gordon's piano, reverently covered with the Union Jack.

The Khalifa was not averse to making use of the appliances of civilization. He had the machinery for a mint—the Mamûr gave us some of the coins struck from it—the machinery for making ammunition, a printing press, and a powder factory. He had steamers, and sent telegrams. That he resisted the suggestion that he should have torpedoes to be used against the English was chiefly because, when the Mahdi had a torpedo made, it blew up and destroyed his own ships.

Everything is still left in the Khalifa's Arsenal much as it was on the day when he served out the stores from it to his army before taking up his position at Gebel Surgham to await the attack of the English, who were coming to assault his capital. There were even the padded caps of his body-guard of almost the same pattern as those worn by mediæval jesters. Grim

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jesters! All the machinery had broken down as the great machinery of Mahdism was to break down on that eventful day. The Khalifa's account-books are still here. The Khalifa's Treasury-Arsenal is a low, square building, surrounded by an arcade and enclosed in a square courtyard, in which there was a store of dhurra (with Arabs at work sifting it), on the day we were there, as I suppose there used to be in his time.

The Mahdi had original ideas about bi-metallism. His idea was to take a bronze penny, about the size of a silver ten-piastre piece, silver it over and order it to be accepted as ten piastres. After a few people's hands had been cut off for not accepting it, it went quite well. It had "Omdurman" written on it. The Khalifa struck genuine ten-piastre pieces as well as copper money. The Treasury was still put to some use: we saw a big pile of ivory there which had been brought in from the Bahr-el-Ghazal as revenue.

From the Treasury we rode to the house in which Slatin Pasha lived so long, which consisted of a single room surrounded by a courtyard, to which other buildings are now tacked on. It is a little low room, about eleven feet square, built of mud; but Slatin used, humorously, to describe it sometimes as his bedroom, sometimes as his dining-room, or drawing-room, or study. Wearing irons on his feet would call for no comment in Omdurman; even in Khartum you see plenty of prisoners in the streets to-day, at work with their feet in five-pound fetters. In the courtyard is the well which Slatin dug, and a few feeble shrubs which he planted in that day of small things, when he needed a great heart to have any hope that the clouds would some day lift. As we made our entry into his house with the Sirdar's



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Intelligence Officer and the Deputy-Governor of Omdurman in their uniforms, and the Sirdar's Sudanese soldiers standing by us, it set me wondering if Sir Rudolf Von Slatin Pasha, Inspector-General of the Military Forces of the Sudan, ever rides past the mud house, where he was kept in a malefactor's chains, in the military pomp and circumstance which attach to his important office. Tennyson's lines,

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm and cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;  
Our hands are little, but our hearts are great,"

would have special applicability. Many thoughts on the subject of the Blind Goddess came into my mind as we rode, after leaving Slatin's house, across a big open square where an English subaltern in a Sudanese regiment and a party of signallers were standing on a little mound. For this enclosure, the Mamûr told us, was the mosque of the Mahdi and the Khalifa, a mere open enclosure for the accommodation of the dozens of thousands who assembled voluntarily or perforce to listen to their orations. Where the subaltern and the signallers were standing had been the platform from which the head of Mahdism addressed his followers. Here Slatin and the other prisoners were kept praying many hours a day in positions which, to Europeans, were torture. We were shown the spot where Slatin prayed four times a day. When I said to the Mamûr: "Is this all they had for a mosque?" he smiled and said, "At any rate they are very fine walls: we could not build such walls to-day: we have not the forced

labour." I forgot to ask whether he was a Christian or a Mohammedan.

The next place we visited was the Mahdi's Tomb. Before it was destroyed it was a mosque-tomb such as one sees in Cairo—a lofty, arcaded building, with a tall, slender white dome. The dome was, I believe, of mud, but the parts of the tomb which were left standing are of good stone masonry—they were built by the German prisoner, Neufeld; the ruins are quite handsome and of considerable architectural merit. The dome, which had already been damaged by British shell-fire, was blown up by Kitchener's orders, and the Mahdi's body was burnt, and its ashes were thrown into the Nile as a lesson, which the Sudanese are not slow to accept, that the Mahdi was a false prophet. The Little Englanders, who made an outcry about sacrilege, had not the sense to know that if Kitchener had spared it the natives would have taken it as an acknowledgment that he believed in the Mahdi and considered his remains sacred. The tomb would at once have become a great pilgrimage place, and a centre of disaffection.

I talked to various Mohammedans at Khartum on the subject of the Mahdi and Mahdism; they were dead against him; they said that he was an impostor and a false prophet, and a very cruel man, and retrogressive instead of being progressive as the true Mohammedan should be. The Sudanese Mohammedans are all for progress; they have no false sentiment about the destruction of the tomb; they say that it had to be done, and they would have done it themselves if the Englishmen had not done it: "So as to have peace and settled affairs."



Before the tomb was destroyed there was an iron railing of fine workmanship round it. Illustrations of this and of the tomb-mosque as it was before its destruction are given in Mr. John Ward's "Our Sudan, its Pyramids and Progress," which is a regular encyclopædia of the monuments of the Sudan.

The Mahdi's tomb stands in a walled enclosure ; his house was on the other side of the wall ; he died, not in his house, but in the tomb. When it was certain that he could not survive, he was carried on his bed to the spot over which the dome afterwards rose. He died, as the Sirdar in his "Mahdism and the Egyptian Sudan" informs us, a violent death : "Long addicted to prodigal excesses, this first period of respite from incessant effort was fatal to Mohammed Ahmed.

"The story punctuates the pages of history. A woman, daughter of a townsman who had lost children, wives, property, and all in the long siege, submitted to outrage and obtained a terrible revenge. On the night of the 14th June, she gave the effeminate and debauched prophet a deadly poison, and after lingering in great agony he died on the 22nd of the month."

Neufeld, who built the Mahdi's tomb, was compelled by his captors to become a Mohammedan. I have been told that he still remains a Mohammedan, instead of resuming his Christianity the moment it was safe, like most of the other prisoners of the Mahdi and the Khalifa ; which seems to me to redound to his honour.

The Khalifa's house is quite uninjured ; it is of considerable size and has mud walls three or four feet thick. It is said to be the coolest house in Omdurman or Khartum, and is much in request among the officers stationed at Omdurman. Captain Amery lived in it

for a while, and it is now occupied by two young Englishmen—one of them Mr. Asquith, the son of the Prime Minister. This also affords food for reflection: the son of a Liberal Prime Minister of England living in the house of the Khalifa. One of its chief curiosities is a bath-room in quite the Pompeian style, decorated with two brass taps from Gordon's bath-room, which have, however, no pipes connected with them. There is a native oven outside for heating its water.

One portion of the house is two-storied. The Khalifa allowed nobody except his own family to have this privilege, because he wished to be able to overlook the rest of the city. His room was in the upper part, and, besides the ordinary outside stair, had an inside stair for his twelve wives to come to his room. He had a garden like a Pompeian peristyle, and as brown as a back-yard, and a cool sort of European dining-room, with a loggia in front of it, the whole quite Italian. You can see the fatal hills of Kerreri from the Khalifa's own windows; you can also see the polo ground. *Nous avons changé. . . .*

I did not see the houses of the Enir Yakub or the Sheikh Ed-Din, the other two two-storied houses, or the prison of the Saïer down by the river in which Neufeld and other European prisoners of the Khalifa were confined, for when we had seen the Khalifa's house the Mamûr took us off to see one of the schools for which Omdurman is now famous, being one of the great educational centres of the Sudan.

The school, which had mud walls, was built with the coolest possible aspect, so that its windows could be opened all through the heat of the day—instead of having the boys shut up in dark closed rooms, as they

so often are in the Kuttabs. As we went in the first room all the little boys sitting at their desks rose up and saluted. They were boys of the first year, writing out English monosyllables with their Arabic equivalents beside them, and doing arithmetic with the original Arabic signs. Captain Amery said they are much more advanced than boys of the same age in Egypt. The sound of their pencils scratching on slates came as regularly as the tick of a typewriter. The master asked who could give some answer: every pupil raised his hand. They were mostly in little linen jackets, though a few wore tweed, and all wore tarbooshes. They had the same desks that you see in an English board school. "What part of speech is *long*?" asked the master. Every boy shot out his finger. "Long is an adjective," they cried in chorus. Then we went on to the room of the second-year boys; one, a pure Sudanese in everything but his paternity, had English hair and complexion. The boy next to him was the colour of roast coffee, but with white nails: the second-year boys were doing dictation: their wall was covered with maps. They lose marks for absence, which the Sudanese hates as much as the Egyptian, so they are very regular in their attendance. Many of them spoke English quite fluently, though they make the mistakes to which learners by rote are apt. I was surprised that they were so good as they were, for their Egyptian masters made the same sort of mistakes as they did. I heard the Egyptian master of the fourth-year boys telling them that Cairo was "a *much* city, founded four hundred years ago." These boys were doing beautiful maps, with the Arabic lettering of their names extremely ornamental. This was the school attended by the Khalifa's son.

The big square which we crossed at the beginning of the Bazar was, the Mamûr said, the Khalifa's Execution Ground.

Before we went into the market we went into the Sûks, or Bazars, at the entrance to which stands a very good curio shop, where we bought spear-heads from the battlefield to use as paper-knives, and ivory bracelets to use as napkin rings, besides various articles of jewellery. Captain Amery, who was on the look-out for one, was lucky enough to buy a Gordon medal, the only one the man had. When I had chosen the things I wanted, the Mamûr fixed the price, and the shopkeeper assented with Oriental fatalism and a pleasant smile. Each trade has its own quarter, often marked in a characteristic way. Every seller of cotton cloths, for instance, has a cotton bush growing outside the mud hut in which he carries on his business. Europeans are expected, for there are curio shops, and the saddlers make articles to capture their piastres. One of the most interesting Sûks was that of the silversmiths. The heavy silver filigree-work of Omdurman is known all over the Sudan and Egypt. We wanted to buy some silver things, and were stopping in front of various stalls in the sun to examine them, when the Mamûr held up his hand and ordered chairs to be placed in the shade for us, where the thermometer was only ninety-six, and the silversmiths to carry their stalls across the street and range them in front of us. When we asked the price of anything it was weighed, for everything is made of pure silver, and very little is charged for workmanship. But one man wished to charge much more than the Mamûr thought was right, so he sent for the Sheikh of the Sûk to fix the price, which the Sheikh always does with scru-

pulous justness, as in other countries where this custom prevails.

These Sûks were in terraces of low mud huts like the cantonments of the tribes at Khartum, more like an encampment than a city. From them we passed to the Market of the Women, which is much more interesting. The market of Omdurman is a most astonishing place; it is the best place for taking kodaks that I was ever in in my life, for there is no shade in the centre, and hardly any in the booths which surround it. Practically everything you want to photograph is in the full sun, and you want to take a photograph at almost every yard, for it is crowded with jet black people—the young of both sexes wearing nothing at all, and many of their elders only wearing a waist-cloth. Here we saw Equatorial Africa squatting on the ground doing its little cooking and waiting for customers, though there did not seem much for the customer to spend his money on. I noticed that a good many of the old negresses wore large hats when they were crouching in the sun. From every side came the noise of tom-toms. These children of Nature were dancing, regardless of the thermometer. Their dancing did not seem to me very interesting; it consisted so much of moving the legs up and down like soldiers marking time. But there was one set of dancing-girls, with minstrels squatting round, under a canopy of straw, who were doing rather more original things, chiefly posing and grimacing. I much preferred the stalls, piled up with baskets and trays of the close and gay-coloured Sudanese plait; the stalls of gaudily-coloured gourd calabashes and bowls; the gay leather cushion and saddle shops; and the shops where they had ostrich feathers and eggs, beads and amber and

Eastern smells. There were other stalls full of mere European rubbish for bartering with the country people, absolutely uninteresting stuff, though, if there had been any country people bartering while we were there, the things they brought to exchange for cheap tinkery and turnery might have been most covetable. I liked the weavers—they had fine fresh antics in the ordinary pursuance of their trade; and the man who held the hot iron for soldering with his toes. Carpenters seemed to use their toes more than their fingers; the tailor was doing his ironing with his foot. The jeweller certainly was using his fingers, as over the one red spot in a heap of grey ash he was fixing tiny lengths of silver wire on a silver ring, rose-coloured with heat, the famous filigree-work of the Sudan.

I bought a kabota, one of those odd little round-bottomed coffee-pots which have basket rings to stand on and baskets to go in to keep themselves warm. The coffee-pot itself, which looked like a globe with a spout coming out of its top, was dark red and made of Nile mud. The hive-shaped basket rivalled the rainbow in its hues. I also bought the twin Koran charms sewn up in leather, which have the general effect of an opera-glass case; and sundry picturesque daggers, new and old; and the bead fringe bags in which ostrich eggs are hung up in the mosques, for I had ostrich eggs at home, presented to me when I was young, for which I had never been able to find any conceivable use. The ladies bought dammur, the soft white cotton cloth of the Sudan, as charming to look at as Tussock silk. While the Mamûr was indicating the points of good dammur the tall Sudanese soldiers who had been accompanying us, and had nothing to do but to help us on and off our

donkeys, came to my assistance in bargaining with the leather-sellers and the armourers. They knew the numbers, and the names of money, in English, and when I was going to pay too much, interjected the right sum—three piastres, or two shillings, or whatever it might be. In the Sudan, as in Egypt, there is a great deal of reckoning done in shillings. They have given the English name to an Egyptian coin worth a quarter of a dollar—a shilling and a halfpenny.

By far the most interesting stalls were the poor people's restaurants. Some of them were such very little stalls, with only a few saucers, mostly containing something fried or something picklish; all the races of Egypt are great on pickles, and the vegetables are very gay in all the kingdom of the Khedive. I think that the Italian must have got his gaiety in vegetables from his Arab invaders. At other stalls their keepers were cooking primitively with iron pots under a terrific sun, which seemed so much more capable of cooking than their poor little fires.

I found the whole spectacle one of absorbing and enthralling interest. The people were dignified, primitive, and had the fine simplicity of animals. One woman was wearing a Koran round her neck because she had a headache.

Lady Wingate is doing what she can to raise the standard of education among these people by having a school of work for which she gives prizes.

Still with the theory of doing our sight-seeing in the cool part of the day, we made a separate excursion to the battlefield of Omdurman, in charge of Captain Carroll, of the R.A.M.C., who also speaks Arabic very fluently, and the same Sheikh, Salah Gebriel, who had

brought the donkeys for us when we rode round the city of Omdurman. The yacht landed us at the village of Kerreri, not very far from where the English had their zareba on the night before the battle. It was difficult landing in the stiff north wind, and we might have been some time over it, if the Sirdar's sailors had been above jumping overboard like ordinary Nile boatmen. But they were not; they took to the water and dragged a native boat alongside to help us disembark.

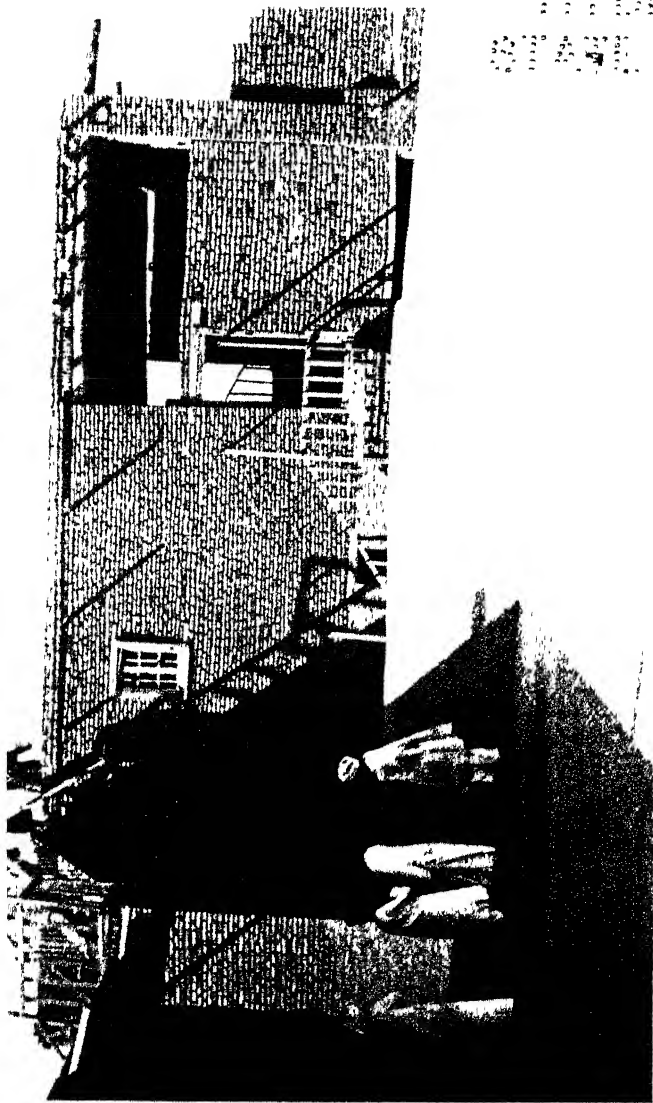
As we had a good deal more riding to do to-day, the Sheikh was wearing English brown boots and gaiters with his beautiful Arab robes, and he had brought camels as being less fatiguing than donkeys. One of them had been the Khalifa's camel, and had the saddle, gaily decorated with silver, used by the Khalifa on the day of the battle of Omdurman. The Sheikh himself rode the little black donkey on which he had behaved with such gallantry in the great battle. It was very thoughtful of Sir Reginald Wingate to tell the Sheikh to go with us, for he was with Sir Reginald all through the battle, and could therefore give us the minutest information about every point on the field. He could not speak English, but that did not signify, as Captain Carroll spoke Arabic so fluently. I will not describe the ceremony (for it almost amounts to this) of mounting a camel. I will only say that as one sat cross-legged on the giddy elevation of a camel's back, going at a camel's trot towards the rocky brow where the Khalifa sat, like Xerxes in Byron's poem, waiting to see his army crumple up Kitchener, as it had crumpled Hicks Pasha, one had a curious feeling of exaltation. This was the low volcanic hill of Gebel Surgham. The Sheikh was an admirable cicerone; he pointed out the scenes of all

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the chief episodes and described them graphically from the top of Gebel Surgham, which was the centre of the battlefield. He took the Khalifa's saddle off the camel to make a desk, and on it he spread the plan which Captain Carroll had brought with him, for him to identify the various points of the battlefield on it. To the north, on the edge of the river, are the hills of Kerreri, and separated from them by a gap is another isolated hill, occupied in the beginning of the battle by the cavalry and the camel corps. The khor, where the 21st Lancers had their miraculous success, lies between Gebel Surgham and Omdurman. The first point we visited was the monument of the 21st Lancers, which lies near the scene of their charge, a monolith of white marble, already chipped by American souvenirists. The khor is a gully, so shallow that you hardly notice its existence from the top of the Gebel, but in which some thousand Arabs were able to move up unperceived and join the thousand or so who held it, when the 21st Lancers had been put in motion against the original force. It is bordered by scrubby desert bushes, which gave a little additional cover. The marvel is how any of the Lancers came out alive, but it shows how almost irresistible is the impact of a resolute cavalry charge against the bravest infantry who have not a machine formation to meet it. There is a good deal of scanty vegetation among the bones of the battlefield, where the heat is intense, even under a winter sun. The battle was fought in blazing September, but it was fought very early, and was all over before mid-day. The hill on which the Khalifa sat played a great part in the battle, for behind it he masked a force of many thousand men. It is covered with rough volcanic stones and pebbles of quartz, as red as cornelian.

The hills of Kerreri also played a great part, for they were so covered with rough and sharp stones that the cavalry and camel corps could not move among them as fast as the Dervish infantry. The Khalifa consequently trapped them, and would certainly have annihilated them as they were endeavouring to escape from the hills and fall back on the British main force on the banks of the Nile, if it had not been for a watchful Naval officer, who, just as the Dervish thousands thought their triumph assured, and were going to rush the devoted cavalry, poured a well-directed fire into them from his little guns and machine guns, and turned their triumph into a shambles. Omdurman was a splendid battle; the Khalifa used such resolution and such generalship, and he was met with the coolness of Kitchener and the stubborn courage and resourcefulness of Hector Macdonald. Just as he should, but for the gunboat, have crumpled up the cavalry, so if all his commanders had acted together, and Macdonald had not fought so splendidly, he should have overwhelmed the English army as it was trying to force its way into Omdurman before his own great army could return to the city. It was fine strategy on the part of this black African commander to divine that the English would strike at Omdurman, and prepare to profit by this, and fling an overwhelming force on them as they were in transit. He under-rated the superiority of civilized troops and weapons, and paid for it with the loss of his empire. I knew the story of the battle well from the glowing pages of Mr. Churchill before I rode over the field, but it never came home to me as it did when it was explained by that stern old Sheikh, who had been through the battle himself, and pointed out with his lean brown finger



*Photo. D. J.*

The Khaldun's House in Omdurman

J. K. MILLER Esq. M.D. 1900

[*Letter, p. 112*]

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where he had seen this and the other charge of the devoted Baggara, and the hard-beset English cavalry. From any part of Khartum can be seen the hill of Gebel Surgham, rising like a pyramid designed by Nature to the enduring qualities of the avengers of General Gordon.

“ Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no right to live,  
He begs for money to bring you learning--and all the English give.  
It is their treasure--it is their pleasure - thus are their hearts inclined :  
For Allah created the English man--the maddest of all mankind !

They do not consider the Meaning of Things ; they consult not creed nor clan.  
Behold, they clap the slave on the back, and behold, he ariseth a man !  
They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool,  
\* They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school.”

RUDYARD KIPLING—*Kitchener's School*.

\* This actually happened at Omdurman on the night that the city surrendered. Kitchener himself rode up without an escort to demand the surrender of the city.

## KHARTUM NORTH—A TROPICAL ARSENAL.

WHEN Khartum was first laid out its position was turned to account in a unique manner. It stands, as is generally known, on the peninsula formed by the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, which join and constitute the Nile a few miles below the city. With the forethought which characterizes the Sudan Administration, it was determined to have the noise and dirt of the dockyards and factories on the one hand, and the mass of the native population on the other, cut off from the residential portion by water. The central position between the two Niles, which is also the pleasantest and the most healthy, was naturally reserved for the seat of Government and for the residential portion of the town. Natural conditions designated Khartum North for the dockyards and factories, and Omdurman for the native city. Omdurman is not on the banks of the White Nile opposite Khartum, it is a few miles lower down the river on the Nile itself. Distance lent enchantment. The natives of the Sudan think many of the elaborate precautions which the Europeans take about drainage, and other forms of sanitation, tiresome and tyrannical, but as Omdurman is a long way from Khartum, and as no Europeans live there except the Governor and a few regimental officers, the natives need not be worried with excessive precautions.

In the same way the situation of Khartum North is admirable for its purpose. Being right opposite Khartum, it is handy, and, being on the other side of the broad waters of the Blue Nile, its noise and smoke are not a nuisance to the Khartum residents. It has the further substantial advantage of being the terminus of the railway from Wady Halfa and Port Sudan (for which the junction is Atbara), and is consequently the best position for getting supplies and sending away manufactures.

Khartum North is a large city ; it has about fifty thousand inhabitants, half of them employed in the Government yards. It is practically under the direction of Commander Bond, R.N., D.S.O., the Director of Steamers and Boats and the head of the Khartum Dockyard. The dockyard is quite an extensive one, because at it are made and repaired all the steamers and barges, and a good many of the sailing-boats used between Assuan and Gondokoro. It is also the Arsenal for the war steamers which played such a great part in the wars of the Mahdists.

It was very bizarre, our visit to Khartum North. Just before lunch a naval launch manned by Arabs, none of whom spoke any English, was waiting for us at the foot of the steep bank in front of the "Grand Hotel." The Rais made signs that we were the people he wanted, and soon transported us to the other side of the river, where, the water being too shallow for the launch to approach, the crew jumped overboard and fetched a plank on which we tottered to shore. There our host was awaiting us in a sailor's shore-service uniform ; the naval officers in the Egyptian service are enrolled in the Egyptian army, Egypt having no navy. I never

felt hotter in my life than when we were crossing the paddock to the naval mess, which lies some way back from the dock ; the thermometer was a hundred in the shade, and there was not any shade.

But first I must say something about the dockyard, I confess that I took the engineering and arsenal departments, which are like little bits of Elswick or Woolwich, for granted. Somehow one shrinks from masses of molten and white-hot metal under a galvanized iron roof when it is a hundred in the shade. I was much interested in Gordon's old battered steamer *El-Bordcuni*, which looked more like an Etruscan bronze than a penny steamer which had been converted into a man-o'-war—that is to say, into a river gun-boat. Captain Bond took us over a gay white steamer which did not look much more like a gun-boat, but it was the gun-boat built by him which saved the cavalry and the camelry from being annihilated by the rush of fifteen thousand Dervish spearmen at the great battle of Omdurman. Captain Bond was on board her at the time and described to us the extraordinary sensations which swept over the British sailors. They knew that the cavalry and camel corps could only be saved by them ; the Dervishes already were exulting over the prey which was in their grasp. But what British sailor could avoid a curious sensation when the guns of his ship had to thunder, not against another ship, but against a solid wall of human beings ?

Just as the Dervishes gathered themselves for their spring, a row of red tongues, a row of white puffs burst from the sides of the gun-boat, and in so many minutes, instead of the cavalry and camel corps strewing the plain with their bodies, pierced by Dervish spears, the flower of the army of the Khalifa were cut to pieces by



the naval fire. If that gun-boat had not been there, our mounted men would simply have been wiped out, even if the fortune of the day had not been reversed. There was another old gun-boat here. Being out of commission, all the rooms were locked up, and the commander of the Sudanese Navy had some difficulty in getting into his own ships to show me the arrangements for bullet-proofing which form the principal feature of a Nile gun-boat, though the Arabs sunk more than one steamer with cannon fire in the Gordon campaign. The dockyards filled up a good deal of the foreshore of Khartum North. Everything was the picture of orderliness and discipline. But how hot it all was! Just now the dockyard was occupied with building launches to tow seven hundred tons instead of a hundred tons, which is all that a stern-wheeler can manage. The arrangements for launching were a curious mixture of British and Arab methods. In the main, of course, the former, though Captain Bond said that the rule-of-thumb Arab method of loosening the earth in front of a boat which was about to be launched could not be improved upon. A great deal of wood was used in the stoking of the engines; its grain was strange to me, and on inquiry I found that it was ebony—very good firewood, but very bad ebony, for only the heart of it was black. Ebony is the best firewood.

Besides the iron and steel vessels they build for Government requirements and European companies, the dockyard does a large amount of building of the ordinary Nile sailing-boats by the ordinary Nile method, which is very extraordinary. These boats are made of quite rough sunt wood, *i.e.*, acacia wood, and instead of being built on frames in the usual method, the pieces

of wood are laid on each other almost like bricks and nailed together. The caulking is done with rags.

The Sudanese do their sawing in almost exactly the same way as the Japanese—they draw the saw in the reverse way to us and use their feet a great deal. The chief carpenter was a very old man ; he came to Khartum before Gordon, worked for Gordon, and after the fall of Khartum, like so many other skilled artificers, worked for the Mahdi and the Khalifa. Now he is working for the English again—apparently an inoffensive man, strictly minding his own business and doing his best for any master whose orders he finds himself compelled to obey. He is one of the sort who are made silent by having gone through so much, as those who have gone through so very, very much are apt to be ; he is as wrinkled and dried up as the mummy of a Pharaoh ; his very body is as shrunk as if it had been embalmed.

In the huddle of steamers outside the dockyard was a stern-wheeler with her stern-wheel still full of sud. She had come down the White Nile with Lieutenant Huntley Walsh, R.N., whose business it is to fight the sud and to explore the swamps in which the great river buries itself, in the hope of finding a place which is firm enough for cutting a clean passage. In this age of marvels we might live to see the whole of the White Nile conveyed in a "twopenny tube" through the Sud country. The natives, it should be noted, have viewed the works for cutting the sud with grave suspicion. They say that the sud is Nature's barrage. The sud consists chiefly of the refuse of the famous papyrus reed, which in tropical Africa grows to the height of twenty-five feet, twice the height that one sees it in Sicily. Though it is a curse in the Sudan, for two or

three hundred miles along the waterway to the great lakes, there is not a plant of the papyrus to be found growing wild now in Egypt, the land of the papyrus.

We had the good fortune to meet Lieutenant Walsh at the naval mess that day, the man of iron who had done such splendid work in grappling with the sud problem. He does not think that the end is in sight. Perhaps it never will be, unless the proprietors of the half-penny London journals discover that the sud of the papyrus is cheaper than sawdust for making the deplorable paper on which they shock the world. Then the sud will soon disappear and the Sudan will have *Daily Mail* and *Daily Chronicle* paper manufactories on the banks of the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

It was a great relief to exchange this stove-like dockyard for the cool bungalow in which the naval mess is located. Truly the sailor is a handy man. The mess had quite a good vegetable garden; fragrant hedges of a dwarf kind of acacia, with a yellow flower, growing along the side of the irrigation-channel; rudiments of a lawn and a flower garden; and a splendid creeper, a loofah, covering the whole of the hot side of the house. The bungalow was well verandahed and had a cool airy loggia upstairs, leading off a big sitting-room with comfortable lounges and a good supply of books, and, of course, a gramophone. There is a verse of Kipling which wants re-writing. In his "Song of the Banjo," he says:—

" With my 'tunfa-tunfa-tunfa-tun-pa-tunp!'  
In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke curled,  
There was never voice before us till I led our lonely chorus,  
I -the war-drum of the White Man round the world!"

For banjo, gramophone now should be substituted. A gramophone, I believe this gramophone, had been

with the sud-cutters up the Bahr-el-Ghazal ; we heard another in the Desert on the way to the Great Oasis ; and various others *passim*. A gramophone is a great advance on a banjo—nothing but the want of money can prevent you having all the latest popular music, for the flat gramophone records take up so little room. I suppose keeping the sand out is the trouble. One needs a gramophone in lonely places in case one's dog dies, as nearly every imported dog does die in the Sudan, of a kind of pneumonia caused by ticks which get into the lungs. These sailors were sad over a gentle little Italian greyhound which they had succeeded in keeping for some months, but which now had the ominous dry cough, and was so thin that its ribs stood out like the bars of a toast-rack. It moved feebly about the house with the plaintiveness of a wounded gazelle.

After lunch we went up for a few minutes to the flat roof, of the biblical pattern. The sun was too fierce for us to stay there long, but the view was a very striking one. On the other side of the Blue Nile lay Khartum, the city of Gordon, with the great white palace which stands on the site of Gordon's death-place, resting on the bank of the river like a crown. Turning round, we had for our view, first, the green little garden, the solatium of the masterful sailors who are chiefly responsible for the success of Khartum North ; behind that was a stretch of desert sand ; then came the mud houses of the fifty thousand people who do the work of this extraordinary tropical hive of industry, with the red and green stations of the police and watchmen, green above, red below, rising at intervals, as churches would rise in a European city ; and in the distance a purple hill, based in golden sand, looking almost like a pyramid raised by one of the

Pharaohs for his monument and tomb. It is a monument—a monument of the triumph of civilization, and many thousands have found their tomb round its base. For this is the hill of Gebel Surgham, round which the epoch-making battle of Omdurman drenched the Desert with blood. Captain Bond, R.N., the Director of the Dockyard, fought in that war, and he had some stirring reminiscences to tell of it. On one occasion ten of the Khalifa's wild Baggara horsemen charged four thousand Jaalin. The Jaalin were armed with rifles, the horsemen had only their terrible swords; yet the Jaalin turned and fled. But there were a few British naval officers with the Jaalin, and, drawing their revolvers, they stood their ground, though it meant almost certain death for them, even if they succeeded in shooting most of the horsemen before they were cut down. Help came from a forgotten quarter; the gun-boat was keeping a telescopic eye on its officers, and put a shell into the Baggara which killed six of them at one shot.

Khartum North is not only a dockyard town, it has a very large business as the terminus of the Sudan Government railway, and a not inconsiderable settlement of business men has grown up round the two. It will soon be connected with Khartum by a bridge, for both railway and ordinary traffic, which is already begun, and which will carry the Sudan railways into the rich districts between the Blue and White Niles.

Khartum North is another monument to the self-reliance and resourcefulness of the Sudan Government, and practically anything that is wanted in the way of shipbuilding, railway repair and armament work can be executed there.

## ON THE NILE THROUGH NUBIA.

THE voyage in the *Prince Abbas*, the luxurious little floating hotel of Thomas Cook and Son, which transports the tourist from the First to the Second Cataract, where he is transferred to the Desert Railway, takes him right across Nubia. Geographically, Nubia is said to begin at Komombo, just below Assuan, but the last temple of Philæ and the monster dam, which has engulfed the rest in its floods, are the real gates of Nubia. Below that Nubia is Egyptianized ; its architecture is corrupted ; its people have the bloom of barbarism off them.

I have not often felt more excited than when I stepped on board the steamer at Shellal, the port of Assuan, above the Cataract, for in my ears was the dull roar of the giant river forcing its way over the giant dam, and before my eyes was the last and most exquisite of the temples of Philæ rising out of a broad mirror of water with palm trees footed in the river all round it. And even while we waited, two of the Nile boats of Assuan, rainbow-tinted, shaped, prow and stern and mast and sail, like the galleys on the vases of Ancient Greece, shot swiftly across the lake made by the dam, more like ancient galleys than ever as their long banks of oars rose and fell, to take our fellow-passengers, who were



*Photo by]*

On the Banks of the Nile.

[LEKEJIAN, Cairo.

[Facing page 286.





not facing the journey to the Sudan, over to the temple.

With the large staffs and perfect discipline of Cook's boats, it is only a matter of a few minutes for passengers and their belongings to get on board. Before the galleys reached Philæ, we were standing up-stream, lost in wonder at the first Nubian villages. The poverty, and tumble-down mud-huts of an Egyptian village, scrambling like its animals, are replaced by beautiful little towns which look as if they were survivals of the handiwork of the Pharaohs. The houses of Nubia are still absolutely Pharaonic in their character; you see the soul-houses, the little clay models of ancient Egyptian dwellings, of which most museums possess examples, reproduced with almost photographic accuracy in Nubian villages.

What are the characteristics of Nubian houses? They are often surrounded by walled enclosures like fortresses; they are fortresses, themselves, as square and perpendicular as castles, with no openings except their important gateways, and slits for air underneath the ornamental cornice which generally finishes off the top of a house wall. The gateways are often arched, and sometimes regular porches; they frequently have paintings round them. The houses, whose architecture has very delicate lines, are built of good bricks, which are often in their upper portions worked into patterns of considerable beauty, sometimes in several colours. The houses are apt to rise in successive tiers on the side of a hill, creating an appearance even of grandeur. The villages of Nubia have real architectural merit; they are as handsome as they are substantial; and you are hardly ever out of sight of them. In Nubia, as in

Egypt, the whole population lives on the banks of the Nile, and there are an astonishing number of temples, most of which are threatened with damage, as well as intermittent submergence, by the raising of the Assuan Dam, unless a great deal of money is spent on their preservation. It is good to know that Abu Simbel, the finest of all, alike by its distance from the dam and its height above the river, is safe from injury. At the beginning of the voyage, where the lake created by the dam is deepest, you glide through a water avenue of palm-trees below villages mediæval in the rich formality of their architecture. As you look back you get a glimpse of the barrage, a long, low, grey wall fringed with tall felookahs; the sand of the Desert is of the same prismatic golden colour that is so wonderful at Assuan. The first temple to strike us was that of Dabud, down by the shore, a large temple of the ordinary Egyptian type, much ruined, but with two of its pylons still standing.

The Nile flows backwards for a hundred miles from the Assuan Dam; much land is now cultivated that was never before cultivated in the history of Egypt.

We were enchanted with the opening scenery of the voyage. There were rocks almost as striking and fantastic as the Temple of Komombo; there were vaulted villages like the cisterns which are the principal remains of Ancient Carthage. Below Kartassi the Nile is a lake, with wonderful groups of palms stepped in it. The Temple of Hathor at Kartassi has been called the most beautiful small temple in the dominions of the Khedive; and as it rises high above the Nile with its Hathor-headed columns against the clear blue of the African sky, it is wonderfully charming and elegant. Only it and the Kiosk at Phike have quite the grace of

a Greek temple. There is another temple just beyond it down by the shore, dedicated to Isis. Here lies the quarry, with numerous sculptures and tablets left in it, from which the stones of Philæ were cut. The crops here sweep right down to the river, or rather, I suppose, sweep up from it, sown foot by foot as the water recedes.

It is not my intention to describe individually and in detail the temples of Nubia, the name given by the ancients to Ethiopia to signify that it was the land of gold. I intend rather to give my impressions of them and the scenery and the people. To take the latter first. The people of Nubia are distinctly pleasing; they are polite to strangers and not avaricious, though the children pester for piastres at the points frequented by Cook's tourists. To be a Cook's tourist in Nubia, it must be remembered, does not imply an excursionist, but a person of means, to whom it is nothing to win cheap popularity with piastres.

As one sees the men praying or going through their ablutions by the marge of the great river before they go to their work; or in the evening, when their work is over, sitting as still as statues watching the extraordinary life of the white men whom the great white steamer is taking from the Beyond to the Beyond, they are simple, obliging and interested. They are well-formed people, and this is even more conspicuous in the children. The long gala-beah, or Arab gown, is their only visible garment, for few of them wear anything on the head or feet. I should have said, the only visible garment of the men. The Nubians are addicted to the use of Reckitt's blue; you are often at a loss to know whether the sky-blue

garments you see upon the bank are the blue Arab cotton faded or Reckitty white. The women are small and slight and soon get ugly, but some of the girls are extremely pretty, with rather delicate *retroussé* features set off by their habit of dressing the hair in hundreds of little braids; and with large, liquid, intelligent eyes. The infants are adorable, beautifully formed little statues of polished ebony, looking all eyes: they are as graceful in their motions as young animals. The unconscious ridiculousness of the Nubian child is fascinating; they are often without a stitch of clothing. The women have a great deal of jewellery—heavy silver bracelets and anklets—the former, like their ear-rings and rings, often with the grace of antiques. Filigree work and chasing in silver is quite a Sudanese art; many of the large chased ear-rings that the women wear only differ from the fibula brooch of the classical nations in having no pin; the workmanship of some of their silver rings is quite beautiful; but it is in necklaces that the Nubian principally shines. I am not speaking now of the cheap and gaudy, but often effective, glass beads which are sold to the foreigner and worn by the natives at Shellal (these are made in Europe), but of the necklaces which are handed down in families with lovely old amber beads, golden and opaque; dented silver beads an inch or two long, shaped almost like a torpedo, mummy beads and incised cylinders found in Egyptian tombs; the pied glass beads made by the Phœnicians; pieces of roughly polished agate and cornelian; and so on, finished off, if the proud wearer can get it, with a piece of gold braid from a uniform.

From the moment a ship arrives to the moment she departs the women try to sell their jewels to the tourists,

and generally for no more than their value. At one place, Kalabsha, I think, an Arab of a superior class was going about among his poorer fellow-countrywomen trying to prevent them selling their jewels below their value ; as they had inherited them, they did not know what their value was, and getting money was a new game for them ; they had probably never seen it before the era of Cook's steamers. A genuinely paying game for the good-looking women is getting small piastres for being photographed ; they are, I suppose, Mohammedans, though none of them make any attempt to cover their faces or have any objection to being photographed if they are paid for it at this modest rate. Wherever a steamer ties up, a picturesque crowd of natives collects at once, partly, no doubt, for the chance of making money out of the tourists, but much more for what is to them their only theatre—the seeing the foreigners perform.

The scenery of Nubia along the banks of the Nile is delightful. The Nile is to my mind far more beautiful above Assuan than it is below ; it soon narrows, and for the most part remains narrow, but its banks are lofty and lined with an almost unending procession of villages as monumental as the castles of the Middle Ages. There are always mountains with bold outlines drawing nearer to or receding from the river. There are quantities of palm trees, and, in places, groves of greener, shadier trees ; and we were constantly passing the noblest rock effects, sometimes Nature's castles like the celebrated gorge known as the Gates of Kalabsha, sometimes cliffs crowned like Kasr Ibrim with frowning fortifications of the Ancients. Cook's steamer, the *Prince Abbas*, had a charming sun-parlour, about eighteen feet long by

twelve feet wide, with huge plate-glass windows, occupying the front part of the promenade deck, and on its comfortable lounges most of the score or two of passengers spent the greater part of the day, taking in the pageant we were passing.

The temples of Nubia which salute the eye of the traveller as he sails up the Nile are few of them of any great size, or, indeed, of striking beauty other than that of situation. Their charm lies in their suddenly breaking in upon what one may call the *silence of the sight*, like music in the night. You are sailing along past Pharaonic villages and groves or wild stretches of abrupt rocks, and sand of that prismatic gold, when your eye is arrested by a row of half buried Sphinxes, or a tall pylon, or the outline of columns against the sky. It is one of these deserted temples, sometimes with the great river between it and even a village; sometimes crowning a cluster of castle-like houses, with their walls picked out in patterns of piercing or colour. Most of the temples are enriched with paintings or sculptures within; nearly all have suffered from the heavy hand of time or man; not a few have half their precincts choked with sand, which may preserve while it obscures them. One effect runs through all of them—that of Ancient Egypt lifting up her head above the sands of the Desert; it is Thebes again in the debatable land between the two cataracts.

Of the built temples Kalabsha is much the finest. It is a temple like Denderah or Edfu, with only its first pylon demolished; it rose direct from the Nile on a terrace washed by the waters; you can see how the great temple\* swept down to the great river. With its large sculptured courts, it might well be a bit of Karnak

or Thebes. I cannot tell the real value of the Dakka Temple, for I only saw it by moonlight, but it is full of reliefs. One can still see some of the Sphinxes which gave the Wady-Es-Saboa Temple its name, the Valley of the Lions. But one temple obliterates the memory of all the rest, since while they are all in the minor key, it has no rival in its own kind from Khartum to the sea—I refer, of course, to Abu Simbel.

Abu Simbel differs from all other important temples in the fact that, while they are built, it is hewn out of the rock. Its façade, facing the sunrise and looking down a majestic reach of the Nile, can be seen for miles before you come up to it. It is guarded by four seated Colossi of Rameses the Great. These gigantic images are the largest in Egypt, larger even than the statue of Memnon and his twin at Thebes; they are sixty feet high and very massive, but they are also singularly beautiful and well proportioned in their conventional way; their beauty is almost as striking as their size; two of them are on each side of the entrance, which admits into an interior highly-sculptured in the most interesting way, and laid out with a fine sense of proportion. Indeed, this temple is a model of majesty, proportion and beauty. Nor is it the only monument of Abu Simbel, for the smaller temple beside it, popularly ascribed to Nefertari, the beautiful young Queen of Rameses the Great, and also carved in the rock, is of great beauty and monumental importance.

Vast as it is, Abu Simbel is threatened with immolation by the incursions of the Desert sand, which pours over the mountain side. This sand, of the brightest and most prismatic gold, has made a heap far higher than the temple, which has always threatened to sweep across

its entrance and has begun to envelop the Porch of the Prisoners. The shrewdness of an English Engineer colonel cried "Halt!" to the sand. He built a cross wall on the rocks above which for a time warded it off, but it was not on a sufficiently large scale, and the sand has leapt over its barrier and hurled itself at the façade of the temple, where its further encroachments are so dreaded that no one is allowed to tread in the sand lest it should precipitate an avalanche. Messrs. Cook and Son make a special feature of Abu Simbel; they have wired it for the electric light, and when one of their steamers is lying alongside below, these wires are connected with its dynamos for the illumination of the interior of the temple by day; the steamer needs the illumination for itself by night.

Where we tied up, the bank was a thicket of mimosa and castor-oil plant. This castor-oil plant is the typical vegetation on the Nubian Nile. The boughs of the mimosa, covered with their fragrant yellow balls, came right over the steamer, shedding their perfume, and curiously mixed with the electric wires laid on to the temple.

High up above us towered the great temple, with its cornice of Cynocephals worshipping the sun, and its images of god-like majesty as well as god-like proportions. By Rameses's side was his daughter, Princess Bint-Anat, the rescuer of Moses, small and very slender, like the Nubian girls who were standing gazing at her by our side. This temple was restored by the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The rows of prisoners, which line each side of the entrance, are very spiritedly carved; half of them were Jews, for Rameses II. oppressed the Jews mightily. Their Israelitish features are unmistakable







before you learn from your Budge for whom they are intended.

The interior of the Temple of Abu Simbel is worthy of its majestic exterior. It is very noble and dignified, and is quite a portrait gallery of Rameses the Great and his wives and his children and his victories, in which he is assisted by his famous lion. The front hall is supported by four great Osiris pillars on each side; the scribblings at its top were done twenty years ago and upwards, when the temple was nearly full of sand, and was abandoned to the owls, whose mournful note we heard outside all through the night, and the bats who poison the air of the lower chambers still. This front hall is full of pictures alike interesting in subject and beautiful in their figures and faces.

The second hall is haunted by wheeling, malodorous bats; the long, low rooms off it with benches round them were for keeping the treasures and sacrifices; the treasury has cupboard niches still. All these rooms are full of pictures, and so is the third hall, which has a fine presentation of the Sacred Boat of the Sun, which has always a ram-headed Sphinx on its bow. On a square pier of this hall we see the great king being embraced by the goddess Isis, a subject which constantly recurs. The fourth hall, which has small chambers off it for the washing and dressing-rooms of the priests, admits to the Holy of Holies, which has four gods seated on its end wall like the famous three gods on the frieze of the Parthenon. These four are Ptah, Amon-Ra, the deified Rameses, and Ra, and though they are so far from the entrance of the temple, during part of February and March the sun shines right into their sanctuary in the morning. It was full of light when we

were there in December. Still more impressive to me was it to turn round and look at the vista outwards, which carried the eye through all the halls of the temple out to the Nile.

In Nubia the temples on the Nile are nearly all of them on the west bank, in order that their orientation may be correct, while their principal façades excite the admiration of the voyager. The flabellum, or state fan of the king, represented in the paintings of Rameses here, is obviously the original of the flabellum borne beside the Pope when he goes to St. Peter's for great ceremonies. This glorious temple deserves a long chapter to itself, for its pictures are full of symbolism and history, and it is so important alike in architecture, sculpture and painting. But I cannot afford the space in the present volume.

Outside the great temple to the right is a rock chapel, discovered by Miss Amelia B. Edwards and her party in 1874, which is elaborately sculptured and painted within, and bears on its exterior a tablet commemorating the battle which saved Egypt. Outside the temple, too, is the grave of Major Tidswell, who was wounded in the Desert war and died on this spot as he was being carried back to Cairo. I could have lingered long here, standing in the shade of the mimosas, which shed a rich perfume from their little golden balls of blossom, and listening to the lapping of the Nile in the north wind. On the other side of the great temple is the smaller temple of Queen Nefertari, whom the dragomans always call "his darling wife." It is small wonder if she was. For thirty-two centuries have not robbed her type of its attractions in the eyes of man. She is sculptured more than once at Abu Simbel, and many times in Egypt—a

small, lithe figure—a small face with pretty straight features and a pleading mouth—a monument of enduring femininity.

The façade of the smaller temple, though not on the same majestic scale as the larger, is full of dignity and beauty. It, too, is cut out of the slope of the rock, leaving triangular buttresses incised with cartouches to separate the six great Colossi with wonderfully beautiful features, who stand three on each side of the entrance. I shall not describe the interior, but its paintings are very graceful.

It was charming, the way in which the small things were mingled with the great for us at Abu Simbel. When we came out of the joyous temple of the fair young Nefertari, a scarab beetle, alive, met us on the threshold. He had left a long trail behind him on the sand, so fantastic in its curves that one could well believe the legend which declares that he invented the writing of the Arab; and inside the bees were disputing the handiwork of the Ancient Egyptian with their sculpture—honeycomb nests made with a hard grey cement by these tiny workmen.

Nor were human primitives wanting, for three solemn Nubians were proceeding with the execution of an iguana three or four feet long, which they had captured down by the water's edge, and which one of our sailors was going to buy for a shilling when it was killed and skinned. He told me that he should get a shilling for the skin in Cairo, implying that the crew would get the flesh to eat for nothing, and I saw them eating it on the next day. This was no surprise to me, for I knew Australian explorers who had eaten them, and said they tasted like chicken. Frogs and snakes certainly do.

Why do housekeepers forget that the narrow range of edible flesh may be extended by ophidians and saurians as well as by batrachians ?

The iguana seemed to think it perfectly natural having its throat cut ; it did not try to kick or bite. All three Nubians held it, when it was dead and turned on its back, for the delicate operation of skinning ; they sat hunched like frogs. I did not watch them finish, they meant to give the afternoon to it. I saw that ; so I photographed them and the monster and left them, looking as wise as owls. While we were inspecting the temples, a beautiful dahabeah came up the river with her sails full of the north wind. To our pleasure she came right in to where we lay and struck sail and moored to the bank, mingling her tall rigging with the feathery leaves and downy blossoms of the mimosas. She belonged to Mr. Newman, the artist, who has made such a fortune out of pictures of Egypt. Our dragoman left us at once to try and sell him curios, while we, at a sufficient distance from the Colossi to ensure the sand not making an avalanche over them and disappointing the tourists for the rest of the season, toiled up the loose hill of bright gold sand to the wild plateau of rocks above, which commanded such a view up and down the Nile, alike superb in its effects, whether we gazed into the sunset or across the great river at the purple hills—Nature's Pyramids.

That night many people were doomed to disappointment, for we were spending the night at our moorings, sacrificing our chance of seeing the temple at Wady Halfa, in order to see Abu Simbel by moonlight. Many years of wandering about the world, and the taking of thousands of kodaks, have given me the habit of ob-

serving when such a hill or rock will cast such a shadow. When darkness fell, a little before dinner, I looked out to see what time the moon would shine at its best upon the Colossi; to my consternation I saw that the moon was preparing to scuttle round the corner of the hill out of which the temple is carved. I flew to rouse the ship, but nearly all the passengers were dressing for dinner. I told my alarmist news, but mankind are an incredulous race, and if any of them took the trouble to look out they were people who had not the energy to act upon the spur of the moment. One man, Mr. Percy Mordan, said: "Wait a minute till I slip on my dressing-gown, and I'll come with you," and we were the only two on board that ship who saw the pageant. And what a pageant it was! Those four giants, sixty feet high, bathed in silver, standing out against the dark shadows on their left-hand sides. Such was the mastery of the sculpture that in that light their eyelids seemed to droop.

I shall never forget Abu Simbel. It is as wonderful as the Sphinx and the Pyramids and the Great Dam of Assuan.

I cannot describe all the sights of that voyage; the golden shoals in the retreating Nile have lost their magic since the crocodiles have forsaken them. The life led by the Nubian villagers below the palm groves that fringe the Nile would make a volume of itself. It is Kipling and "Kim" all the time. But some phases of the voyage I must give. First, there was a funeral waiting to cross the river in an elaborately painted barge like the death-boats depicted on the tombs of the Pharaohs; there were scores of black figures, and a few white, waiting under the feathery palms for the body

of the dead to transport it across the river. Our dragoman heightened the effect by saying that they were waiting for the mummy.

On our first evening on the *Prince Abbas* we had a grand tom-tom concert got up by the sailors. There was one of the pitcher-shaped earthenware drums; the only other musical instrument consisted of two empty vinegar bottles (Champion's) and a door key. The eleven performers made a close circle in the lounge amidships and started in "La, La, La." The ring of gleaming teeth and eyes, blue and white galabeahs, white turbans and red tarbooshes—all looked to the man who played the key and bottles and had on a check shirt; he seemed to be the captain of the XI. Then Brustus got up and danced the linked feet dance, his comely feet peering out of white pyjamas; the others crooned in chorus to make a tune. It was a lovely moment; it was Africa in the tropics; it beat the tarantella at Naples hollow, and the *cafés-chantants* of Tunis, especially when the dancer finally collapsed; the performance can best be compared to the wind running out of a bagpipe. The twinkling teeth and eyes of the solo singer were glorious; the crooning was merry, but plaintive too; without hearing it, one could have no conception of how much music they can get out of crooning and tom-toms and vinegar bottles. Our white-robed Arab stewards were enthralled, though they must have seen such a performance hundreds of times, and when it was all over they called out "Hip, hip, hurry!" Which is the Nubians' attempt at the British cheer.

No sooner had they done dancing than they fetched lanterns and escorted us to a temple to which we were to pay a moonlight visit, the moon being inadequate.



I forget the name of the temple ; I have forgotten half the things that the dragoman showed us in it by the light of magnesium wire, in the use of which he was inexpert ; but I know that Augustus Cæsar, dressed as an Egyptian, was doing a variety of things which that dignified person never would have done ; or if he did do them, he was only “ playing down ” to the Egyptian crowd. The fun of the fair was the scrambling over the ruins with these engaging Nubians making themselves a light unto your feet with their lanterns, and holding you up lest you should dash your foot against a stone, of which there were a very great many piled up in dangerous heaps.

The finest sensation we had was when an oar fell overboard, and one of the sailors, without the least hesitation, jumped after it, though the steamer was doing her best pace with a strong north wind to neutralize the current. “ Won’t you wait for him ? ” I asked the manager. “ Oh, no,” he said. “ He’ll swim ashore and run to our next landing-place and get there long before we shall.” Truly, the Nile boatman is adaptive.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once wrote a book called “ The Tragedy of the Korosko.” As we passed the expiring town of Korosko, the real Korosko tragedy was painfully evident—the tragedy which befalls any part of the Khedive’s dominions when the British Army of Occupation is withdrawn. The place is almost dead ; the barracks occupied by the British soldiers are tumbling down ; the business of the place has gone into the Limbo of Forgotten Things.

The most interesting thing we saw upon the east bank was the old fortress called Kasr Ibrim, which towers above the river like the fortress of the *condottiere*, who

was the Pope's brother, and is buried with him in Milan Cathedral, towers above Lake Como. Here we have Roman walls dating from the days when the last legion of the Roman Empire southward sat on these heights guarding Egypt—the Imperial Granary—from the marauders who were the forerunners of the Mahdi. Here we have the poor fortifications of a Turkish outpost, and ruins, quite architectural, of a Byzantine church. We wandered about hunting for the vestiges of the past—an Egyptian gateway, a Roman rampart, a Byzantine column—till the sun sank behind the western shore, and then the glory of the sunset forced every spectator to follow the line of the Nile up to the sunset, from the rocky brow upon which every conqueror paused and made good his footing.

I must end at the town of Halfa, which still enjoys the prosperity of a British garrison. There are some better houses along its esplanade—the sure sign of the presence of a foreign element in any city of the Khedive's dominions. There was a "Grand Hotel"; I am not sure whether it was open or not. When I was there, its proprietor had incurred the disapproval of the Sirdar. There was a still grander Mudirich, or Governor's house, where the Mudir has the British officers and officials to mess with him. There was a regiment at Halfa Camp, in honour of which the railway station itself was called Halfa Camp. There was a prosperous Bazar, unusually picturesque with trees, at which only the native was catered for; and there was quite a picturesque mosque. But the real features in the town are the fantastic bandstand, and the post-office, to which every tourist crowds as soon as he arrives to buy the gorgeous and gigantic postage stamps of the Sudan. He invariably finds it

shut, because it is closed for an hour or two on the arrival of a boat to give the Egyptian mind the leisure it requires for the sorting of a handful of letters.

The best things in Halfa, to use an Irishism, are outside it—the ancient temples rescued from destruction by the British, and the Second Cataract, a glorious spectacle of racing waters and black rocks.

## THE DESERT RAILWAY: FROM HALFA TO KHARTUM.

THE Desert Railway was the easiest railway to lay that was ever built, and yet it is one of the marvels of a country so rich in marvels as the dominions of the Khedive. In the first place, either it cost nothing or Kitchener's transport from Wady Halfa cost nothing; in other words, it was built as part of the campaign which broke up the power of Mahdism. There are five cataracts between Wady Halfa and Khartum, and the chances of treachery—Arab traitors wrecking steamers at strategical moments—were so great, apart from the tremendous difficulties of transporting a large army over the cataracts, that Kitchener determined to fling a railway across the Desert to take his army towards Khartum: and this railway, extended to Khartum, is the Sudan Government Railway of to-day. Some of it was laid at the rate of three miles a day in a tropical summer. The Tropics begin just south of Assuan. The bizarre aspects of the railway crowded on us before we left Halfa, where the natives' luggage was thrown up into a sort of pyramid in a gravel-yard under the blazing sun, and the natives, also in the sun, were sitting huddled on the ground, as they huddle outside the law courts waiting for their turn. Only

this time, when their turn came, they would go and sit on the floor of a luggage-van : if there was any difference between a luggage-van and a carriage for third-class natives I could not discover it. It is claimed for the Sudan Government Railways that their sleeping-cars are the most luxurious in the world. This is a mistake. The Sudan authorities would be the first to disclaim it. They could justly claim that no "sleepers" could be better adapted for their purpose, for they are regular little bedrooms, each with two berths, an easy chair and washing apparatus, and with various provisions for combating the heat, like punkahs and smoked-glass windows and wooden sun-boards outside which shade the upper half of their windows. In July, when the weather is hotter at seven o'clock in the morning than it is at mid-day in winter, these precautions must be very grateful ; but in the winter they gave me the blues. I made my escape as quickly as possible to the dining-room to get away from this dim religious light, but I heard a chorus of praise for it all round me. Just before Christmas the air was as warm and cool as a fine English June.

The Desert begins directly you leave Halfa, with sands that would be quite beautiful for children if they could be transported to the sea-side and the sea flowed over them twice a day. And except for a few stray rocks and hills they are flat enough. You could see the telegraph posts crossing them for miles. The sand is of a fine golden colour, but not the glorious gold of Assuan and Abu Simbel. The Desert is flatter than the prairie. I confessed to a feeling of exultation at the thought that I was alive and doing the last stage to Khartum ; that in hardly more than a day I should

be standing in the city of Gordon, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven miles up the Nile, and in the heart of Africa. I have been to China and Japan at the other end of Asia, and Vancouver and Vancouver's Island at the other end of America, and for the matter of that to Cape Town, at the other end of Africa, and to Australia, but none of them seemed so far as Khartum.

The sands through which we were passing were wonderfully smooth, but in the distance rose a succession of pyramids (Nature-forgeries, not the real thing), and rising out of the smooth sand was a gravestone, for this is the way an army came. The long stretches of golden sand were like one broad sunrise with pyramids and kopjes on the horizon.

No. 1 Station was quite an important-looking place. It was a house with two rooms and a roofed-over space in between. The railway stretched to the horizon at each end—it seemed to go up before and behind like a switchback, but this, I suppose, was an optical delusion. The train stopped, not that there was the least chance of anybody wanting to get in or out; the station was more in the nature of a depôt of materials that might be needed in breakdowns, a shelter for a couple of Gypsy telegraph clerks. Perhaps the train stopped to keep them alive with the news of the world, from which they were cut off more effectively than in a prison or a convent. Instructions they might have by telegraph, and no stores were taken out or put in. The moon had already made its appearance, though it was only ten minutes to four. We waited ten minutes at that station doing nothing; the guards have no misgivings about waiting on the Desert Railway. They look like soldiers; the dining-

car attendants look like harem servants; they are not in the service of the Sudan Government, but of a Greek contractor who was given the contract for the dining-cars because the Government had to stop him running an hotel. When we steamed away from station No. 1 the Desert was just like a lake of sand with rocks on its horizon. The sunset turned it into a lake of gold. At five o'clock the eastern hills turned to that incomparable pink, of which you could never dream till you had been in Egypt or the Sudan, and in front of them was that golden lake—of sand—so flat that we ceased to wonder that Kitchener's railway advanced three miles a day. The western hills were the true indigo. We missed the whitening bones of the buffalo that used to strike such a mournful note on the Canadian prairie: a dead camel or two would have been better than nothing. But there was a mirage of green trees, and the blue light which you always get between the pink of the hills and the pink of sunset, until the sun dropped behind the edge of the Desert like the lowering of a ship's ensign at eventide. Then the west seemed to be enveloped in cannon-smoke, and the eastern hills turned grey and green till Nature performed the daily miracle of this dry land, and reproduced the sunset in an after-glow.

The Desert here was like a gravel road: it looked as if it had never known a drop of water, but it is only a few months or weeks since the great rains came, and in a hundred different places washed the line away. The re-supplying of Khartum was at a standstill; but the wonderful Greek traders were prepared for a siege, one would think; they came out of the test so triumphantly. The Greek merchant is not a Nathaniel; it

could not be said that he has no guile in him; but he deserves big profits for his enterprise in not following the flag, but accompanying it with the fleshpots of Egypt. The expenses of restoring the railway more than swallowed up the revenue taken from the public this year, but even if the Government did not make it pay pecuniarily by the saving in the carriage of their stores, it would be worth while maintaining it for the independence from interference which it guarantees to them. I believe, indeed, that the traffic is only remunerative during four months of the year, because the fares are too low—from that point of view. Its management and effectiveness reflect great credit on the three or four young R.E.'s who control it.

Forty minutes after sunset there was a glow on the Desert like the orange window in the apse of St. Peter's at Rome—that fire at the edge of the Desert beats any sunset I ever saw—and in the foreground, silhouetted against it in black, were the odd figures of a native encampment. The fire in the west continued long after the darkness had fallen, as it so often does in these latitudes. At No. 4 Station the Desert was a blaze of moonlight, but oh, so cold! O'Sullivan Bey says that it always is cold in the Desert at night.

The next morning I woke at a station. I could see at once that it was a place of much importance, for it was full of Sudanese with hollowed-out leopards' skins and sacks of cucumbers, and in front of the low square houses were rows of clay columns with bases a yard across. I could also see a mosque and many donkeys, and many people, chiefly in white. It turned out to be the Atbara Junction, the most important on the line, for here the railway goes off to Port Sudan.



I at once took out my kodak. The sun was already brilliant and the station was full of native life. The first thing I photographed was a native train. The carriages looked like iron bullet-proof luggage-cars, but the natives were quite happy squatting upon the floor: many of them had brought skins for the purpose. I am sure that the doors are locked and the passengers shut in like baggage during transit. I could see no lights, no windows, no anything; the people were just shoved in like cattle, and those who went in cattle-trucks were the best off. Many carried skin rugs and calabashes—there were some dignified and well-dressed old native gentlemen among them, most of them in white robes and turbans. Some of the young men were very good-looking; they seemed to take us as a joke, except that they took care to block the view into their own carriages. One had a whole collection of amulets like match-boxes strung on iron bangles just above his elbow: one had a pointed, many-coloured straw affair slung from his shoulders. It must have been a basket: as a hat it would have been too regal. The climax for the kodaker was an old warrior who had a great two-handed sword slung over his shoulder. All had tribe marks tattooed on their faces and were telling their beads with the sandal-wood necklaces for which we were offering two piastres. They may have been waiting for the train from Port Sudan like ourselves, or the station may have still been a sort of free circus to them: we could not tell from their faces; there were rows and rows of them, all turbaned, all in white, squatting on the ground; all the men carried long walking staves.

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The Atbara is the big railway junction of the Sudan,

and the Railway Battalion, and the Director of the Sudan Railways himself, are quartered here. The station is in the angle between the Nile and the Atbara which had to be bridged for the railway. The place where Lord Kitchener won his great victory, just before the battle of Omdurman, is thirty-seven miles from the station, at a place called Nakhella, on the river Atbara. Close to the station is the little white cemetery in which the English are laid who died in the hospital after the battle.

In the station they were selling the sticks of a particular tree which the Sudanese use for tooth-brushes. The Atbara's waters made a distinct line where they joined the Nile; I noticed the colour, which was very blue, because the Atbara is sometimes called the Black Nile. Here in the last two years great railway works have sprung up. We were told that the Railway Battalion contained many of the Egyptians who had blinded themselves in one eye to avoid military service, until Lord Kitchener, with grim humour, made them serve all the same by carrying sleepers and other "fatigue" work instead of training themselves for fighting which might never come. We were reminded of them by the Dead Sea Fruit which grows so freely here, a kind of spurge apparently, which has a cool-looking green fruit about the size of an orange, which is nothing but shell. The milk-white juice of this plant is so acrid that if it gets into the eyes it destroys the sight. But it is a handsome plant, with extremely green leaves, which spreads further into the Desert than most vegetation, and sometimes grows into a shade-giving tree quite ten feet high. The mimosas here are very stunted.

El-Damer, seven miles further on, is the type of a

Sudan Government Railway Station. Once upon a time it was the chief seat of Mohammedan learning in all the Sudan; now it is the starting-point of the caravans for Kassala, which is six days' journey, and Erythræa, the Italian Sudan. We found it a town of low mud compounds from which a stream of white-clad natives, humping mysterious luggage, was issuing to the station, while other natives were standing like statues about the platform. All the tarbooshes (*i.e.*, Egyptians) in the train seemed to know all the tarbooshes in all the stations, and spent the entire and liberal time for which the train halted at each station in greeting each other. The forms of greeting were European: the effusiveness was Egyptian. The poorer natives, with their beautiful ways of saluting each other, laying hand on head and heart with grave, dignified motions, looked such gentlemen beside them. There is a great distinction here between camel-driving Arabs and cattle-owning Arabs.

It was hot enough at half-past nine in the morning for us to see a mirage pure and simple—we thought we saw a lovely lake surrounded by palm trees, though it was really only desert with little yellow tufts of withered grass, which, I suppose, pass for pasture in the Sudan, at wide intervals. We saw a still better mirage a quarter of an hour later which rivalled the palm-studded inundation of the Nile at Sakkara, one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw. Soon we began to see an occasional gazelle and natives entirely naked, apparently going from nowhere to nowhere in the Desert; and after that the Desert grew rapidly less absolute, for there was a green fringe of Dead Sea Fruit pretty constantly along the line, and we could see palms in the

distance on our right. The line was nearing the Nile again : on the Desert side we had mirage after mirage.

The dining-room was the best thing on the train ; its windows were not so built over from the sun, therefore one had more view ; and its cane seats were very cool ; it was much more drawing-room than dining-room, for the eighteen passengers who had come up together all the way from Cairo sat about cigaretting and laughing, story-telling and idling. We were pretty well off for sitting-rooms with the two dining-cars and the angles of the sleeping-cars ; and the bedrooms, with the sleeping berths, made most comfortable little sitting-rooms by day.

Every now and then the train stopped for no apparent reason, and we went for a little walk alongside. The worst of it was that the train generally stopped where it was only dull desert, though there were much more interesting places for it to choose, with almost naked negroes beginning some work which apparently had not to be finished till the Day of Judgment, from the way they set about it, and the hump-backed Sudanese oxen, like the sacred Indian ox they have in menageries. The people who knew the Desert well were much more excited when they saw two butterflies than when they saw gazelles.

From this, onward, we began to see yellow gourds shaped like rock-melons lying promiscuously in the sand. Captain O'Sullivan, who was commissioned to prepare the manual of Dinka laws and customs, which have been recognized as the law of the land by the Sirdar for the Dinka country, told me that the vines they grow on had withered away. He did not know what they were, except that they were said to be quite poisonous ;

but further on, when they were gathered up into heaps, it was obvious that they had some commercial value. The Sudanese would not collect them and cart them away just because they were poisonous. Later, at Assuan, where there were tons of them heaped up in the Mohammedan graveyard behind the "Cataract Hotel," I learned that they were the bitter apple of commerce used for poisoning the existence of moths.

At El-Damer we had entered the island of Meroë, which means the country between the Nile, the Blue Nile, and the Atbara, and was ruled over by the mysterious Queens who bore the title of "the Candace." One of the things I remember best as a child, in reading the New Testament, was this passage in The Acts: "And the Angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, 'Arise, and go toward the South unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is Desert.'"

"And he arose and went; and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace Queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship,

"Was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the Prophet."

The Spirit told Philip to go and sit in the chariot beside him. Philip ran after him and asked, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" And he answered, "How can I, except some man should guide me?" And desired Philip to come up and sit with him. He was reading the passage which begins, "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter." Philip expounded its meaning and then preached Jesus to him. When they came to a certain water the eunuch asked, "See,

here is water ; what doth hinder me to be baptized ? ” Philip made him solemnly declare his belief, and then he commanded the chariot to stand still, and they both went down to the water, and Philip baptized the eunuch, and was caught away by the Spirit of the Lord and found preaching at distant Azotus.

It seemed amazing to me, when the train made its next stoppage and I got out, that I was standing on the actual earth of the Ethiopia of “ Queen Candace.” But it was soon easy to believe, for as the train sped along we saw, rising on our left, near enough for them to be photographed clearly, the sugar-loaf Pyramids of Meroë, which look almost like a Sudanese Stonhenge. They were here long before “ the Candace’s ” day.

At Mutmir station the Dead Sea Fruit trees were simply splendid, and covered with fine purple and white blossoms like a bean flower. The leaf is almost like that of an india-rubber plant, and the tree gives quite a good shade. The fruit is like a pale green meringue, which gives out milky juice, when you stab it, and splits with the least force into two shells. There were a mob of vultures here with horrible bald heads and ragged wings. The mimosas were growing more frequent and of a good size, but Captain O’Sullivan said that their red limbs were only good for firewood. There was a great excitement when someone saw an ostrich. It had probably escaped, for there is an ostrich farm in the district.

We were now in the country of conical-roofed straw huts ; there were many natives ; they did not appear to feel the sun at all, for they wore nothing but waistcloths and exposed their heads and backs to the full heat as they stooped over their work.

The contractor gives you breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea and dinner on board the train for about thirteen shillings per diem. At afternoon tea you have Huntley and Palmer's biscuits instead of bread and butter. Biscuits play a great part in the housekeeping of the Sudan; at the "Grand Hotel" of Khartum, when we wanted early breakfast in order to visit the battlefield of Omdurman, we could get nothing but biscuits to eat.

The best thing about the catering was the Worcestershire sauce; you could get plenty of that, whereas any wine you were drinking gave out after you had ordered a bottle or two, whisky and beer being the drinks of the Sudan. The catering, as I have said, was not done by the Sudan Government itself, but let out to a Greek contractor, who, all things considered, did his work pretty well, because he contrived to give his passengers a full English breakfast, lunch and dinner, moderately well-cooked, and with hardly anything overhanging; things must be very difficult to keep sound on a train in that temperature. Also the mineral waters were iced.

At Shendi, one of the last places outside Khartum held for Gordon, there was considerable activity; small birds were much scarcer than human beings, for there were cavalry and horse artillery stationed here, and a large force of the Railway Battalion brought to mend the wash-out on the line somewhere in the neighbourhood. They were walking about in their pyjamas, with tarbooshes and red slippers, when we came upon them. Even insects were at a premium here, the place was so devoid of animal life.

Little water-boys, who seemed to have been selected

for their physical perfections, and had hardly any clothes on, wandered about the station selling water; and the women, in spite of their cicatrized cheeks, were very comely, with their hair woven into innumerable braids. But the kodakers flew to the Camel Corps men, attracted by their white turbans and grand ostrich plumes. Shendi is an unending town, with low compounds and naked children. Big flocks of black and white goats economized the shade under the trees, and here and there a mosque raised its head. The general appearance of the town was quite Pharaonic. Here, also, the young natives wear nothing but a waist-cloth in spite of the great heat beating down on their heads. I thought at first that the curious little round bases down the streets were to hold trees, but they are mule and horse troughs for the cavalry.

At three p.m. I actually saw a wild flower, the first ground flower I had seen in the Desert—a genista, about a foot high; this was the precursor of more vegetation. We soon came across a good deal of dry tussocky grass. It was succeeded by the short intermittent grass one gets on the plains of Australia in the summer. Mimosa trees, shaped like stone-pines, and curious isolated rocks kept starting up. The bleached grass and tussocks were so very like Australia, but the mountains here were not forested. When we got within two hours of Khartum the country grew much more attractive, a grassy plain shut in by hills and broken by picturesque rocks. At Wad Ramleh station we saw a mountain on the west hardly to be distinguished from a Pyramid. At five o'clock we ran into fields of dhurra bleached white, with naked blacks at work in them; and a cemetery where the graves were marked with two



little square white flags, one for the head and one for the foot of each grave.

The sun had sunk beneath the plain, and the after-glow was filling half the welkin when we caught our first glimpse of Khartum—a long line of palms rising high above a noble river and broken by the stately white palace of the Governor-General.

As we had to cross the river to get to our hotel, we scrambled out of the train in a mighty hurry and raved at porters to take our luggage quickly. But when we were once on board the steamer, which does duty both as ferry-boat and for Cook's excursions, we had plenty of time to note how picturesque the tall stone quay behind us was, with black-skinned Sudanese in snow-white robes streaming down to the ferry, while the palace opposite and the palm trees were silhouetted in black against the gorgeous after-glow. The Blue Nile, at Khartum, is as large as the Nile at Cairo, but it looked black, not blue, and was shining like a mirror. I could hardly believe it that we were on the Blue Nile at last, but we were, and we remained on it for another hour, because the authorities would not allow any luggage to be taken out of the train before the mail-bags had been checked and sent off. The idea of having a separate entrance for the mail-bags did not seem to have occurred to the clerk in charge. He must have been an Egyptian.

We did not like to say much, because there was such a very impressive man walking about and eyeing us all—he had on a white suit and white tennis shoes, a pink collar, a Cambridge-blue tie, and a crimson tarboosh. He was grand enough to be the Khedive; he was really eyeing us because he was the man in

charge of the tickets, and meant to make sure of everyone buying a ticket when the boat started. When he was once started he went ahead in great style, and, besides extorting tickets for ourselves and our baggage from the station to the hotel, pestered us to book for Cook's excursion to the city of Omdurman, and Cook's excursion to the battlefield of Omdurman, and Cook's excursion to the Blue Nile, and Cook's personally conducted tour round the sights of Khartum. For the ordinary tourist Cook runs Khartum.

There was another very grand person in a white frock coat with a green velvet band round his hat ; he proved to be the conductor of the "Grand Hotel." It took so long for the boat to start that a large porous pitcher holding six or eight gallons, fixed in a sort of wash-stand to drip into a smaller pitcher that held about a pint placed underneath it, dripped it full before we got off. We had another wait at the post office.

It was quite dark before our steamer moored at the foot of the steep bank below the "Grand Hotel," and a swarm of Nubians carried up the baggage of the eighteen passengers from Cairo past a line of rikshas resting on their shafts—which carried us back to the day we left Japan, seventeen years ago—and under trees laden with heavy-scented tropical flowers to the broad-verandahed hotel which was to be the end of our wanderings.

The journey back need not be described at length, but it had aspects and incidents which were characteristic. One of the great points they make in the advertisements of the railway is that the train stops at some station for the passengers to have a bath. The first time we stopped at the aforesaid station it was one

'clock in the morning ; and the second time it was so cold that all the passengers were sitting in ulsters with their collars turned up. But, of course, the baths might be a great boon if you struck them at the right time and the right season. All we saw of the celebrated railway baths of Abu Hamed were the words " Ladies and Gentlemen."

Berber is a town which loomed pretty large in the English newspapers during the Desert Campaign, but I had not pictured it as we saw it. It is another of those interminable mud-towns with a ragged cemetery going out into the Desert on each side, and the river and the mountains in the distance. There were a good many ruins on the north side, the work of the Mahdi again, I suppose. The station of Berber is such a very primitive affair—a mud hut of one or two rooms—that I did not grasp that I was at one of the chief towns of the Sudan, the capital of a province ; I stood idly watching a donkey which threw its master first, and then went on throwing till he got rid of its saddle too. The restaurant pleased me most ; it consisted of a number of little boys who ran about, some selling eggs, some cucumbers, some water-melons, and some other kinds of melons and yams. A number of closely-veiled women in white made a rush for our train. It was not a ceremony of any kind, and they did not want our train, but the Khartum train ; they still take trains very seriously.

At Sherikh station we saw a camp of railway soldiers with blue Egyptian flags. All the railway men are soldiers, because the only Egyptians who obey orders are the soldiers and the policemen.

There is very little to see but desert on the Desert

Railway, though occasionally we caught a glimpse of cataracts on the Nile or of vultures feeding on a dead animal, but one thing we did see nearly all the time, the view of distant mountains, as always in this country, wonderfully beautiful in colour—here a rifted hill as graceful as Vesuvius before it was deformed by the last eruption, there a noble peak rising up like the peak of Teneriffe, all looking surprisingly near in this clear atmosphere.

We stopped at a town with the oddest name which comes into any atlas—"No. 6, Sudan." That is its registered postal and telegraphic address. Here the engine had become overheated in its axle because its box was new. Providentially, the head of the Sudan Government Railways was on board the train. He got out to examine it—it was too hot to touch. He sent an Egyptian to the engine to get some water to cool the axle. The Egyptian brought boiling water and scalded himself, and there was a fresh tableau. The chief was a sardonic man; one of the passengers asked him why he stayed so long at these small stations, though we were obviously stopping to have the engine put right. "In the hope of creating centres of populations, sir."

I am not sure what time the train ought to have arrived at Wady Halfa; it did arrive at one in the morning, and it might not have been easy to get oneself and one's luggage transported to the steamer, if it had not been for the military discipline of the railways and the naval discipline of Cook's boats. As it was, all we had to do was to identify our baggage, and we nearly froze over doing that. The nights are deadly cold in the Desert. They told us, perhaps it was only

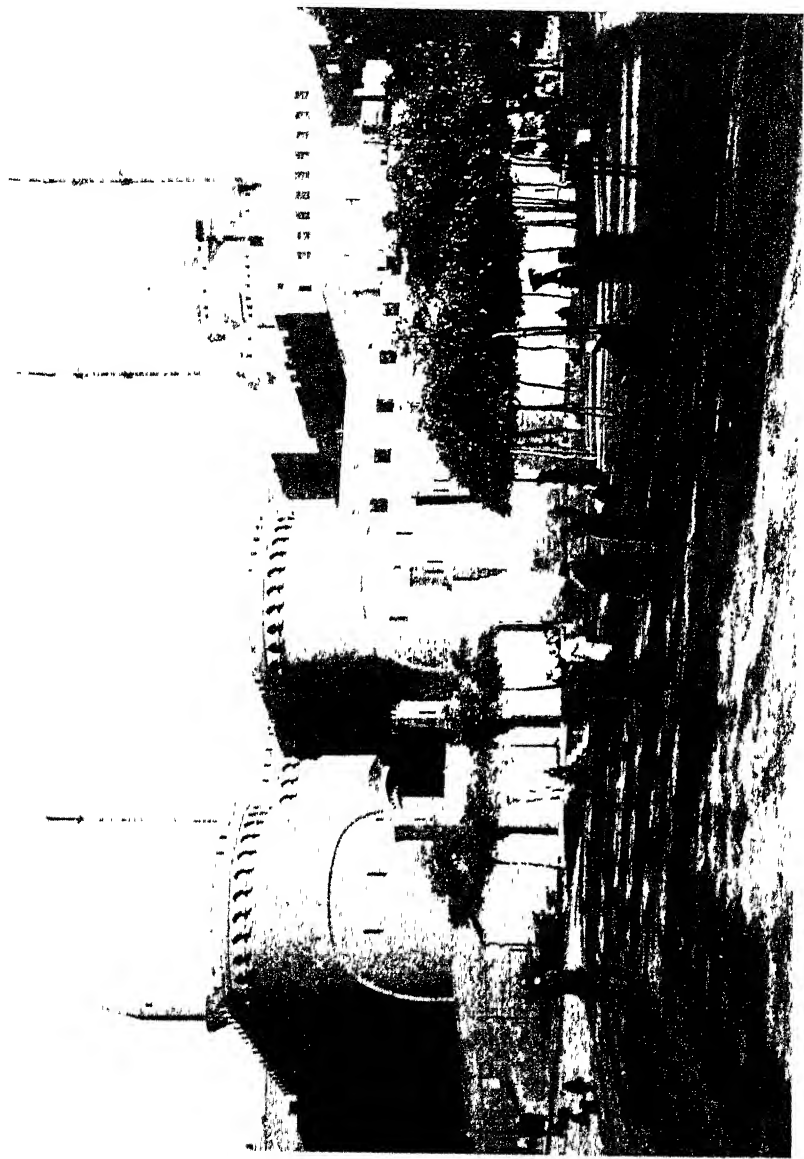
a tale for travellers, that there is ice every night of the year on any pools there are in the Desert.

The following is the very brief Bradshaw of a railway which between Wady Halfa and Khartum North covers a distance of 575 miles. Port Sudan is 307 and Suakin is 307½ mile, from the Athara Junction, which is 385 miles from Halfa, and 194 from Khartum North.

| EXPRESS.<br>Dining and Sleeping Cars. |     |      |      | BOAT EXPRESS.<br>Dining and Sleeping Cars. |                 | INTERMEDIATE<br>EXPRESS |
|---------------------------------------|-----|------|------|--------------------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------|
| HALFA                                 | ... | ...  | dep  | P. M.<br>3 0*                              | P. M.<br>—      | P. M.<br>3.0            |
| Karcima                               | ... | ...  | "    | A. M.<br>10 35                             | —               | —                       |
| ABU HAMED                             | ... | ...  | "    | 1.50†                                      | —               | A. M.<br>1 50¶          |
| Suakin                                | ... | ...  | "    | 9 35‡                                      | 4.0†            | —                       |
| Port Sudan                            | ... | ...  | "    | 10.0                                       | 8.0             | —                       |
| ATBARA                                | ..  | .    | "    | 9.0                                        | A. M.<br>11.30§ | 8.10                    |
| El-Damer                              | .   | .    | "    | 9.25                                       | 11.55           | —                       |
| Zeidab                                | ..  | ..   | "    | 9.57                                       | P. M.<br>12 27  | —                       |
| Ahab                                  | .   | ..   | "    | —                                          | —               | —                       |
| Mutmu                                 | ..  | .    | "    | 11 8                                       | 1.38            | —                       |
| Om Ali                                | ... | ..   | "    | —                                          | —               | —                       |
| Kabushia                              | ..  | .    | "    | —                                          | —               | —                       |
| Taragmat                              | ..  | ...  | "    | —                                          | —               | —                       |
| SUENDI                                | .   | ...  | "    | P. M.<br>1.5                               | 3.35            | —                       |
| Wad Ben Naga                          | ..  | ..   | "    | 2.10                                       | 4.40            | —                       |
| Gebel Geri                            | ... | ...  | "    | —                                          | —               | —                       |
| Wad Ramleh                            | ... | ..   | "    | 4 25                                       | 6 55            | —                       |
| Gubba                                 | ... | ...  | "    | —                                          | —               | —                       |
| Kadaru                                | ... | ...  | "    | —                                          | —               | —                       |
| KHARTUM N.                            | ... | arr. | 5 30 | 8.0                                        | P. M.<br>7.0    | —                       |

\* Sundays and Thursdays    † Mondays and Fridays.    ‡ Fridays.    § Saturdays  
 || Tuesdays.    ¶ Wednesdays





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The Citadel of Saladin in Cairo, Egypt, where the Mamluks were massacred, and the Mosque of Mehmet Ali in the Citadel of Saladin at Cairo.





## PART III.—SIGHT-SEEING, SPORT AND SOCIETY IN EGYPT.

### THE COLOUR OF CAIRO.

#### I. FROM OLD CAIRO TO THE CITADEL.

It was part of my plan, when I commenced this book, to devote a separate chapter to each section of the antiquities for which Cairo is world-famous, and one to each phase of its social life, for visitors. But more important things were in the air. I found Egypt scething:\* the Young Egyptian had gathered thorns, and they were crackling under the pot; and I found the Sudan a model for the better government of Egypt. I feel obliged to devote the greater part of my book to the political state and prospects of the country.

I must therefore content myself with trying to give the colour of Cairo by a few general chapters on its supreme attractiveness for the sight-seer. I shall make certain things—the Tombs of the Caliphs, the Mosques, and the old Arab mansions—my specimens of Cairo. Of them I shall have to write more particularly. I shall have to define the rest in brief words that testify

\*Ecclesiastes vii. 6.

my admiration. For Cairo is a delightful city for the sight-seer, full of the venerable, the remarkable and the picturesque.

I will begin with Old Cairo, which is the name of a suburb a mile or two outside the city, opposite Roda Island and Gizeh. This marks the site of the oldest settlement in what is now called Cairo. Gizeh is the village which, though several miles away, gives its name to the great Pyramids beside the Sphinx; and if archæologists are right in supposing that Babylon, which is the oldest part of Old Cairo, was Bab-el-On -- the gate or outpost of On--the very ancient Egyptian city called by the Greeks Heliopolis, we have Old Cairo as the link between two of the most ancient centres of Egyptian history. It was the daughter of Potipherah, the priest of On, whom the great Joseph married.

The Romans recognized the strategical value of Old Cairo, and built a Citadel here which is still called Babylon. They had doubtless another fortress on Roda Island, separated by a narrow channel, the traditional spot where the Pharaoh's daughter found Moses in the ark of bulrushes.

Roda is both interesting and beautiful. Its famous Nilometer is a very graceful structure. It has a Kait Bey mosque of the fifteenth century, and many old Pashas' gardens and pleasure-houses.

Gizeh, the village, has on Tuesday a country market, the best near Cairo, a piece of undiluted Africa, where thousands of natives sell their beasts and do their fairing—a kodaker's paradise.

Old Cairo itself consists chiefly of one long street by the river, a kind of open-air bazaar—good for kodakers, not good for curio-hunters. Here you can see the Nile

boats built, but unless you mean to go often, give all your time to Babylon, which still has the walls and one tremendous gate of its Roman founders.

By the waters of this Babylon also many worshippers of the God of the Hebrews must have sat down and wept. For behind its stout walls, buried in their houses, the Christian Copts shrank out of the path of the wanton Moslem ; and here, too, the Greeks had their old Church of St. George in a strong Roman bastion. The filthy Coptic town must be explored. Its fleas are numerous and welcome fresh pastures, but it is not too high a price to pay, for this Coptic city is unique. In its most typical part, which contains the ancient churches of Abu Sarga and Kadisa Barbara, it is a network of old buildings, almost undivided by streets ; for where they exist they are constantly passing under vaults and arches. The houses are fortresses built round courtyards, with doorways so low that the invader could only enter them by stooping. Its churches, the special objects of Moslem outrages, are hidden ; they have no exteriors. You have to dive through underground passages to get to them. But their interiors form a chapter in the history of art. They are basilicas going back to the early days of the Church of Christ. Here the clergy are divided from the laity, and the men from the women, in the style of the Primitive Church, by the screens, which are the glory of Coptic art. Here are the old basilica galleries, and pools for baptism by immersion. The screens have a battlement of ancient pictures ; the altars, of the severest simplicity, are behind the inmost screen, only to be viewed by the laity through a parley-hole. The columns from antique temples support not arches, but architraves made of

palm trunks with their furry bark left on. The sunken masonry, the brown wood and fretted ivory bosses of the screens, the worn pavements convey the idea of an antiquity almost as old as Christianity.

Nor is Abu Sarga content with that, for in the simple recesses of its ancient crypt it claims to have sheltered Joseph and Mary and the child Jesus during their flight into Egypt.

The churches of Abu Sarga and Kadisa Barbara - Ste. Barbe—suffer by comparison with one of the most delightful accomplishments of Christendom. The Hanging Church of Babylon has only to fear comparison with the Cathedral of St. Mark's at Venice and the Royal Chapel of Palermo. It is a gem of colour and quaintness, harmony and proportion. It is large for a Coptic church, but the screen which runs all round it is matchless in its richness. It is carved out of some old dark wood, and embellished with little round panels of ivory sculptured with the minute and delicate figure-work and tracery which distinguish Byzantine crucifixes. These priceless screens are used as lavishly as the mosaics at Monreale. The church is lined with them. They shroud not only the sanctuary, but sundry rich chapels, and a Virgin and Child of naïve beauty painted by Roman hands. The church itself is a feast of colour and outline and mellow antiquity. The pulpit is an act of grace, the patriarch of all the gracious old pulpits, long and narrow, and high on many columns, which you love in the crumbling basilicas of Italy, gloriously inlaid with serpentine and porphyry. The Mo'allaka is the name by which the Arabs express that the church is hung in the air between two Roman bastions. In one of them is a still more ancient church, dedicated to the

Virgin. But it is time to pass out through the stately marble atrium—like the court of an Emir's palace—and down a noble flight of steps into the tiny garden court, with its vines and its trellises and its fountains, which you enter from the street through a beautiful guard-room lined with dikkas, old carved benches of dark wood.

There are other ancient Coptic churches round Old Cairo, each huddled up with houses behind the strong walls of a little citadel or der. In one of these ders, Abu Sefen and two other churches crouch, which are now having their fronts exposed for the first time in their long history of oppression. After the Hanging Church, Abu Sefen is the richest of all in the glorious old Coptic decorations, and it is the truest basilica, for it has a presbytery of the Roman form.

Old Cairo is rich in the *primordia rerum*, for here in Babylon, beside the Mo'allaka, is the original cathedral of the Greeks of the Orthodox Church, and outside the der of Abu Sefen is the original mosque of the Arab conquerors of Egypt.

The Greeks are rebuilding their church in the arcaded Roman bastion, which rises so nobly from a vineyard, and from its flat roof has a view excelling that of the Citadel. But the Mosque of Amr, the general who conquered Egypt for the Caliphs more than twelve centuries ago, hardly holds up its head amid the desolate mounds which inter his proud city of Al-Fustat, the forerunner of Cairo—called after the victorious commander's tent, and burned like a Moscow so that it might not fall into the hands of the Crusaders.

In the mounds of Al-Fustat, which extend to the city of Ibn Tûlûn, and the Tombs of the Mamlûks, he who

digs deeply and luckily is at liberty to find and carry away precious remains of Arab pottery, all made, perforce, before that fatal fire of 1160.

I have dug there many an afternoon, from the time that the sun lost its power to the time that the sunset began to paint the sky over the Desert and the Pyramids; and among my treasures of old pottery and glass is a little god of the Pharaohs that I found near the aqueduct of Saladin.

This aqueduct of Saladin is, but for its pointed arches, like a monument of Imperial Rome, as it sweeps round the vast ruins of the elder city from the Nile to the Citadel. The ruins, a sea of miniature mountains—clust and ashes hardened into stone--have their highest peak where they front the Citadel and the city of Sultan Ibn Tûlûn and the Tombs of the Mamlûks, and the Mokattams frowning over all—a pageant which the panorama photographer can never reproduce in all its glory; for when the red glow of sunset is flung like a transparent veil over these beauties of the Middle Ages they have the atmosphere of a fairy tale.

The Tombs of the Mamlûks, but for the one ancient Mosque of Imam Shafi'y, which Christian feet are seldom suffered to tread, are not rich in royal monuments like the Tombs of the Caliphs, but their prodigious number and fantastic forms atone for this, and they are crowned by the old mosques on the Mokattam hills above them. Behind these mosques, behind those hills, shrouded in the Desert, are the well of Moses and a forest of petrified trees.

El-Katai, the city of Ibn Tûlûn, stands on a strong hill. The golden palaces of himself and his more splendid son have sunk back into the ground, from which the



*Photo by*

A Fifteenth Century Mosque Pulpit and Mihrab.

[LEKEKIAN, CUTO.]

[Facing page 328.]

QAGABEYH  
QAGELI STATE



genie of wealth and unnumbered slaves and an imagination of Oriental poetry called them ; but the vast battlemented courts of the thousand-year-old mosque still keep the heart of Ibn Tûlûn's city open to heaven, and from their midst springs, like a lighthouse, four-square to all the winds, the massive minaret of the legend. The great mosque has many ancient mosques of smaller mould - amongst them Kail Bey's, the gem of fifteenth-century Cairo - rising round it. The streets between them are shadowed by ancient harems loaded with latticed oriels, and ancient schools, one without a rival in the city for the colour and carving and antique grace of its façade.

Between Ibn Tûlûn's city and Saladin's Citadel is the Midan of Mohammed Ali, the vast square where the Khedive receives in State the Holy Carpet before it leads the perilous pilgrimage to Mecca. At other times it is given up to the Market of the Afternoon, and the asses and camels of the marketers. Here the poor sell old clothes and old implements to the still poorer, who, nevertheless, maintain an army of barbers, restaurateurs and provision-dealers - not to speak of snake-charmers, sorcerers, fortune-tellers, story-tellers and keepers of gaming-tables. It is here that the curio-hunter finds his bargains in ancient brass—the folding lanterns, the chased ewers and bowls with which the Moslem wash, cups and chalices of an elegance that is disappearing, odd little pieces for personal adornment. The Citadel is the crown of Cairo. It is planted on the brow of the city --a circlet of mediæval walls culminating in the domes and minarets of the vast and soaring Mosque of Mehemet Ali, and opening at the throat with the blood-stained gate of El-Azab. From the lofty

rampart above the last of the Mamlûks is said to have leapt on his charger and spurred in safety to Syria.

The massacre of the Mamlûks recalls the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in the treachery of the murderers and the splendour of the victims. Four hundred and sixty Mamlûk Beys, the chiefs of the turbulent faction which stood between him and a dynasty, were invited by Mehemet Ali to a State reception in the Citadel. Splendidly attired, they rode to the tryst, and were received as those whom the King delighteth to honour. When they turned to depart, Mehemet Ali cried out that they should ride in State through the city, escorted by his troops. With his finest troops on either side of them, they passed down the ancient, winding road which leads from the Middle Gate of the Citadel to the Bab-el-Azab, the chief gate towards the town. This road is hemmed in between high ramparts and high rocks, so that every inch of it might be disputed against an enemy who had carried the Bab-el-Azab. As they drew near the Bab it was closed in their faces.

This was the signal for the massacre. From both sides the troops fell on the unsuspecting Ēmirs, and sharpshooters, appearing on the rocks and ramparts above, shot down the few who were able to offer any resistance. Not one of those within escaped: the one survivor was shut outside when the gate was closed. While they were alive there is small wonder that Mehemet Ali would never have felt safe on his throne. No gaoler can be trusted in the Orient. Other palliation for the blackness of the treachery there is none.

With an orderly deputed by the officer in command

to take him past the sentries, the intelligent sight-seer could spend many hours in the exploration of the Citadel. It is full of ancient buildings. Joseph's Well may easily have been in existence when Joseph, the son of Jacob, was Grand Vizier of Egypt; for it goes back to the days of the Pharaohs. But the Joseph who gave it its name was the mighty Saladin, the generous foe of Richard Cœur de Lion in the Crusades, who fills the pages of the "Talisman." When he built his Citadel on the site of the ancient Egyptian town, he cleared out its well: without it there could have been no Citadel in a country which has no rainfall. It is nearly three hundred feet deep and a spiral ramp, like that which once ascended the Campanile of St. Mark's at Venice, winds round its immense shaft to the bottom, though the lower half is now closed.

Sultan En-Nasir so extended and strengthened Saladin's walls, that we know not what parts are his. The grandeur of Saladin's palace, which he did not live to inhabit, is attested by massive fragments. The last of it was sacrificed to make room for Mehemet Ali's Palace and Mosque. Of Mehemet Ali's Mosque I have spoken elsewhere: it lends enchantment to every distant view of Cairo. His palace is a lath-and-plaster belvedere with nothing to detain the visitor but its views, though its porch is fine. It stands in an angle, with one face turned towards the Tombs of the Mamlûks and the mosques of the Mokattams, and the Desert; and the other proudly dominating the matchless Rumeleh Square, many-minaretted Cairo, the Nile, and the Pyramids. Its tiny garden—mere shade for a fountain—and the terrace beside the great mosque, nightly thronged in the season by tourists to see the sunset,

command the same panorama of the Orient. The Royal Mosque of the Caliphs, behind Mehemet Ali's, has majesty still lurking in its desolate courts; and over the other side is the faded Turkish Mosque of Sultan Selim, one of the gems of Cairo. The Mosque of El-Giyûchi, on the height from which Mehemet Ali's artillery crushed the Citadel, looks splendidly Oriental; and from the shoulder of the Citadel hill you look one way down the valley of the never-to-be-forgotten Tombs of the Caliphs, and the other way over the Midan Rumeleh, with its two mighty mosques.

This shoulder of the Citadel hill is dear to artists itself, for a succession of little old mosques crowns its broken outlines. I cannot give all their names-- I could never learn some of them; but they all have grace of porch, or dome, or sanctuary.

From the Citadel the Street of Mohammed Ali carries the traveller past the palace of the Governor of Cairo to the great square called the Ataba-el-Khadra, where East meets West, and all the tramways start. The two great mosques which stand where the Sharia Mohammed Ali flows into the Midan Rumeleh, like the Nile entering the Mediterranean, are the Mosque of Sultan Hassan and the Mosque of the Rifaiya sect, which is also the burial place of the Khedivial family. They are the most majestic in Cairo.

The Sharia Mohammed Ali (Street of Mehemet Ali) is a graceless modern thoroughfare. To avoid it the traveller climbs half-way up the Citadel hill and turns sharp to the left down the Sharia El-Mangar. From the very beginning, this is delightful. The right-hand-side is a procession of old mosques and old houses, one of which is the famous Blue

Mosque itself; and where the street changes its name to the Sharia Bab-el-Wazir is the fine fourteenth-century mosque of Sultan Shaban, with one of the most unique old Arab houses in Cairo only separated from it by the school with the wooden arcade, sketched by so many artists

The procession of mosques on the right continues till the El-Merdani Mosque rises on the left and almost blocks the street. Within and without, El-Merdani delights the eye of the passer-by: its lofty, battlemented, receding, many-windowed walls are redolent of the fourteenth century, and through its ever-open gateways are seen its fair white court and the immense screen of meshrebiya, which shields its noble antique liwân.

The Merdani Mosque is the very heart of antiquity in Cairo; at the back of it lie the two surviving palaces of the Mamlûks, which artists love best, and opposite its south door is the street which leads into the Armourers' Bazar.

Here, in old mansions, live the old-fashioned Arabs of wealth, whose dwellings are fortresses, and whose low-browed portals are always closed. Their houses are solemn and dignified, and dear to the architect, and seem to belong, not less than the Tombs of the Caliphs, to dead Emirs. This is a street of palaces, and contains the ancient and beautiful Bath of Emir Beshtak—still a busy public bath, but with its fountains and cupolas, and columns and walls and floors, panelled with rare marbles, more fit to form the pleasaunce of mediæval kings in the Alhambra at Granada.

More palaces of the Middle Ages, more ruins of

ancient gates, more kuttabs and fountains, succeed ere the visitor comes to the low-browed shops where the armourers ply a dying trade, kept alive by judicious dealing in the table-knives of Sheffield.

The traveller will retrace his steps with pleasure up this quiet old Arab street, and, skirting El-Merdani's Mosque, pause as he turns the corner into the Sharia Derb-el-Ahmar, to look at an ancient school—a gem of Saracenic decoration, gay with colour and arabesque without, and rich blue tiles within. It has an Arab step-fountain in its back wall, but the water tinkles over it no longer.

Above, the vista is blocked by the Kitchmas-el-Ishaki Mosque, built by an Emir of Kait Bey, in the noble style of his master, but so well restored that one would rather see it in a hundred years' time.

Nearly opposite this mosque is a highly picturesque old shop—a low vault-way leading to a dark, covered court, with sagging galleries—like the Khans of the merchants in the Gamaliya if it were larger. The street is steep; it is lined with humble shops, where the poor Arabs make their petty purchases, chiefly as night falls, when the flares gleam out from the basements, leaving the overhanging stories a line of gloom below the star-sparkled Egyptian sky.

But this is not a street the traveller threads when night veils it; it is too rich in ancient buildings; his notebook and camera are never idle. And the best is left till the last, for, as he descends the street, he sees at its end the chief gate of the Cairo of the Caliphs, the famous Bab-Zuweyla, capped by the fantastic minarets of the great El-Muayyad Mosque.

Let him not enter the Bab-Zuweyla on his right

hand, or the Bazar of the Tentmakers on his left. They belong to a different city and a different chapter. But let him pass straight on up the narrow lane which leads from the Bab-Zuweyla to the Arab Museum, pausing to peep into the "Little Blue Mosque," the Dervish Tekkiya, which has adorned the tomb of its saint, El-Gulchani, with a façade of such rare old azure tiles.

Where it enters the Midan El-Khalik—filled with forage camels—on which the Palace of the Governor and the stately Arab Museum stand, let him turn to his left, and, crossing the Sharia Mohammed Ali, pass down the winding Gamamise, with its overhanging harem windows, to the Palace where the Sheikh Sadat, the descendant and representative of the Prophet, died by the hand of the poisoner, and that not long ago. This is the typical palace of an Arab Notable. It is old; it is vast; it has splendid decorations; it has a history; it is arranged for the reception of deputations and the bestowal of honours; and its great court, filled with a leaning sycomore, is an artist's playground.

Between the Gamamise and Sultan Hassan's Mosque is the Hilmiya, the old street which leads down to the Chikhûn mosques and the city of Ibn Tûlûn. It has two Dervish Tekkiyas, and the northern Chikhûn mosque has another. A foreigner can see their buildings, but no longer, to satisfy his curiosity, do they perform their devotional exercises of dancing and howling. The gem of the Hilmiya is the little fourteenth-century Mosque of El-Mase, with its peaceful antique court and lace-work of stone on dome and minaret. The Chikhûn mosques must be left to the chapter on Mosques. They stand, as it were, at the threshold of Ibn Tûlûn's vast

and hoary precincts, in a quarter where the traveller must not give all his heed to mosques and palaces. For here he is in a district which retains its native life little altered, and has many ancient dwellings of the poor.



## THE COLOUR OF CAIRO.

### II. THE CITY OF THE CALIPHS AND THE BAZARS.

HALF ancient Cairo was traversed in the last chapter. The half which remains is better known to most visitors, though it is not more important.

The Bab-Zuweyla is the natural point to enter the Bazars, for to the native it is the centre of his city. There are important outlying quarters which make this difficult to understand geographically. But two of them, Old Cairo and Bûlak, are Nile ports, which had to be near the river for commerce, as the city proper had to be near the Citadel for defence, and the quarter around the Tûlûn Mosque is but an earlier Cairo, undescerted by its inhabitants, which was a citadel for itself, as its strong position shows. It was Gohar, the victorious general of the first of the Fatimite Caliphs, El-Moizz, who built for his master the palace called El-Kahira, which grew into the city under the Citadel, known at the hotels as the native city, extending from the lower part of the Sharia Mohammed Ali to the railway station, and from the line of the old canal to the Citadel.

Originally its dimensions were not so large. There must have been a time when there were no buildings

outside the line of the gates; but really ancient buildings extend for half a mile or a mile outside the Bab-Zuweyla, according as you reckon certain mosques.

These streets belong geographically to the preceding chapter, but it is convenient to treat them here because, to the ordinary traveller, they are part of what he terms the Bazars.

Before entering the Bab-Zuweyla, step across the street into the Bazar of the Tentmakers. At its corner is a little ancient mosque with the roof fallen in, but so beautiful in form and colour that when it is restored it will be a landmark. The 'Tentmakers' Bazar is in a covered passage; its shops are in the basements of two large buildings of no great antiquity, one of which is a higher school. It is undeniably picturesque, for since the Arab lines his tents with arabesques and texts from the Koran in red and blue and yellow, and less often in purple and green, this Bazar would be full of colour, even if it did not occupy itself with glaring reproductions of the wall-paintings in the Tombs of the Pharaohs. These coarse, tasteless reproductions find great favour with the untrained traveller, and, it must be added, the hotels. Second-hand tent-embroideries, texts and arabesques, which have been in mosques or old mansions, are often to be bought here. They can be strikingly beautiful, as one sees at the Molid of the Prophet.

This Bazar is enlivened also by the gay trappings of the leather-workers and the saddle-bag makers; but their bags and purses show neither the taste nor the brilliance which make the Saddlers' Sûk of Tunis so delectable; and in this Bazar the touting for custom is abominable.

But there are better things beside it and beyond. The ancient ruined gateway on the right admits to the wreck of the finest courtyard in Cairo, which still has, at its further end, one of the stately open halls, with quaintly graceful arcades as high as the house, which occupy the centre of the principal courtyard façade of a great Arab mansion.

At the end of the Tentmakers' Bazar is a noble Arab street with a procession of mosques of the Mamlûk period, with fine bronze grilles and fretted stones, and slender arabesqued domes. At first there are old mansions with façades enriched by carvings and arcadings; but these soon give way to the houses of the poor, broken at short intervals with mosques and Dervish tekkiyas and baths. These small, old mosques can be photographed, for the street is low and open.

The winding Dawudiya starts in its centre, but it soon loses its ancient character—it is only worth traversing to arrive at the El-Bordeini and Sitt' Saliya Mosques.

The streets between the Tentmakers' Bazar and the Sharia Mohammed Ali just described—the Serugiya and Sharia-el-Magarbelin—offer some of the best opportunities for photographing native life. They have preserved much of their ancient character, and they are low and open, not so full of stone carts—the photographer's curse—as the Sûkkariya.

Back at the Bab-Zuweyla the traveller might be stepping into an Oriental fairy-tale. If he will shut his eyes to the few fellow-travellers and Levantine shopkeepers whom he passes, the scenes of the Arabian Nights are before him.

First there is the gate itself, with its two vast, high towers, crowned with fantastic minarets which soar

out of sight. Half-way up one of these dark towers hang war trophies: the natives congregated below tell you solemnly that they were hung there by a giant, "two, three hundred years ago"—and what is more, they await his coming back for them. On the iron studs of the old gate folded back against the other tower are many rags impaled on them by the poor who need the magic intercession of the saint.

There are always two or three water-sellers here—poor of the poor, with rough earthenware saucers instead of brass, and coarse pitchers slung in nets upon their backs, or black water-skins. They will give a child, or the aged poor, a drink for nothing. They are very charitable, and a favourite form of charity is to pay for the distribution of water. In the vaulted recesses of the gate you hear holy people reciting or chanting the Koran.

Inside the gate is the Sugar Market—the Sûkkariya. You see little sugar: you would almost as soon expect to see Harûn-er-Rashid. For on your right is a gracious old sêbil, one of the fountains surmounted by an arcaded kuttâb where the very little children are taught; and on your left is the vast El-Muayyad Mosque, whose minarets crown the gate. Its panelled and battlemented exterior is lofty and splendid, and up its stately steps throng turbaned and galabeahed worshippers, who kick off their slippers as they pass through the stately recessed portal well nigh as grand as Sultan Hassan's. As you go up the street there are noble and ancient mosques on either hand. Sultan El-Ghûry let the road divide his mosque from his tomb and his fountain; the twin effect is superb. The bold outlines of his fountain captivate the photographer.

The four great mosques of the Sükkariya are famous for their size, their antiquity, and their beauty. They must be left to the chapter on Mosques, for right and left of the Sükkariya is the undiluted Orient. The Sükkariya itself suffers from being a thoroughfare, which fills its roadway with stone carts—the Juggernaut Cars of Cairo—and lines it with shops where the cheap hosiery of Europe thrusts its ugly wares among the scarlet and yellow cloths natural to Africa. They are there for the Arab, who finds them as curious and attractive as we find his robes. Monetary considerations fortunately prevent him buying all he would like. The Sugar Market is really a drapers' and hosiers' Bazar. The Cotton, Silk and Scent Bazars, and the Tunisian and Algerian Bazar, lie on the west side of it; the Sudanese Bazar on the east.

There is nothing in Cairo more Oriental than the tangled mass of Bazars on the west side of the Sükkariya.

Here you have the true Eastern Bazar, roofed over from the sun, with shops six feet high, six feet deep and four feet wide. If the proprietor is a silk mercer or a scent dealer, he sits on the counter and has his wares piled on little shelves round the back of his den. If he is a weaver, his legs disappear through a hole in the floor to work a treadle. The Second-hand Clothes Bazar is the most interesting of all, for here you may pick up old Persian embroideries and shawls, sadly dilapidated, but of costly origin, and capable of repair. Here, too, they have Tunisian auctions—in which the shopkeeper leaves his shop and walks round hawking his wares and inviting offers. He may be selling old clothes, or turquoises, or Waterbury watches. •

The silk mercer has his silks arranged in paper-folded quires on his shelves; the crafty scent-dealer keeps his scents in gilded bottles, from which he withdraws the stopper to wipe it on your sleeve and bid you sniff. It is always his "most precious essence" which you choose, worth a shilling a drop. His jasmine is delicious; his violet and attar of roses have their merits; but he prides himself on his amber scent, with which he flavours his coffee and fills little ivory amulets to be worn round the neck. He, too, may sell round balls of Arab soap.

The tiny cupboards, in which the merchants live and have their being without much moving, often have dikkas, or benches, in front of them for their customers to sit on sideways, while they do their bargaining. In the Tunisian and Algerian Bazar the dikkas widen sensibly, and are covered with tapestries. Here you often see the country Arabs carrying their grand red saddlebags—to hold their purchases, I think, for I have never seen them selling anything. These are the Bazars for colour, with their red and yellow shoes, their striped blankets and children's coats, their pale burnouses; and there are always some gaily-dressed Tunisian Arabs lounging about the dikkas.

On the fringe of these Bazars are Arab cafés, with their fine displays of ancient brassware, polished like gold: and at their back are forgotten mansions and little, ancient mosques. A stream of native life passes through them—the blind stamping their staves; street minstrels, often with remains of great beauty, chanting to an Oriental lute; Arabs with trays of coffee in enamelled glasses, for some merchant entertaining a customer; chief of all, the mourners for a death or a funeral.

Here the East is minding its own business, and the West wonders why it can wander through such a forbidding place in safety.

On the other side of the Sûkkariya the Bazars are of small importance. No foreigner takes the leopard-skins and gaudy deal boxes of the Sudanese Bazar seriously : and in the Book Bazar they will not always sell to an unbeliever. But between the two lies El-Azhar, the great University of Islam, a mighty mosque with six fantastic minarets and many courts and dormitories, all black with human beings as a sugar-stall is black with flies. The scene in El-Azhar is described elsewhere : its spirit infects the whole neighbourhood ; it is small wonder that there should be auxiliary teaching in the Mohammed Bey Mosque opposite ; and that the Booksellers' Bazar should be adjacent. But the most primitive savages love to congregate outside its walls, plying their artless trades, or absorbed in their artless pleasures, and the great Khan of Kait Bey, which has the noblest exterior of any mansion in Cairo, with the grand windows and portals of its long façade reproaches the University for not absorbing it.

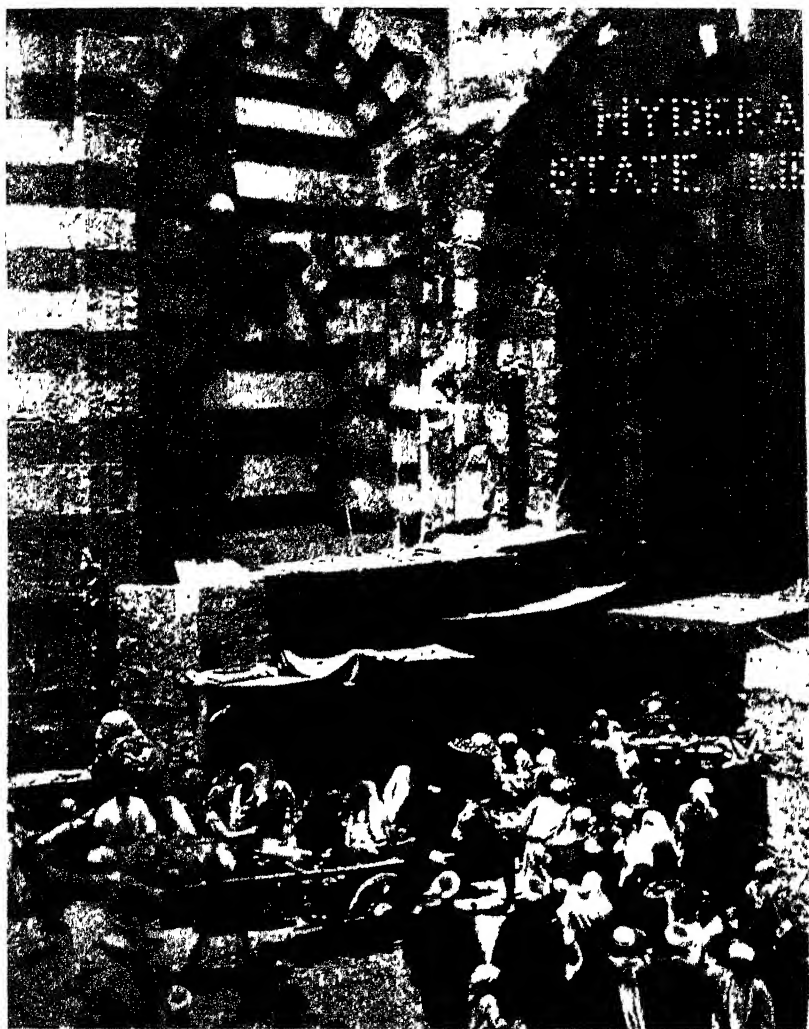
All this quarter east of the Sûkkariya is rich in old houses and baths. The Gamal-ed-din itself, the stately mansion of the chief merchant of the Bazars two or three hundred years ago, which has been restored by the Wakfs for exhibition to the public, is in the little Sharia Hoche Kadam, which runs off it, and in a street at the back are two old Coptic churches not often visited. But most travellers spend little time in exploring this interesting district. They prefer to hurry across the Mûski into the Khan-el-Khalil, called generally the

Turkish Bazar. It is here that the merchants congregate who cater for the custom of tourists, and, it must be confessed, add greatly to their enjoyment.

This, to nine foreigners out of ten, is the Bazar, and they confine their attention to a couple of streets in it—the entrance from the Mûski into the Khan-el-Khalil, where Andalaft and Irani, and a few other general dealers in charming curios, have their shops, and the long street behind the Shoemakers' Bazar, where Joseph Cohen, the principal merchant of the Bazar, has a huge show-room; and the dealers in jewels and lace have their attractive stalls. Here foreigners, when they become bitten by the craze, bargain half the day for laces, embroideries, brassware, turquoises, peridots, amber, Persian enamels and pottery, and old Oriental jewellery—coarse stones in flimsy fantastical settings. To the Jew and the Levantine, bargaining is as the breath in their nostrils; the Turk will not bargain at all; the Persian refuses to bargain, but has a different price for foreigners; the Indian has fixed prices, but wriggles out of them. The Egyptian is conspicuous by his absence, not having sufficient backbone for the risks of business.

There are many Persians in the Bazar. Financially they are the most solid people in it. Selling painted boxes at inordinate prices is their profession for Europeans; but they must have a steady sale of something to Egyptians to account for their prosperity; and, moreover, they seldom speak English. Foreigners buy their Persian enamels and pottery and old Korans at shops like Andalaft's; their carpets and other large goods from Cohen's. But for their embroideries and turquoises, little curios and Egyptian bric-à-brac, they like to bargain with the Levantines at the stalls in the covered lane





*Photo by*

In the Bazar at Cairo.

[L. K. HAS, Cairo.

*(Facing page 344.*



which runs down to Ismail Pasha's stately portal. This bit of the Bazar is full of colour ; all sorts of curiosities are hanging up ; the cases are full of tempting pieces. Many ladies come back day after day and spend hours here, intoxicated with the spirit of bargaining. And the turquoises and embroideries are great bargains, judged by English prices. I was more interested in the really beautiful modern brassware, and the Turkish towels which Turks use—gaily striped cotton cloths, which we should impound for antimacassars.

Except when I found a bargain I always made my escape as quickly as I could into the crowded Khordagiya, which divides the Turkish Bazar from the little dark vaults, with three-foot passage-ways threading them, where the goldsmiths are turning their blow-pipes on the yellow gold. This Khordagiya is lined with the show-cases of the jewellers displaying diadems, necklets, bracelets, talismans, rings, all in golden filigree. This is one of the chief thoroughfares of native life ; at times it is impossible to move, till it widens out into the Bazar of the Brassworkers, the most enchanting *coup d'œil* in all native Cairo. For the booths of the brass-workers, with their primitive vessels and implements, are ranged round the quaintest group of mosques in the world. I have often referred to the venerable aspect of this group, the Mûristan and Mosque of Kalaûn, the Mosque and Tomb of En-Nasir, the Mosque of Sultan Barkûk, and the grand old mansion adjoining it. The opposite side of this Sûk is a mass of important ruins—a Sultan's palace and a stately mosque.

The artist desirous of transferring to his canvas the beauty of old Moslem buildings has arrived at his Mecca

when he stands here. He need ask for nothing better than these mosques ; but he has close behind him, if he climbs through the second-hand Brass Market, the Beit-el-Kadi—the palace with the five-arched arcade. The archway adjoining it is a full bit of the Orient, and a little beyond is the Gamaliya, which might well be called the street of the Arabian Nights.

It is in the Gamaliya that on the night of the Ashûra, the devotees who have been walking through the town with slashed heads and faces spouting blood over their white garments in honour of the martyred sons of Ali, Hassan and Hoseyn, sit down to sup on their return. It is at its gayest on the nights of Ramadan, when the dark is used as the day. Every line of it is Oriental. Between its well-known mosques rise splendid mansions abandoned now to commerce. It begins with a noble group of architecture—sêbil, kuttab and porch ; it is lined on both sides with the great old khans of the Red-Sea merchants ; it ends in the ancient En-Nasr gate, one of the three great gates of Cairo ; and off it run streets of fine old mansions like that which contains the superb fifteenth-century palace of Sultan Beybars, still quite perfect and now the home of a rich Turkish Sheikh. Close by is a whole street of houses with great old latticed harem windows.

But the artist will gladly turn back to the Sûk of the Brassworkers and Coppersmiths, for there he is in a valley of ancient architecture. He is hemmed in with it all round. A ruined mosque almost seals the end towards the other Bazars ; at the farther end the most fairylike of all the arcaded fountains of Cairo stands in the parting of the ways.

While the artist is painting the flowerlike grace of

these mosques of the old Caliphs, a stream of worshippers passes in and out of their stately portals, and from time to time hoarse chanting tells him to observe the approach of a Mohammedan funeral, taking the dead in his last procession to the cemetery round the Tombs of the Mamlûks. The high-horned coffin, borne on the shoulders of men, will be covered with rich brocade ; the green turban may hang upon its horn ; and the mourners go about the streets. A Mohammedan funeral is a model of dignified simplicity.

At the parting of the ways it is no matter which turn you take, for the right-hand street leads you past the massive minarets of the El-Hakim Mosque, the oldest *in* the city, which once sheltered the Arabic Museum, to the Bab-el-Futûh, the Gate of Victory, built by the Vizier Bedr-el-Gamali in the eleventh century, and the oldest and finest portion of the Fatimite walls ; while the left hand leads you to the Mosque of Abu Bekr, the most unique and one of the most perfect of the fifteenth century, and the street of the Emir El-Giyûchi, rich with old mansion, old mosque, old mill, and old bath.

There is a bath here which rivals Emir Beshtak's ; there is an oil mill near it, where in an old arched chamber an ox is turning a sakiya to crush the oil from the olives ; there are ancient mosques. But above all, search for the old mansions in this street. There is one half torn down at its beginning which is unsurpassed in the richness of its woodwork by any house I saw in Cairo ; and higher up there are houses with a triple row of great latticed oriels overhanging the street—one with the Mamlûk courtyard beloved of the professional photographer, which adorns this book.

This street brings you up to the line of the ancient

canal, which till lately intersected Cairo. Over its mosquito-stricken waters rose a riot of tangled architecture and vegetation. There was nothing in all Cairo that the artist loved better, and the Egyptian fears neither fever nor malarial mosquitoes as much as he fears drainage. But the European knew better, and the canal, and with it one of the most picturesque ceremonies in Egypt, had to go. Its bed is converted into a blatant modern street traversed by a tramway, and the old Mamlûk houses which still back on it are modernized on that side.

But the little Sharia es-Sûreni, on which they front, is not yet shorn of its day of grace, for in one place the latticed oriels of its harems almost meet across the street, and here at No. 16 is M. Bircher's house, the most perfect of all the Mamlûk houses in Cairo. That little street has many secrets. Behind dull shop-fronts it has more old Mamlûk dwellings, and hidden up alleys are the churches of downtrodden Christians, Greek, Armenian and Coptic—the last of great importance and beauty, sufficient to give an idea of antique Coptic architecture and Coptic screens and painting to those who lack the time or the nerve to investigate the dens of Old Cairo. The two old churches here, one on the top of the other, are not less ancient than most of the Coptic churches of Old Cairo, and the people who show you over them are far more intelligent. The Upper Church is rather typical in its arrangements, and it is situated in an interesting old Coptic convent, from which visitors are not excluded.

The Cathedral of the Greeks is worth visiting for its surroundings rather than itself, for the church is so like a plain Protestant Church deprived of its pews, and

hung all over with oleographic pictures. But it is approached through a succession of courtyards, and its lofty colonnaded porch opens on a leafy garden. Both are impressive at the festivals of the church when they are thronged with worshippers. To get to the Greek Cathedral you follow the Sharia es-Sûreni across the Mûski, and turn down to the left along the winding old street parallel to the Mûski, which ends in the Scent-makers' Bazar. This street has many picturesque effects, as the Levantine shopkeeper gradually gives way to the Arab, and is a pleasanter way of approaching the Bazars than the crowded and foreignized Mûski, of which I shall write elsewhere.

Bûlak, the port of Cairo, has its old mosques, and has its old streets uninvaded by foreigners, but it is a squalid place. For one thing, you must go to Bûlak to see the old benches called dikkas, still standing in the streets, which once were so common in Cairo, but have now nearly disappeared. There are some in front of a café which can be seen from the passing tram.

I have now taken the reader round the ancient quarters of Cairo, with little detail, because the subject was large.

I trust that I have said enough to show the English visitor to Cairo, whom I am addressing in these chapters, what a pageant awaits him, if, instead of dividing his time between his hotel and the Khedivial Sports Club, he will go guide-book in hand to the ancient Arab parts of Cairo. Of the street life of Cairo I shall speak in another chapter. The truly excellent museums of Egyptian and Arabic antiquities and the Khedivial Library, with its wonderful collection of illuminated Korans, will be visited by every traveller without any

recommendation from me. I may, however, draw attention to two things, to the Salle de Vente at the Museum of Antiquities, where the authorities sell off their duplicates at most reasonable prices—which is, therefore, the best place to buy antiquities—and to the priceless collection of old crystal mosque lamps in the Arabic Museum. This collection has no rival.



## STREET LIFE IN CAIRO.

IF the traveller be staying at "Shepherd's," or the "Continental," he can find many humours of street life without stirring from the steps of his hotel. For here are to be found all the hawkers who trade on the ignorance or vulgarity of the tourist. Their clothes are often picturesque; their avocations and appearance, consciously or unconsciously, humorous.

No sooner will he set foot in the street than he will have the opportunity of purchasing postcards, local and foreign newspapers, hippopotamus-hide whips, roses, carnations, meshrebiya tables and photograph frames, stuffed crocodiles, live leopards and boa-constrictors, sandalwood work-boxes, Turkish delight, Persian embroideries, Sudanese beads made in England for the natives of the Sudan, Nubian daggers, Abyssinian war-maces, Japanese fans and postage stamps, Smyrna figs, strawberries, tarbooshes, scarabs, and little images of gods and men made in various materials three thousand years too late to go into the Tombs of the Pharaohs. To keep them company there are various street performers,—snake-charmers, who for an obvious reason are not allowed to exhibit in the streets, acrobats, conjurors, sufferers from loathsome diseases, and the pro-

prietors of trained baboons, which are generally the huge cynocephals painted on the walls of the Tombs of the Kings, as present at the Judgment of Osiris, in precisely the attitude in which they sit on the Cairo pavement waiting for clients.

These hawkers mostly dress their parts. The sham-antique-sellers are handsome Desert Arabs from the Pyramids, in beautiful robes of spotless white and black, or, later on, blue-galabeahed country Arabs from Der-el-Bahari. Most varieties of Arab costume are represented. Individuals of the lower-class nations, such as Albanians and Montenegrins, pass from time to time in their resplendent national garb.

Really fine impressions of native life may be made all round the Ezbekiya Gardens, where the cabmen and donkey-boys and the stalls frequented by them are to be found. The little white donkeys of Cairo, with their gay blue and silver necklaces and saddles of red brocade, are most picturesque, and they loaf like human beings. The cabs, with their pairs of fiery little white Arabs and tarbooshed negro coachmen, have chariot races over the poor all day long; and the pavement restaurants; the piles of green forage; the whip-plaiting round the saplings; the improper postcards and religious oleographs hung in alternate rows on the Ezbekiya railings; the Turkish delight and nougat stalls; the cases of cheap turquoises; the chestnuts being roasted round the roots of the street trees; the fortune-telling in the sand; are all full of interest for the intelligent traveller who takes care to catch them unawares.

This is the second stage of native life. The third stage is at the Ataba-el-Khadra, the square where all the tramways start, and in the Mûski. The former is

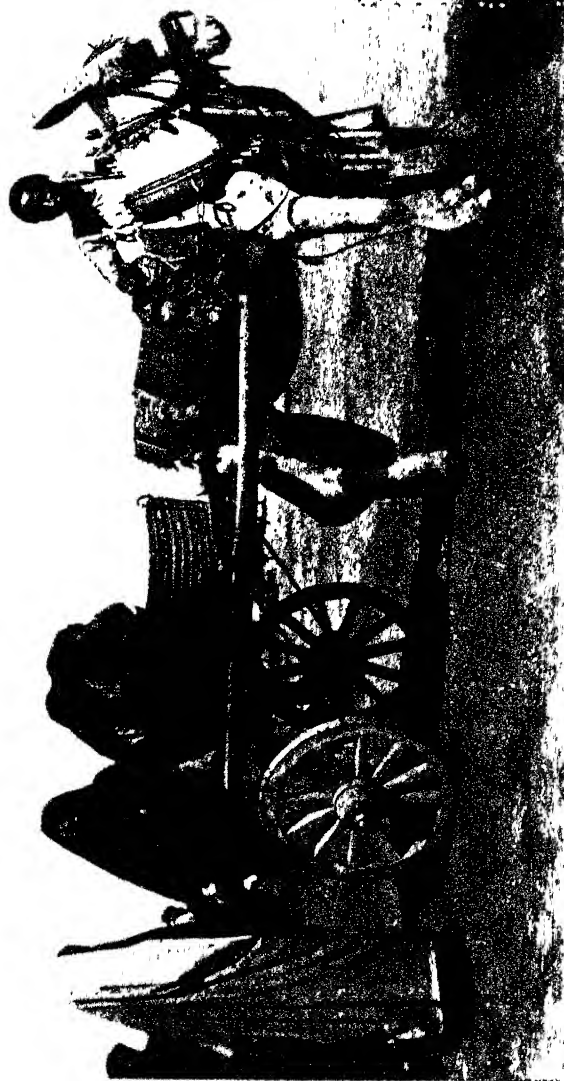
good for water and lemonade-sellers, omnibuses crowded with natives, and native omnibuses, the latter mere lorries on which the black humpty-dumpties of native women sit haunched up, packed as close as carboys. The water-sellers and lemonade-sellers incline to costume, and have splendid brass vessels of fantastic shapes. Here, too, are cafés frequented by natives, with an attendant crowd of shoe-browns, and the hawkers of cheap turnery and haberdashery. Here are the men who have huge bread-rings slung on their arms, and the vendors of Arab pastry and seditious newspapers; here are camels laden with green forage for the numerous beasts; here are the blue-gowned porters carrying pianos on their backs, or waiting for a job, with knots of rope on their shoulders. And here and round the Ezbekiya Gardens are Arabs, with heads covered from the sun, asleep on the road, the pavement, or any other unsuitable place.

The Mûski is the thoroughfare between East and West, between the native city and the tourists' Cairo. So thick is the traffic, that it is often impossible to move. Stand where it debouches into the Ataba at three in the afternoon, and all species of Arabs will present themselves. Here you will see the best specimens of Egyptian women, swathed in black from head to ankle, only occasionally in stockings, but always in heavy silver anklets, and generally with their faces covered by a strip of black crêpe fastened to the little gilt cylinder which hangs between the eyes. They are mostly ugly and dumpty, but more faithful to their national dress than the men, who mix in European garments. The most outlandish figures are the Arish people—the Bedawins from the Eastern Desert. The traveller will not have to wait

long before he sees the striped burnoose, the silver-corded head-cloth, and the fine hawk-like features of the Bedawin man, who walks like a noble and a warrior. The Arish women often have pretty well-featured faces, uncovered, and hung round with little gold chains like tassels. They love to wear large gold, and scarlet coral, beads round their necks and across their foreheads. They do not show their feet, but wear long dresses, and sometimes wide trousers trailing on the ground.

It is only the traffic which is very interesting in the Mûski, which was once the chief shopping street of Cairo, full of picturesque houses and life. For typical native shops, restaurants and sherbet-stalls, the traveller must go to his fourth stage, the broad streets like the Sûkkariya and Khordagiya, which run through the Bazars. Here he will see native life of all sorts, from shopping, to Nubian minstrels, Bazar touts, officious policemen, funerals and weddings. A rich Arab wedding is almost as Oriental and pre-mediæval as the return of a rich pilgrim from Mecca.

First come two men carrying mirrors shaped like shields and mounted on long staves; then a band, playing Oriental instruments, mounted on camels with white shells on their bridles, and shells and mirrors and tinsel on their scarlet caparisons. Then come masked jesters and banner-bearers, and a bagpipe band on foot, often with Scottish plaids on their bagpipes. The bride is in a beautiful palanquin of ivory, inlaid with silver, or dark wood inlaid with ivory and silver and mother-of-pearl, slung between two camels with even grander housings and bridles, one in front and one behind; the back one always with its head fastened under the palanquin.



A native Ompah, with type of Wagon of Car.

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Weddings are one of the sights of Egypt, and the return of the pilgrims from Mecca brings incessant processions like the most gorgeous weddings. The palanquins are there, sometimes two or three of them in one procession; and there is generally a man in the dress of a Desert Sheikh standing on a camel and waving a spear. But the feature of these processions is the pilgrim himself, wearing the Mecca dress, and sometimes a green turban. He usually sits in a carriage decked in gorgeous trappings like the camels, and looks wan and haggard and in the last stage of exhaustion. But sometimes he rides on a fine white ass, and he is always surrounded by a troop of friends on fine white asses, who throng round him, and bend over and kiss him in their happiness at his having secured so much holiness.

The traveller should never be indifferent to the tomtomming of an Oriental band. It always means that some game is afoot that is worthy of observation.

The fifth and last stage is at the native markets, and the only good market in Cairo is the Market of the Afternoon, held in the early hours of the afternoon in the Midan Mohammed Ali under the Citadel. Here the adventurous tourist can find the native doing his small marketings, looking at his shows, and gambling after hours, almost with the artlessness of a Sudanese. But, except for picking up bargains in brass, there are better markets out at Gizeh, on Tuesdays, and in the village a few miles to the right of the Mena House on Mondays. They are delightful bits of Africa, with hundreds of camels and donkeys, and hundreds of stalls spread on the ground in rows like an encampment. At the latter he will find the best-looking women in Egypt, Bedawins,

with a special costume and special jewellery. These markets are full of the most African effects.

There are two other places where the traveller can be sure of characteristic native life, outside the railway station and outside the police station. The native who has anything important to do, has a habit of going to the place hours before the time. He sits on the ground outside and waits. The traveller watching such spots is like the sportsman watching a trail in the jungle, which leads to water. Any game may come his way.

At festival times his opportunities are naturally doubled. He will find it well worth his time to go by steamer down to the Barrage at the head of the Delta on the day of the Shem-en-Nescem—the Greek Easter Monday, to see an Egyptian bank-holiday. On the high banks of the Nile, below the beautiful trees of that sub-tropical Eden, he will see the Arabs reclining on their mats, and the Greeks, whose young women are often lovely, indulging in their national dances. They like being watched by English people. The processions with which the Copts celebrate Easter at midnight on their Easter Eve, and Christmas on their Christmas Eve, are very Oriental and picturesque. The Bairam, which the Mohammedans call their Christmas, is almost as well worth seeing: its chief celebrations are in open spaces about 8 a.m., and numbers of resplendent banners, decorated with conspicuous Arabic texts, are used. Nothing could be more impressive than the long lines of kneeling or bowing figures, mostly in white, with the incense-bearer walking between them swinging his censer, and the gaily-robed Sheikh standing by the clustered ensigns to address them. .

The Ashûra of the Shiah Mohammedans, which celebrates the deaths of Hassan and Hoseyn, the sons of Ali, the nephew of the Prophet, are the most marvellous survival of the Middle Ages to be seen in Egypt. You are surprised at the English authorities permitting such a barbarous ceremony to take place in public: it cannot long survive. On the night of the Ashûra, the Persians walk up the Mûski dressed in white, bared to the waist, slashing their heads with swords and beating their breasts and backs with heavy chains till the blood pours down. They are headed by a tiny boy, with a slashed head and face, riding on an ass. He represents Ali Akbar, the tiny son of Hoseyn, killed as he went for water.

The most splendid Mohammedan ceremonies are the Molid, or Birthday of the Prophet, and the departure and return of the Mahmal, the palanquin in which the Holy Carpet is conveyed to Mecca.

At the Molid, an enormous stadium is formed on the parade-ground at Abbassiya, and here the Ministers of the Khedive; the Sheikh-el-Bekri, who is the representative of the Prophet; and various Pashas, and Mohammedan religious Orders, erect enormous pavilions of canvas, lined with gorgeous Arabic texts, richly carpeted, hung with countless lanterns, and fitted with easy chairs for the entertainment of guests. The Khedive himself, and all his Ministers, the Grand Kadi, the Grand Mufti, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and the Ulemas of the great El-Azhar University, sit round the Sheikh-el-Bekri, as the deputations of the various religious Orders of Mohammedan Africa come up with gorgeous banners, and dancing cymbal bands, and white-robed attendants, sashed with green, to pay their respects to him as the



representative of the Prophet. The ceremony begins about four, and goes on till darkness falls, and all the lamps flame out. Long ere this, the vast stadium is filled with processions, the banners of each giving the effect of a mediæval galley with her sails fluttering in the wind. And the whole square, with its crowd of banners and figures in the festival dresses of the Orient, looks like the pictures of the battle of Lepanto.

The Molid gives the traveller his very best opportunities for the observation of costumes and ceremonial attitudes. I took many photographs of them. No one made the least objection to my taking them.

The departure and return of the Mahmal is the greatest religious ceremony of Egypt. Here there are large numbers of military, and the Egyptian soldier is unsurpassed in the smartness of his drill. The crowds are gigantic, and as the ceremony takes place in the Midan Mohammed Ali, there is a glorious background of the mosque domes and minarets of the Midan Rumelch, which is at the end of the Midan Mohammed Ali. The Mahmal itself is a gorgeous silk tent or palanquin on the back of a very fine camel; an ancient copy of the Koran is hung outside it, and the Holy Carpet, which is really a tapestry presented every year by the Khedivial House to Mecca, is conveyed in this.

Naturally religious enthusiasm is at its height. The Khedive has a permanent pavilion for God-speeding it and receiving it on its return. It is attended by a gorgeous camel band of Oriental musicians of the kind you see at weddings, but more magnificent, and guarded by men in mediæval armour with pikes and battle-axes, and great two-handed swords, for effect; but with half a regiment of infantry and machine guns for pro-

tection from the Bedawins of the Desert, who see no sacrilege in attacking it, though they are fanatical Mohammedans. On the return of the Mahmal the appearance of these soldiers, scorched by the suns and blackened by the sandstorms of the long Desert march, is very striking. This year the fighting was unusually severe—more than once they could not proceed. The procession goes through most picturesque evolutions in front of the Khedivial pavilion. The whole scene—the enormous midan lined with soldiers in gay uniforms, backed by enormous crowds and ringed by the Citadel, the mosques, and the Tombs of the Manlûks, is stupendous. The reception of the Mahmal takes place at nine in the morning.

I have not been in Egypt during the holy month of Ramadan.

## THE MOSQUES OF CAIRO.

THE chief monuments of Cairo are the Mosques. They are almost innumerable, and very many of them are ancient and beautiful. Yet outstanding examples, to which one could safely take the average intelligent person without being told that one's swans were geese, might almost be counted on the fingers. First there is El-Azhar, which he will admit, not for the ancient features hidden in the bosom of its vast *liwân*, nor for its magic minarets, but for the vast number of students seated on the ground, in a variety of undignified positions and occupations, in its spacious court. The Mosque of Mehemet Ali in the Citadel he would probably admit for its size and its alabaster arcades. He would be right in considering its sky-line the finest in Cairo, as it rises on the edge of the Citadel Rock with the Mokattam Hills, as blank as Eternity, behind it. It, and it alone in Egypt, looks fit to take its place in the fairy horizon of Constantinople. But apart from its position and its bold outline, it is not worth consideration. The interior belongs to the same category as the Brighton Pavilion. I should veto the Mehemet Ali Mosque; he would probably veto the superb and ancient Mosque of Sultan Hassan, which towers up like the palace of the

Popes at Avignon, challenging the hill of the Citadel at whose base it stands, for it is but now that the bat and the owl are being banished from Sultan Hassan's princely pile, so majestic in its frowning battlements, in the loftiness of its arcades, and the simple masses of its masonry.

Among a handful of Mosques which we should both embrace, El-Muayyad may be given the first place. It sits like a king on his judgment seat by the most splendid and interesting of the old gates of Cairo—the Bab-Zuweyla. Its superb minarets, the most gracious in the city, spring from the towers of the gate, whose doors are invested with magic by the Faithful. It is of vast size; its architecture is rich and noble; you ascend to it by a stately sweep of steps; you pass through gates of bronze, whose arabesques transcend in beauty the sculptured doors of Italy; you find yourself under a towering dome; you ask, is it tower or dome; then the low buzz of human voices takes your eye from the disappearing roof to the marble floor, where a professor in a robe of purple cloth is expounding to the students, sitting Turkwise like himself, the religious platitudes of Islam. Then you step out into a noble court, with space and trees, as well as sunshine—grace is none too common in a Cairo Mosque—and in the centre a fine fountain.

But it is the *liwân* which is the glory of El-Muayyad; its whole vast length is sanctuarized from the court by a screen of massive and gracious *meshrebiya* that climbs almost to the top of the tall arcades. Behind that carved and transparent wall are ancient columns, ancient capitals, ancient arches, richly-painted ceilings, and round the wall, against which *mîhrab* and *minbar*,

the Mecca niche and the pulpit of prayer, repose, is a panelling of precious marbles erected with the elegance and prodigality invented by the Norman masters of the Moslem in Sicily. El-Muayyad is so large, so splendid, in such perfect taste and perfect condition, that there can be no two opinions about it.

Its nearest rival is the Mosque of El-Merdani in the winding street which climbs up and down hill from the Bab-Zuweyla to the Citadel. The *liwân* has the same graces; the court lacks the garden of El-Muayyad, but has an engaging and noble simplicity. The special charm of El-Merdani lies not in court or *liwân*, or in the ancient exterior of broken and beautiful outlines, but in the fact that, like El-Azhar, it is one of the very few Mosques of Cairo that shows its bosom to the street. As you pass its generously open gates, the glittering white courts and the stately *meshrebiya* of its *liwân* smite the eye and the senses.

Another Mosque with claims for most people is the city Mosque of Sultan Barkûk, not to be confused with the delightfully romantic ruin which contains his bones in the incomparable cemetery known as the Tombs of the Caliphs, where dome and minaret and desert beggar the imagination. The Barkûkiya is a Mosque of noble proportions and materials, a place of natural grace and obvious beauties, undecayed. This word is of prime importance, for half of the best in Cairo's Mosques are like moth-eaten panels of priceless tapestry. Take the adjoining En-Nasir Mosque, all perished except a couple of rich windows, and a minaret veiled in a lace of sculptured plaster, whose richness and delicacy and daring are hardly rivalled elsewhere. It is only now that the Kalaûn Mosque, beyond En-Nasir, is rising like

a phoenix from its ashes. The delicately carved plaster work—*plâtre ajouré*, as the French call it—which surrounds its windows and its cupola, is of an exquisite loveliness that must win every heart. That makes five—El-Azhar, El-Muayyad, El-Merdani, the Barkûkiya, and the Mosque of Sultan Kalafûn.

Even the Blue Mosque, whose *lîwân* wall is glowing with the azure faience of mediæval Asia, would not please all the intelligent or all the unintelligent. What should be its garden is a desert, but it is hard to deny the glory of the faenced wall of the little Blue Mosque in the Dervish tekkiya El-Gulchani—its tiles are so rich and old and captivating, the vista of its bold blue wall shining out from its porch arrests the passer-by.

The Mosque of El-Ghûry would be, I suppose, another general favourite, if many went to see it, for it has the sumptuous finish of the Mosques of the Kait Bey period, and it is great and elegant as well as rich and reverend. These Mosques of Kait Bey's architects (this example being of the latest, built in the dawning of the sixteenth century) are jewels of richness; yet it is only the larger examples which might appeal to the ordinary eye, for they are apt to be small as the preciousness of their materials demanded; and their richness is quiet. They enchant the possessor of good taste, and demand good taste in the enchanted. There are quite a few of them, mostly unperished or faithfully restored; they follow the design of the great hall in an Emir's palace; their gaily-marbled floors are sunk like fountains in the middle. They have a dais at each end and smaller daïses at the sides, divided from the sunken floor beneath the cupola by arches, whose fantastic elegance is concealed by their mellow colour. The ceilings, closely

ribbed, are painted to glow like mosaics, and, where they are unrestored, are as beautiful as old Moslem book-covers. Their pulpits, if one may apply such a name to the graceful minbar, have been known to cost a thousand pounds and more, for the carved dark wood of their slender soaring forms may be inlaid with sculptured ivory. The mihrab beside the minbar, the shrine with no visible representation to which the Moslem turns in prayer, are always sumptuous, and not seldom have a glowing charm. For the Arabs of Egypt were bold and skilful in enclosing mosaics with borders of mother-of pearl and turquoise enamel that suggest the art of the cloisonné-maker. The walls and floors are always encrusted with precious marbles, imitating, one would think, the chapels and palaces of the Normans in Sicily, for discs of porphyry and serpentine glow in the white marble beneath your feet, and the walls, to above the height of a man, are covered with panels of marble, sometimes in the simple Norman taste, more often inlaid in stripes and patterns which do not offend. Kait Bey's own Mosque behind Ibn Tûlûn's, the Mosque of Abu Bekr, the Mosque of Kitchmas-el-Ishaki are examples of the period, and the later El-Bordeini Mosque was inspired by them.

The Mosque of Ibn Tûlûn would, I suppose, be included by everyone, for it is so vast and old and has such gracious arcades, so outstanding a minaret. But its beauties are sorely perished, though the amateur of the old sculptured plaster of Egypt finds enchanting examples here. The intelligent observer is delighted and fascinated with this Mosque ; it is only the unintelligent to whom it has to appeal by its size and oddity.

Of the very ancient Mosques, Ibn Tûlûn towers

above its rivals, the Mosque of Amr and the Mosque of El-Hakim, for the latter has small claims beyond the boldness of its minarets, and the former beyond the atmosphere of antiquity in its long arcades whose life has been so very long.

The Mosque of Ibn Tûlûn has claims to greatness shared by few Egyptian Mosques. History has thrown its limelight upon it; its antiquity is vast; it was more than one thousand years ago that Ahmed Ibn Tûlûn erected this stately House of God. Only the grand Mosque of Kairowan and the Palace of the Alhambra have courts to match the mighty square, with walls and battlements like a fortress and a quarter of a mile of colonnades surrounding it. The colonnades are double on three sides, quadrupled on the fourth, which is the *lîwân*, for this is a Mosque of the ancient order, with heaven for its roof except in its cloistering colonnades, whose fronts are embossed with the mysterious chrysanthemum ornaments which Akhnaton, the heretic Pharaoh, introduced as the type of the vivifying power of the Sun. These arcades, so grave and long, at first might seem almost commonplace in their simplicity, for the arches spring not from columns, but from stuccoed piers, the invention of a Christian prisoner, when there was a fear that all the columns in Egypt would not suffice for these unending arcades. Then one grows aware of notable features in them, for they have fine pointed arches, and are sculptured with graceful arabesque patterns. These plaster piers, these sculpturings in plaster, have stood the elements of a thousand years; these arches received their pointed heads three centuries before William the Englishman gave England her first pointed arches in Canterbury Cathedral. And



between the arches are windows with the same pointed heads. Windows are the feature of Ibn Tûlûn's Mosque, which has scores of them filled with fretwork as beautiful as lace, in the clerestory of its sanctuary and cloister. The stones between the old grey fretted walls are worn with the footsteps of a thousand years. I love this Mosque. It has a curious minaret, with an outside staircase winding round it which preserves the features, if it does not contain the actual stone, of the design that Ibn Tûlûn made for the architect by twisting a sheet of paper. We were just too late to hear the Muezzin call from its gallery. I was sorry, for it is statelier than most. We mounted up as he left it, and saw spread before us a wonderful panorama, from the vast cloisters at our feet to the Pyramid of Cheops on the horizon, with Old Cairo, the mounds of Al-Fustat, and the famous churches of Babylon rising between. I walked round the gallery and looked another way. The Citadel was towering above me, with the Mosque of Mehemet Ali on its brow, and the domes and the minarets of the Tombs of the Caliphs peering over its shoulder. To the right of the Citadel were the domes innumerable of the Tombs of the Mamlûks. Everywhere there were domes and minarets, as thick as poppies in the corn, flowering above the houses. The tangled view of them towards the Citadel was purely lovely, springing in brilliant contrast from the grey, unlovely ruins round the Mosque, where old houses have been battered down for new houses that have never risen, and are lying round the long battle-mented walls, looking as if they had been laid waste by a besieger.

Where these ruins are turning to grim dust once

stood the glorious palace and gardens of Sultan Ibn Tûlûn, which beggared description for their fantastic luxury. It was here that his son had his Golden Hall and quicksilver lake, with a leather air-bed floating on it, and the other marvels about which the Arabian chroniclers never tire.

Having dealt with the Mosques which, I think, command general acceptance, I may mention some which have a great charm for me personally. Such, for example, as the picturesque El-Mase Mosque in the Hilmiya; the southern Chikhûn Mosque, which has a picturesque fountain court, and is not only ancient, but unique; the beautiful little El-Bordeini Mosque, with its marbles as light and precious as jewels; the unique and very unspoilt Sultan Selim Mosque in the Citadel, and various others.

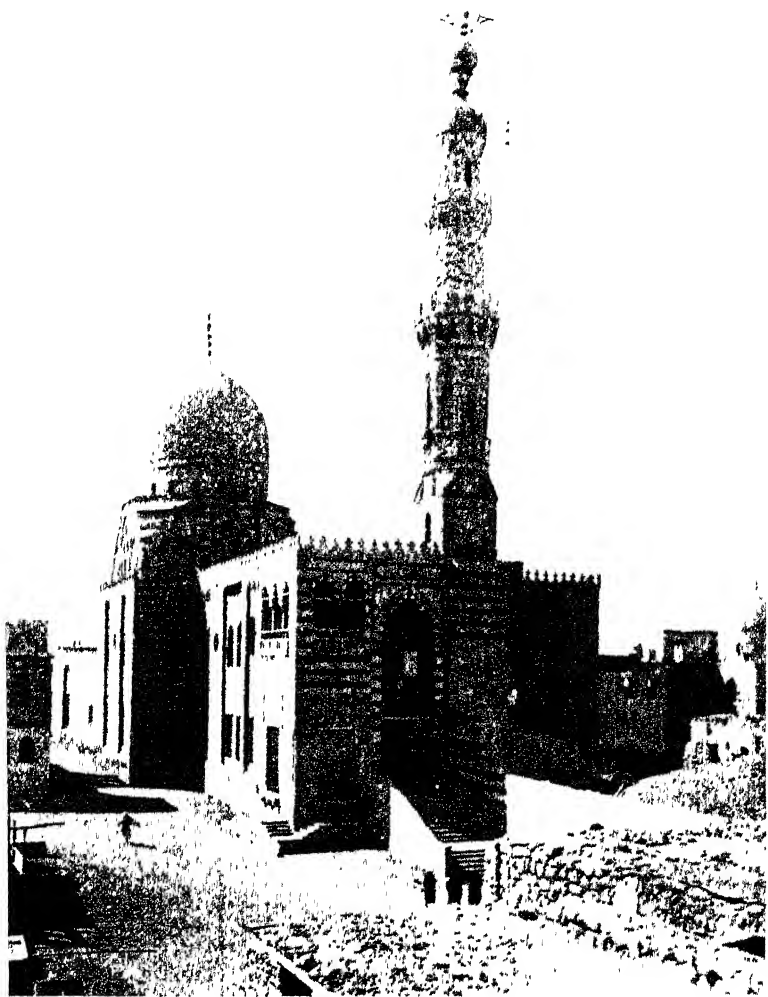
Wherein lies the charm of these wonderful Cairo Mosques, which have the reputation of being second to none in the world, though they have neither the majestic proportions which greet you in Constantinople, nor the courtly minarets which glitter above the flat roofs of Tunis.

I can answer in a word, that the charm of the best Cairo Mosques lies in their age and their simplicity, while some of them, like Ibn Tûlûn and El-Azhar, have a halo of history and romance. It is only in rich new Mosques, like those of Mehemet Ali and the Mosque of Hoseyn, that we are confronted by affectation or ostentation. Few of the Mosques affect a carpet; they are mostly content with the plainest matting. Few have any decorations apart from their marbles and meshrebiya work, but their decorations, like their proportions, are apt to be charming, and their colours, where they have

not been restored, are delightful. The same quiet richness distinguishes the exteriors. Fretted domes and fantastic minarets, long lines of crow's-foot battlements, pierced stone windows with borders of sculptured plaster as delicate as lace-work, arabesqued bronze doors, flights of white marble steps—these constitute the characteristics of most of them ; but some have a sêbil, or fountain, always surmounted by a school, attached to them, and these sêbils are apt to be very beautiful, often with a loggia, like the palaces of the ancient Romans, as we see them in the paintings of Pompeii.

The simplicity of Mosques has an irresistible attraction for me. Beyond the pulpit and the lectern and the carpet on the floor they have no furniture, and their clergy make no pretence of being intermediaries. The most ordinary man feels self-sufficient for prayer. He puts off his shoes at the door, and passing through to the liwân, performs his prayers and prostrations with fervour and dignity. Or he may desire to read his holy book in the sacred precincts ; and you will see him sitting cross-legged with a broad volume in a worn leather binding spread upon his knees, nodding his head in ecstasy, or perhaps so rapt that he reads lying prostrate, with his head on his hands and leaning on his elbows as motionless as a statue—always a worshipper.

The Mosques of most commanding exterior are on or below the Citadel. The finest of all, to the untutored eye, is the great Mosque of Mehemet Ali, upon which critics are so severe. But critics are not so strong as facts, and facts point out, in their inexorable way, that you may stand on the top of the Great Pyramid, or the banks of the Nile, or sail for miles up and down the historic stream, as you please, but if you look for Cairo,



*Photo by]*

[LEKEFIAN, Cairo.

The Mosque of Kait Bey in the Tombs of the Khahls.

*] Facing page 308.*



your eyes will fall on the Mosque of Mehemet Ali and rest there in supreme content. It may be bad art or good art to have a beehive dome between needle minarets, but there can be no two words about their value in the scape of the horizon. It is the Mosque of Mehemet Ali which makes the Citadel of Cairo like the City of Stamboul—one of the world's most memorable horizons, though, inside, it is an eyesore—all gilt and garishness, less pleasing as a Saracenic interior than the dining-room of the Cataract Hotel at Assuan.

Its outward form is not only beautiful when distance lends enchantment to the view, it is absolutely enchanting if you stand in the square below watching the sunset pour on it.

That square, the Place or Midan Rumeleh, is worthy of comparison with the famous Piazzetta at Venice, on which St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace stand. For one side is dominated by the proud Citadel of Saladin, and the soaring dome and minarets of the Mehemet Ali Mosque. It was between this and the picturesque El-Azab Gate at its foot that the massacre of the Mamlûks took place. The sunset plays full upon them and lingers long. Facing them is the vast Mosque of Sultan Hassan, as mighty in its way as the Great Pyramid. They are joined by a little hill with the most fantastic sky-line of Mosques in all Egypt, for at its base, separated from the Sultan Hassan Mosque by the Sharia Mohammed Ali, is the tremendous fabric of the Rifaiya Mosque, second in vastness and majesty only to the Sultan Hassan Mosque itself, and the finest building of modern Egypt. The smaller Mosques which climb the hill are beautiful alike in colour and fantastic domes. The plain buildings of modern every-day

life hardly intrude more here than out at the Tombs of the Caliphs abandoned by man to Mosque and tomb and desert.

There are few Mosques that I admire so much as Sultan Hassan's, which is the best specimen of the medresa—college as much as Mosque. It is of high antiquity. Competent judges have pronounced it the most remarkable monument of Egyptian-Arab architecture. It was built five hundred and fifty years ago; it has one of the most beautiful domes in the world; it is enormously large and high, and its vast walls are crowned with an imposing and unique battlement. It fills an immense space at the end of the Sharia Mohammed Ali, the principal thoroughfare of native Carro. It faces the Citadel, and though it has no precipice to lift its foundations on high, it is no mean rival.

Regarded from the market-place below the Citadel, the elegance of its dome is the note which strikes the eye; but as one approaches it driving up the Sharia Mohammed Ali it is no longer elegant, but mighty and massive. As it climbs the hill, it towers up like the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, which looks more like a work of the Creator than any other building of man.

The portal is the grandest in Egypt. It is eighty feet high, and sunk in a deep panel, whose apse-like head, filled with its pendentive carvings, might have been the matrix of a dome. The entrance is approached by a marble rostrum with two sweeping flights of stairs.

Once inside, you pass through lofty passages of imposing dimensions to the Mosque proper, and the chambers occupied by students when Sultan Hassan was a University in being. Though so simple, the

Mosque is very imposing from its vastness and the elegance of its proportions from the moment that you enter. Right inside the porch is one of those towering cupolas, so distinctive of the Mosque of the period. The courtyard contains a very ancient fountain, whose bulbous canopy of wood is unique in Cairo. This courtyard is surrounded by arches almost as lofty and imposing as the arches of the basilica of Constantine. That on the east is larger and deeper than the others, for it constitutes the *lîwân*, or part of the Mosque which corresponds most to the idea of a church, since it contains the *dikka*, or lectern, the *minbar*, or pulpit, and the empty niche entitled *kibla* or *mîhrab*, which points in the direction of Mecca, and is, therefore, on the east in an Egyptian Mosque. Some authorities consider that this type of Mosque was evolved from the old basilica, in which case they maintain that the *mîhrab* would typify the presbytery apse. It is more difficult to think that there is no connection between the Mosque court, with its fountain in the centre, and the atrium, with its fountain in the centre, which was such a commanding feature in old basilicas.

The *dikka* at the Sultan Hassan Mosque, as in other important Mosques, is a long platform, with a low balustrade supported by several pairs of columns, strangely like the pulpits of the old Norman churches in South Italy and Sicily, or the tribunals put up in Lent, on which the priest can walk up and down while he is preaching. It is used for reading the Koran. The odd thing is that it seldom has anything but a ladder for mounting up to it. Here, again, there seems to be conscious imitation either by Christian or Mohammedan.

The pulpit of the Sultan Hassan Mosque is a typical



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one, but not conspicuously fine. They are all on the same principle—a steep and lofty stair, only just wide enough to admit a man, conducts the Sheikh to a sort of sentry-box under a cupola generally surmounted by a ball. At the bottom of the stair is a tall gate, which is purely symbolical, for the balustrade is so low that anyone could step over it. The royal tombs of Japan have the same symbolical doors towering up over a balustrade which could exclude no one. The balustrades are not often a very ornamental feature of the pulpits. The ornamentation is reserved for the woodwork reaching down to the floor, which encloses the steps, and for the doors. It consists generally of plain arabesques, overlaid in wood or ivory, but in some instances the ivory is delicately and elaborately carved, as you have it in the screens of Coptic churches.

The Mosque of Sultan Hassan was a very rich foundation, and it still has a few traces of its ancient splendour, such as the doors of bronze, inimitably arabesqued in silver, behind the pulpit.

The founder's tomb, too, at the back of the *liwân*, and immediately under the great dome of the Mosque, still shows how gorgeous it must have been before the richly painted roof and the walls encrusted with costly marbles had begun to perish. Nowadays its most striking feature is the noble old inscription from the Koran in letters a yard long, where the dome begins to spring.

I purposely began my remarks upon individual Mosques with comments on the Mosque of Mehemet Ali, for that lies outside the two classes into which I can divide nearly all the Mosques which the tourist need trouble to see, for it was only built in the last century,

and hardly any of the other Mosques of that date need be mentioned.

All the oldest Mosques belong to the medresa type, of which those of El-Azhar and Sultan Hassan preserve the greatest traces of their original use.

Sultan Hassan has, it is said, a thousand rooms, two hundred and fifty for each of the four Orders of Islam, with lecture-halls attached, in which professors of the Order can lecture to the pupils in the style of mediæval Oxford.

The four Mezhebs, or principal sects, are the Hanafi, the Shafäi, the Maliki, and the Hanbali. These sects differ on points of ritual, and as regards the interpretation of certain portions of the Mohammedan law. The Turks in Egypt belong to the Hanafite sect. Most of the Egyptians belong to the Shafäi, but some few to the Maliki sect. Beneath these four main divisions are a number of Tarikas, or minor sects, which were called into existence at a later period of Islamism than the Mezhebs. Two of the minor sects, the Wahabi and Senussi, have played a considerable part in recent history, and are noted for their fanaticism.

El-Azhar, originally founded in A.D. 973, is the great University of Islam. Except that all the colleges are in one building, it is just like Oxford must have been in the Middle Ages. Theological philosophy, with a very elementary knowledge of the three R's, satisfied the Oxford of the thirteenth century, and little besides the Mohammedan religion is considered necessary for the course at El-Azhar. I imagine that the actual way of teaching in the Oxford of those days must have been very similar. There is a professor and a class to every one of the three hundred and eighty pillars of

the *liwân*. Sometimes the professor stands, sometimes he sits on a *dikka* ; the boys squat on the ground. Very often only the teacher has a book ; the boys, where they have anything at all, seem to have only detached leaves and quires of books ; they write industriously on "slates" made of anything but slate. They are not all learning ; many of them are lying about sleeping, or eating the dole of bread they receive from the University. Their boots and their water-bottles are standing beside them. But generally when they are not attending a lecture, they sit and lie in the sun in the vast courtyard ; you often find a thousand or two of them there. The doors of El-Azhar are always open ; you can see the life of the University from the street, but you cannot enter if you are a Christian without being at once surrounded by attendants, who demand your Mosque-ticket, and provide you with overshoes, and attend you rather closely, and rather hurry you through.

El-Azhar is an enormous Mosque, with six fantastic minarets ; its buildings are of all ages, from that of Gohar, who founded the Mosque in 973, to the present Khedive, who has built rather a handsome Mosque as a kind of chapel for El-Azhar. It is not much used—the Mohammedan does not need a chapel. The oldest parts are, therefore, getting on for a thousand years old. They are built of the extraordinarily durable Arab plaster. The *mîhrab* belongs to the original Mosque, and probably the cupola of it also. Their *plâtre ajouré* is almost filled up with the whitewash of many centuries. There are some other pieces of plaster-work which appear to be of about the same age scattered about the *liwân*. The courtyard, which is made rather picturesque by the

split Arabic battlements, has recently been restored. There is, as might be expected, a Kait Bey building in El-Azhar, a beautiful little Mosque.

It was a perfect delight to stand by the open door opposite the Khan of Kait Bey and look into the *liwân*, with its forest of marble and antique columns and its graceful stilted arches, and its old, old carved dark pulpit; always looking so shaded and cool, no matter how fierce the sun was outside; always full of earnest students kneeling in rings round their teachers with such bright, intelligent faces, and some of them so intent. It was easy here to realize the force of the saying of Solomon—black but comely.

The most beautiful of the old Mosques of Cairo fall chiefly into two classes—what one may call the Sultan Hassan group—that is, fourteenth-century Mosques of the medresa, or collegiate type, and what we may call the Kait Bey group, mostly of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, which are Tomb-Mosques. To the former belong the El-Muayyad, though it was built at a later date -1422; the El-Merdani, 1338-1340; El-Mase, 1330; the Blue Mosque, 1328; the Mosque of Chikhûn, 1355; the Mosque of Sultan Beybars, 1306-1309; the Mosque of Sultan Shaban, and others. The link between these Mosques and those of the Kait Bey groups is the Mosque of Sultan Barkûk, which is in the style of the former, but has a tomb attached, dating from 1392 to 1398.

The Mosques of Cairo which are best worth seeing are, in my opinion, the following, arranged in something like chronological order.

The oldest of all is the Mosque of Amr, founded by Amr Ibn-el-'Asy, the general who conquered Egypt for

the Saracens in A.D. 643. Hardly anything, perhaps nothing at all, of the original edifice remains ; much of its more imposing features dates apparently from the early part of the fifteenth century. But the old Mosque lying amid the ruins of Al-Fustat, the first Cairo of the Saracens, is very gracious and venerable ; it is vast in extent and elegant and majestic in its simplicity. I have not the space to go into detail over the celebrated twin columns between which the Faithful crush themselves as an ordeal, or the stone worn with the rubbing of lemons by mothers who are afraid of their children being dumb.

The second in antiquity is the Mosque of Ibn Tûlûn, to which I have already alluded at length ; the third is the great University Mosque of El-Azhar.

The next in antiquity is the El-Hakim Mosque, founded in 1012, and restored in 1359 ; it is no longer used as a Mosque except on rare occasions, and it is much disfigured by encroaching buildings. But its two great minarets have a special interest, because they are essentially a reproduction of the pylons of ancient Egyptian temples. Its liwân contained for some time the collection of Arabic antiquities which are now housed in a proper museum building. Many of its ancient features have been destroyed, but it still retains some which are unique, interesting and beautiful, and as seen from various points near the two old gates, the Bab-el-Futûh and the Bab-en-Nasr, its exterior is imposing and curious.

The Mosque of Imâm Shafi'y, to which I was unable to gain admission, is said to be the next oldest, its present restored form dating back to the early years of the thirteenth century. The photographs of its interior at

the Wakfs give one the idea of something very ancient and very beautiful. It had another feature of interest, of which all traces have long since disappeared. The first medresa, or college, attached to a Mosque, of which Cairo contains so many specimens, was here erected by the famous Saladin himself as far back as A.D. 1176.

But there is one Mosque of the thirteenth century in Cairo which is in a very central position, and to which admission may be gained with unusual ease, since it is undergoing repairs, and repairs take a long time in Egypt. This is the famous Mosque of Sultan Kalafûn, which is the centre of the glorious group of buildings which form one side of the Sûk-en-Nahassin, the market of the coppersmiths and brassworkers. This group of buildings is one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. The antique hospital and Mosque of Sultan Kalafûn, and the college and Mosque and Tomb of En-Nasir, and the Mosque of Sultan Barkûk, and other buildings of high antiquity, form one continuous block, in which all the beauties of Arabic workmanship meet—dome and minaret, fantastic battlement and fretwork in hoary stone. It is sometimes difficult to say where one begins and the other ends.

At one time or another I have stood for hours outside the Kalafûn Mosque, feasting on its glorious beauty. The lower part of its façade might have been built by the ancient Greeks. A dozen feet above the ground there is one of those bands of inscription in the antique character in which the mediæval Arab delighted. Above that is a row of graceful windows filled with the most charming tracery of sculptured plaster, and above them are fantastic battlements of carved plaster-work. The Arab was a magician with plaster; he made it so

durable that it would last for a millennium: he carved it as others carve stone. Nearly all the most beautiful effects of antique architecture in Cairo are secured with plaster-work. The minaret of Sultan Kalaûn's Mosque is in three stories, the topmost encircled with the lantern staves for the illuminations which come all too seldom. The ancient Mûristan, or hospital, attached to the Kalaûn Mosque, needs the hand of a skilful architect to clear out the excrescences and preserve the ancient features from further decay. It is full of interesting bits not very easy for the foreigner, even when he is a student of archæology, to understand; but Max Hertz Bey, with the knowledge and experience of years, supplemented by the accumulated information of Arab archæologists, could make of this one of the most interesting monuments in Cairo.

Of the tomb and college of En-Nasir, only fragments remain, including a most delightful fretwork window at the end, half shut out by a coppersmith's shop. The minaret of En-Nasir is one of the most fairy-like in Cairo. One does not know whether to compare its decorations to goldsmiths' work or lace, for it looks like lace with threads of stone; but its patterns, its arches, its trefoils, its diamonds, its chrysanthemums, its filigrees, its Cufic inscription, its matrix effects belong to the goldsmith. All are wrought in plaster.

Embedded in the façade of the En-Nasir Mosque is a Gothic gateway, a trophy from St. Jean d'Acre, brought here when Acre fell.

The tomb-chamber of the Kalaûn Mosque is as glorious as its exterior. Its mihrab glitters with mosaics set in pearl; it shines like the floor of Heaven in the Revelation; its windows are veiled in lace of the



most perfect *plâtre ajouré*, especially the central window over the mihrab, gemmed with emerald glass. The tomb is surrounded by a lofty screen with heavily-carved trellises. Above it is a cupola, with eight horse-shoe windows filled with exquisite fretwork, supported by four huge piers and four gigantic granite columns. The walls are all panelled with marble and mosaics in the Arabo-Norman style, and it opens on to a delightful little court with three horse-shoe bays on each side. All the light which streams into this magic building is golden.

There are a good many Mosques of the fourteenth century in Cairo, which are of high beauty and interest; the greatest of all is the gigantic Mosque of Sultan Hassan, A.D. 1356 to 1359, which is now being restored. Vastness and solidity are its chief characteristics, though the decorations of the domed tomb-chamber are very striking. The dome over the tomb is one of the most beautiful in the world. There is an inlaid door of incomparable richness. The cornice under the battlement is absolutely majestic. The porch is the finest of all the noble recessed porches of Cairo. Another building with which one instinctively compares the Mosque of Sultan Hassan is the basilica of Constantine at Rome. It is a St. Peter's among Mosques.

In the street called the Hilmiya, there is an early fourteenth century Mosque called the El-Mase, with beautiful carved plaster-work like the Kalafin Mosque and other ancient and delightful features. Of the El-Merdani Mosque, built about ten years later, I have already spoken at length. Slightly earlier than the El-Mase Mosque is that of Ibrahim Agha, 1328, popularly known as the Blue Mosque. This is rather disappoint-

ing. It is not very well kept up. Its principal feature is the wall of the *liwân*, which is covered with old blue and white tiles.

The Mosque of Sultan Beybars, which was founded a good deal earlier, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, does not retain many ancient and interesting features. It does not look as old as Mosques built two centuries later. Another fourteenth century Mosque, that of Sultan Shaban, is under repair. The two *Chikhûn* Mosques, dating from the middle of the fourteenth century, are extremely interesting. They are separated by a road, that on the south side having one of the best Dervish *Tekkiyas* attached to it. After seeing the Mosque, you are shown the great hall and cells of the *Tekkiya*. Few Mosques have such a picturesque courtyard and *liwân*. The Mosque on the north side of the road is also well worth a visit. I cannot say more for fear of overloading the chapter with detail. The *Kesun* Mosque in the *Sharia* Mohammed Ali is no longer great. *Ismail Pasha* cut it in half to make this street, and it has since been almost entirely modernized, though it dates from 1330. To the Mosque of Sultan *Barkûk*, 1392-1398, I have already alluded at considerable length.

The *El-Muayyad* Mosque, dating from 1422, resembles in character the fourteenth-century Mosques.

In the fifteenth century a new type of Mosque came in, much smaller and attached to a tomb instead of a college. One may call these the *Kait Bey* type of Mosque, because he and the magnificos of his reign were such great builders. The Mosque that I liked best of this group is the fine *El-Ghûry* Mosque, in a street of the same name, between the *Sûkkariya*, and the

Mûski. It stands on both sides of the street and is extremely well preserved. The beautiful loggia over its sêbil gives its exterior great charm. The interior of the Mosque proper has hardly been restored at all. Its colouring is delightfully soft and rich. One is allowed to go up on its roof, and from it can be obtained one of the best views of the busy native streets and the forest of minarets in this ancient quarter of the town. The Mosque of Kait Bey itself, close to the Mosque of Ibn Tûlûn, dating from 1470, has been restored admirably ; the restoration seems to amount to no more than conservation. The colouring is still in the beauty which just precedes decay. The stone-work is allowed to retain the softness imparted to it by four hundred years. This is a difficult Mosque to find without a guide, and the surrounding population—the lowest of the low—can be troublesome to strangers ; but a visit to this Mosque must not be omitted, for not only is the Mosque itself unspoiled, and of the Middle Ages, but the street which leads to it from Ibn Tûlûn has old houses with some of the finest façades in Cairo. If the visitor has not time to hunt out the Kait Bey Mosque, he can see one almost precisely similar, except that it is far too much restored, a few minutes' walk from the Bab-Zuweyla, the Kitchmas-el-Ishaki Mosque, of 1481, which has a beautiful wooden loggia behind it. I have not seen the Kait Bey Mosque on Roda Island. There is another Kait Bey Mosque beside his tomb in the Tombs of the Caliphs, which has been admirably restored, and is, if one takes into consideration both the exterior and the interior, almost the handsomest Mosque in Cairo. But this will be referred to in the chapter on the Tombs. .

There is a very beautiful Mosque of this date which is extremely difficult to find, the Mosque of Abu Bekr, not far from the Bab-esh-Shariya. The internal decorations in this Mosque are charming, and it is rather different in arrangement from the other Mosques of the Kait Bey period. It has one of the best pulpits in Cairo, with extraordinarily good ivory-work delicately carved round its canopy, and over the door at the foot of its staircase. Its painted ceilings have a delightfully mellow effect ; there are none more unspoiled in Cairo. The arrangement of the ceiling round the cupola is very charming ; the walls and floors are panelled in the Sicilian style, and rich with porphyry, and very antique. It has two *liwâns* with graceful stilted arches, and not only the Mosque itself, but the houses all round are ancient, picturesque and interesting. The El-Bordeini Mosque, behind the Mosque of Sitt' Safiya on the Sharia Mohammed Ali, was built a hundred and fifty years later, but entirely in the fifteenth century style. Sitt' Safiya itself, built in 1604, stands at the head of imposing flights of steps, and is quite different to all the other Cairo Mosques. Its architecture is free and graceful, and it should certainly be visited.

From the artist's point of view, for line and colour, there is hardly a more attractive Mosque in the city than the small, almost deserted, sixteenth-century Mosque of Sultan Selim in the Citadel. It is floored and panelled with rich marbles tastefully disposed. It is a dear old Mosque ; it has such charming faded painting, such elegant arabesques, such a graciously fretted white marble pulpit ; its decorations must have been richer than those of El-Bordeini itself. It is certainly far more beautiful, so cool, so reposeful—one of the nicest

little Mosques I ever was in. It has a tiny white dome, a perfect cloister with a worn pavement of inlaid marbles, and a fountain court with an Arab trellis.

I have spoken before of the difficulty of guessing the age of a Mosque from its appearance. There is, opposite El-Azhar, a Mosque built by the treacherous Mohammed Bey, in 1774, which looks older than many of the fifteenth-century Mosques, and has a wonderful pavilion of meshrebiya over its fountain of ablution.

There are many other Mosques equal, or perhaps even superior in merit, to some of those which I have mentioned, but it is impossible to give details about all. I doubt if there is anyone who, without reference to the registries of the Wakfs, could tell you how many Mosques there are in Cairo; and some of the smallest, whose very names we could not find out from the people who lived all round them, were among the most beautiful. There are a dozen charming little Mosques wearing the beauty of antiquity and decay, and rich in colour some of them, in the succession of streets which leads from the Sharia Mohammed Ali to the Bab-Zuweyla. There is another cluster of them where the Khan-el-Khalil runs into the Mûski. There are more in the Sharia Emir El-Giyûchi and its continuations. They are to be found, in fact, in all the old Arab streets.

With the Mosques should be mentioned the Tekkiyas of the Dervishes, who are either prohibited or have forbidden themselves to perform their Zikr for the entertainment of foreigners like the howling and dancing Dervishes of Constantinople. But they may still be seen about the streets, sometimes in their peculiar robes and tarboosh of brown frieze; their Tekkiyas, or monaster-

are apt to have pleasant courts and gardens. One of them, the Gulchani, known as the Little Blue Mosque, has the most beautiful old blue tiles in Cairo, and there are two with charming gardens in the street called the Hilmiya, near the El-Mase Mosque. There are only three Mosques which Christians are not welcome to enter—those of Seyyida Zeyneb, Hoseyn, and Imam Shafi'y, and only the last is ancient enough to signify. At other Mosques the Sheikhs regard with something akin to tolerance the little brown Mosque-tickets, for they represent two piastres each to the Mosque funds. You just show your ticket and are provided with overshoes, and are then allowed to wander about as you please, unless it is the hour of prayer.

But the subject of the Mosques is inexhaustible. The only advice I can give the tourist is to go into every old Mosque he sees ; it is sure to be worth a visit to anyone with an artistic soul. For this purpose the ordinary dragoman is of very little use. He has preconceived notions about what is worth seeing, and makes you miss things constantly, because he is too grand to explore every old street patiently. A ghafir, or a donkey-boy, who can talk a little English, is far better ; a Bazar-tout is best of all, if you can persuade him that you are not going to buy anything at all, but mean to give him a shilling to walk round with you and ask the names of things and the way to things. He is generally perfectly willing to do this, because he thinks that if he makes you his friend, he can lure you into making purchases at the Bazars on future occasions. Moreover, there are not many Arabs of his class who are not satisfied to make a shilling over a morning or afternoon spent in the congenial company of foreigners,

especially if there are ladies in the party. I employed a tall Arab, named Ali, who is always to be found by the Bab-Zuweyla and has a guide's licence. I gave him a testimonial (on which I was careful to mount his photograph, to show how thoroughly satisfied I was with his intelligence and honesty), which he will doubtless use to secure patrons. Arabs must live on extremely little when they are satisfied to spend two or three or four hours in making a shilling, but you must make your bargain beforehand, or they would not be satisfied with five shillings. It was this association with donkey-boys and Bazar-runners that sometimes made it difficult to enter an Egyptian Mosque in the right spirit. It certainly was not religious prejudice that hampered me, for the temples of other religions than my own have an absorbing interest for me, and Mosques especially, being so full of the spirit of the Middle Ages, have engaged the passion of my imagination since I was a child. The beauty of holiness does not rest upon the Mosques of Egypt as it does upon an ancient Gothic church.

Disinspiring is the way in which one crosses their thresholds. Tickets are demanded and criticized; dirty overshoes are grudgingly brought to go over one's boots, and one is seldom admitted without smouldering hostility; but I am philosophical enough to take these drawbacks for granted. I think it is that so few of them have what I may call atmosphere, except when there are worshippers in them, though their architectural features, their colouring, their arabesques, their delicate meshrebiya wood-work often fill me with delight. There are exceptions, however. When I enter Ibn Tûlûn, for example, on a day of fierce Egyptian sunshine to bring out the purple shadows, my imagination is stirred

within me. I do not look upon its details with a merely critical eye, as I should if they were exposed in a museum. I seem to be treading in the halls of history, and recollect the story which founded this building, as every building is founded by a story.



## THE OLD ARAB HOUSES OF CAIRO.

THE chief charm of Cairo to me will always be that Cairo, and not any town in Arabia, is the Arab capital. For so much of the grace of the Middle Ages was Saracenic, and the Middle Ages are one of the oases in the world's history.

In mediæval remains, Cairo is rich, for its Middle Ages lasted nearly a thousand years, from the foundation of the city to the foundation of Egyptian independence. They may be divided into three classes--military, religious and domestic.

Of military architecture there are not many ancient examples; outside of the Citadel they are confined to the walls and gates, and a few Roman forts and Coptic ders. In ecclesiastical remains, Cairo is great; for her Coptic churches vie in antiquity with her mosques. But in this chapter I have to speak of her mediæval domestic buildings.

Few tourists have explored this by-way of architecture, though all who have eyes and go to the Bazaars, bargain-hunting, must be aware that Cairo is what is called an old city—that there are streets with perishing façades which make admirable kodaks and postcards.

Whole streets of the overhanging houses of the

Cairo of the Caliphs are rare. But they are still to be found. The amateur photographer should look for them in the Sharia Bab-el-Wazir, part of the winding street which leads from the Bab-Zuweyla to the Citadel; in the street between the Tentmakers' Bazar and the tramway which runs from the Ataba-el-Khadra to the Citadel; in the Gamaliya itself; in the streets between the Gamaliya and the Sharia En-Nahassin, the street of the coppersmiths at the end of the Bazar; in the street between the Sûk-es-Sellah, the Armourers' Bazar, and the Merdani Mosque; in the Sharia es-Sûreni at the back of the tramway which runs on the site of the old canal, on the left-hand side as you go down the Mûski; in the Sharia Emir El-Giyûchi, which runs into the Sharia En-Nahassin and contains one of the most ancient baths in Cairo; in the streets which continue the Sharia Emir El-Giyûchi to the railway station; in the Gamamise; in the street which leads from the Ibn Tûlûn Mosque to the Kait Bey Mosque; and a few of its neighbouring streets in the ancient El-Katai quarter of the town.

These, and the streets behind the Sûkkariya, which runs from the Bab-Zuweyla to the Bazar, and a few in Bûlak, are the best places for finding rows of ancient buildings.

The venerable-looking houses which arrest the eye are not always of high antiquity. Time works quickly in Cairo. A century and neglect can do wonders with wood-work, and it is the wood-work which makes these old streets so wonderful. For their beauty consists in the superb oriels latticed with meshrebiya fretwork, which allowed the ladies in the harems to see the life in the street below.



*Photo by*

[LEKHTIAN, Cairo.

The open-air Hall of a Medieval Arab House in Cairo.

[Facing page 388.



There are few more beautiful objects in architecture than one of these old Cairo windows, which may be many feet in length and height, and projecting a yard or more over the street, covered all over with dark lattices of the finest meshrebiya, a filigree of ancient wood-carving.

These windows are supported on wooden brackets, sometimes very handsome or richly carved. If they contain glass it is of modern insertion, for the meshrebiya received its name from the current of air which passed through it and cooled the water-jars of the harem, which stood on the benches running round these oriels. Where a house or a row of houses has a succession of these great oriels, rising tier upon tier, the effect is indescribably picturesque.

It does not follow that the house will be picturesque inside. But if, instead of the ordinary meshrebiya, the upper part of the window is filled with fretwork, set with coloured glass, there is a chance of finding the original interior unspoiled.

It is, of course, seldom that you can see the interior of a house unless it is untenanted. But Arabs are naturally courteous, and if they see a stranger interested in old houses they sometimes send their women to another part of the house and invite him in to inspect an ancient room. Such a room its owner, an Arab clerk in the Egyptian Civil Service, invited me to inspect in the Sharia Bab-el-Wazir, almost opposite to the famous Blue Mosque.

It was of great size, high, and wide and long. Its perishing floor, like the mosques and halls of the Kait Bey period, was covered with a mosaic of marbles, and was sunk in the centre with a daïs at each end. The

room, which may have been thirty or forty feet long, was surrounded by a bench for the broad-cushioned seats of the women of the harem, and almost made up of windows filled with meshrebiya work below, and with panels of ancient fretwork, set with tiny pieces of richly-coloured glass above. The sun was streaming in through these panels, jewelling with its reflections the foot-worn marbles of the floor. The finest example I ever saw of such a room was in the house of the Sheikh Sadat to be described below.

The house in the Sharia Bab-el-Wazir may have belonged to one of the Mamlûk Beys—most of the good old houses were Mamlûk houses once. They used to be very numerous, but have been sacrificed to modern improvements or the zeal of French collectors, eager to possess their meshrebiya, their marbles, or their overlaid ceilings and doors.

The Arabs are adepts in the art of overlaying wood-work to be used for these purposes or the pulpits and lecterns of their mosques. Instead of carving the hard wood, they raise patterns on it with little slips of wood or ebony or ivory, or mother-of-pearl, often delicately incised. These are arranged in exquisite intricate arabesques: a single pattern will cover a whole panel. There are examples which have lasted many centuries in the Coptic churches.

It was my good fortune to go over a superb Mamlûk house in a very fine state of preservation at No. 16, Sharia es-Sûreni.

It is in the occupation of a noted Swiss collector, Monsieur Bircher, who has lived a number of years in Cairo, and was shown to me through the kindness of the head of one of the great German insurance offices

in Cairo, the *Victoria of Berlin*. M. Bircher uses the ground-floor of the house for his offices. We entered by a low-browed doorway with the usual guard-room, into a beautiful little courtyard: the stone panels of its lower walls are carved with the same arabesques they use for wood-work, and delightful arched recesses. But to catch the full beauty of the courtyard we had to raise our eyes, for on one side is an aerial terraced garden, and on the others the walls are broken with the dark meshrebiya work of oriels of divers sizes and shapes at divers elevations.

The inside of the house is just as fine. One long room fills the whole of the ground-floor on the side which opens on to the street that, once, as the old canal, was one of the most picturesque features of Cairo. This room has suffered more than any in the house, for to make it lighter for offices some of the meshrebiya work has been removed from its great oriels, and its dark ceilings of carved wood have been covered with very fine specimens of the tentmakers' art—huge white awnings arabesqued with red and blue.

Upstairs the house is a gem. There, all the old features are preserved except that, here and there, the ceiling of a dark room has been lightened by the same ingenious expedient of introducing a piece of bright-coloured tentmakers' work. The broad harem lounges have the right cushions, and a hall contains an exquisite fountain of the old Moorish type, with an inlaid marble basin. The old meshrebiya oriels give the rooms fantastic outlines, which make them look like scenes in the *Arabian Nights*, and their charm is enhanced by having in their recesses an array of ancient Egyptian, ancient Greek and mediæval Arabic

curios, which would rouse the envy of many a museum.

More important, architecturally, than these, are the old palace called the Gamal-ed-din, in the Sharia Hoche Kadam, off the Sûkkariya; the palace of the Sheikh Sadat, in the street of the same name off the Gamamise; and the palace of Sultan Beybars at No. 17, Haret El-Darb-el-Asfar, opposite the Mosque of Sultan Beybars. And I shall have to speak of various old palaces now fallen on evil days, which must have been as fine as any of them, or finer.

The Sadat Palace is on a larger scale than the Beybars, but the latter is more richly decorated.

There is nothing more typically Arab in all Cairo than the Sadat Palace. The whole street is called after it, and it rises at the end of the street with the superb meshrebiya oriel of its harem hanging over its entrance like the oriel of an Oxford College, and its vast old stables across the road like the stables of Christchurch.

You pass through the vaulted doorway into the ancient court, which is dominated by the magnificent meshrebiya oriel of the harem.

One thing strikes the onlooker at once—the way in which the great old lebbek tree of the courtyard leans over and makes itself a ladder right up to the harem windows, for the daughter of the late Sheikh made something as near an elopement as is possible in the guarded surroundings of a harem.

I went there with a friend of the household. We were met by a eunuch, who conducted us straight to the vast old selamlık in which the late Sheikh used to receive deputations. For the Sheikh Sadat, as a



descendant of the Prophet, was the Khedive's most important subject. It was he who had the privilege of conferring the extraordinary titles of distinction which Orientals love—the Mirror of the Faithful; the Well of Truth, and so on. And if either of his sons-in-law has a son, the privilege will descend to him.

This selamluk was the most imposing room I saw in Cairo. It was of great extent—I suppose seventy feet long by fifty feet high, and its walls were covered with gorgeous old blue and green Persian tiles. Deep couches, covered with gay-coloured cushions, ran all round them for the personages of the deputations whom the Sheikh had to receive, and the huge floor was covered with a rich old Oriental carpet. It was even more characteristically Oriental that, where the tiles had dropped from the walls, their places should be filled up with plaster coloured to resemble the originals. From the selamluk we passed into the garden, all gone to utter decay since the old Sheikh had died, and the property had been left to the care of the ladies of the harem, who are, aesthetically, almost as bad as Roman Catholic nuns. There was hardly a live thing in the garden—the beautiful Arab pergola looked naked and ashamed. My friend had not seen it since the death of the Sheikh. “Why! It used to be a garden of Eden,” he said, “and now it is as desolate as the hall where he received his guests.”

We could not go into the harem, the eunuch informed us; Sheikh Ali Youssef kept some things there, so it was always locked.

My friend overcame his objections in the usual way and we were shown up an outside stair which admitted us. We were not surprised to find absolutely

nothing in its chambers. One gets used to lies from Egyptian servants. The walls were nearly all window, filled with the finest meshrebiya work I ever saw. But the floors were made of ordinary planks, instead of covered with a Joseph's coat of marble. Having broken the ice of my friend's pocket, the cunuch conducted us across the court into the reception-room of the present harem—a series of fine chambers quite richly furnished with charming brass kursees (tables) and water-bottles, and walled with panels of marble like the Bordeini Mosque. One or two of the women attendants were hanging about unveiled.

The stables were vast and mediæval, but unused—the glory had departed from the house of the descendant of the Prophet.

The Palace of Sultan Beybars, now occupied by a rich Turk of private family, Sheikh El-Sehemy, though much smaller than the huge rambling palace of the Sheikh Sadat, is far more imposing, and better kept. It is No. 17, in the Haret El-Darb-el-Asfar, which runs off the Gamaliya, opposite the Mosque of Sultan Beybars, an alley still guarded by a massive door, such as once closed every street in Arab Cairo. Outside, it differs hardly at all from the other mansions in its ancient street, except in the number of its meshrebiya'd windows. But the moment you have passed under its vaulted doorway into its court you are amazed. For its court is not gravelled after the manner of other Arab courtyards in Cairo. It is deep in rich vegetation like the cloisters of San Filippino, in the Museum of Palermo. The whole of the far end, which must once, from the date of the palace, have been occupied by a loggia like the Court of the Kadi, is closed in with a

glorious screen of meshrebiya work, which may be fifty feet long by twenty feet high, with an open hall underneath it. Of the same admirable meshrebiya are the double row of oriels on the other sides of the court, which light the beautiful chambers of the harem.

The ground-floor has two most notable chambers—the square throne-room still containing the tall, richly-carved dikka, which was the throne of Sultan Beybars, and his great hall.

This last is superb ; it is like a mosque of the Kait Bey era—with all the gracious arches and panels, and niches and Saracenic windows of that goodly time, and with a delicious Moorish fountain sunk in the inlaid marbles of its floor, arranged in the usual fashion, hollow in the centre with raised daïses all round.

Except the fountain, we had seen almost the like, though much later in date, in the show house called the Gamal-ed-din. But this hall was far more instructive, for it had its broad, deep-cushioned lounges for the master and his guests, and each arched niche had its fine vase—but of Japanese, not Arab, faïence.

Rich carpets were spread in the hall ; soft, deep cushions in the garden lounge, which had a ceiling overlaid with arabesques like the richly-carved ceiling of the hall. The garden behind was a tangle of tropical plants. In it the East met the West, for its shady walks and arbours were lit with both gas and electric light, and though water was laid on, all over the garden, the ancient sakiya still stood in its corner to accord with the ancient house.

We were unable to see the harem chambers because the owner, who is extremely courteous about showing

them to strangers interested in antiquities, was away from home.

The Gamal-ed-din-es-Zahabi is an old palace, restored as a show place by the Administration of the Wakfs. It dates, as an inscription shows, only from 1637, but it has all the appearance of being older by centuries. In Sicily you would say that you were in a building of King Roger's day, which means before 1150. Here, in Cairo, you would say that you were in a palace of the great building Caliph, Kait Bey, who lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century. The courtyard appears to go back to the thirteenth century at the latest. It is a wonderful reproduction of the antique ; but we know that it was built for the chief of the merchants of the Bazar in 1637.

This beautiful old house has the added excitement of your being shown over it by an extremely good-looking and unveiled Arab maiden.

The usual low-browed gateway and guard-house admit you to the courtyard of striped red and white stone, with antique-looking arches all round it, and one whole side taken up with a beautiful two-arched arcade, which once was the airing-place of the ladies of the harem. A little staircase leading up to a noble arched recess of the type you have at the Sultan Hassan Mosque admits you to this. It contains none of the features of special interest to be found in some of these arcades. But a short walk past a bath-room and a suffeh, a sort of altar-table supported on a dwarf arcade of ogee arches, conducts you to the most delightful feature of the whole house--the Hall of the Fêtes of the harem. This is like the hall in Sultan Beybars' palace, and several of the mosques of the Kait Bey period. In none of them

are the proportions or decorations more elegant. This hall, with its sunken floor of inlaid marble pavement, its walls panelled in marble and porphyry and serpentine, with its soaring square-shouldered arches and richly gilt and painted coffered roof, all executed in deep, soft, old colours, is a gem, hardly to be beaten except by buildings like the Royal Chapel in the palace of the Norman Kings at Palermo, whose influence is obvious in all the buildings of the Kait Bey period from which this hall was imitated.

The building is now let out to artists, and the public are admitted to see it with the ordinary mosque-tickets, which cost fivepence (two piastres) each.

In the poorer quarter of Cairo the remains of far finer palaces than this are to be found—two of the very best are at the back of El-Merdani Mosque. The one directly behind its western door has been terribly knocked about. The superb oriel over its fortified gateway has almost disappeared, leaving only the remains of the brackets which supported it and the overlaid wood-work of the lintel—but it still has in its courtyard a specimen of the noble arcades in which the women of the harem took their airing, and some of the pointed arches and groined ceilings of its stables and cellars.

A far finer specimen is to be found if you go up the Haret El-Merdani, which runs from the south side of the mosque. The house is in an angle and easily to be recognized by the striking design painted on its heavy door—the Khedivial star and crescent inside a lozenge. This palace, attributed to the inevitable Kait Bey, must have been one of the finest in all Cairo, for it has a huge courtyard surrounded by ancient buildings, on one side really magnificent, comprising as they do a

superb three-arched harem-arcade, flanked by a noble Sultan Hassan recess over the stairway, which leads up to it, and a pair of overhanging belvederes of delightful meshrebiya work supported on elegant brackets.

In the midst of all this noble architecture are some grotesque paintings of fat cherubs in the most blatant "Hadji" style. This requires explaining. Those who know Arab towns well have often stopped to kodak, or smile at, the artless pictures with which the proud relatives of a man who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca adorn his house. In the crudest drawing and the crudest colours they display the experiences and incidents which might have befallen him on his journey. They bear no relation to fact. Lions that he might have fought, railways or steamers that he might have travelled in, palm-trees that he might have slept under, cities that he might have sojourned in, all are painted on the outside of his dwelling to greet him on his return.

The arcade of this palace is fine, apart from its beautiful meshrebiya belvederes. It is so lofty, its arches are so graceful, its ceiling has the gracious decaying remains of fine paintings, its walls are figured with representations of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

Such houses often have only their arcades left. There are two or three of them in the street which leads from the El-Merdani Mosque to the Armourers' Sûk. In one of them I had an experience almost unique in Cairo, where the Moslem population is not fanatical about being observed, or even photographed, by Christians. I had gone into the courtyard, which

was almost public property, as several families lived in the building, and was busily engaged in photographing the arcade into which an officious man, apparently an inmate of the palace, had conducted me, when a fat woman, closely veiled in black, rushed out and began to scream curses at the top of her voice at me for outraging the privacy of the harem. This is one of the best streets for photographing the exteriors of Arab houses, because, although there are not very many meshrebiya oriels overhanging the street, the portals and general outlines of the palaces are very fine and old.

The best palace arcade in all Cairo is that of the Beit-el-Kadi, the noble old palace in the market off the Sûk of the Coppersmiths, which was formerly the residence of the Grand Kadi, the only functionary in Egypt who is entirely independent of British rule, and before that was part of the Palace of the Caliphs. The oldest portion of the Beit-el-Kadi formed part of El-Kahira itself, the palace built by Gohar when he conquered Egypt for the Fatimite Caliphs, which was the origin of the city of Cairo. The whole façade of the palace is elegant and imposing, and here the arcade, more than ordinarily beautiful, has five soaring arches instead of the usual three, resting on a range of vaulted chambers. There are several fine old Arabic palaces in the neighbourhood of the Bazars; there is one much rebuilt behind the Sûk of the Goldsmiths; another, dating, however, only from the time of Ismail Pasha, towers over you when you go into the Turkish Bazar. The Okelle of Kait Bey, down by the Bab-el-Nasr, one of the very ancient city gates, is of the fifteenth century, but presents hardly

any interesting or commanding features. But there is a Khan of the same Caliph behind the great El-Azhar Mosque, which, as far as the exterior goes, is the finest palace in Cairo—the portal and recesses adorned with the matrix pattern in the old Saracenic style are so very soaring and elegant. One of the most beautiful of these loggie or arcades of the harem is in the Beit-el-Khalil, which leads off the Tentmakers' Bazar, as you go towards the Bab-Zuweyla—the courtyard and entrance have been on an unusually majestic scale.

I could instance numerous other ancient houses, but this book does not aim at the exhaustiveness of a guide-book. It merely tells the English tourist the kind of attractions which await him in Cairo.

I will only sum up the characteristics of the Saracenic palaces of mediæval Cairo. They were all more or less fortresses with a simple entrance closed by a heavy door, and protected within by a guard-room and a zig-zag passage, which shut out the view of the courtyard. And the windows of the exterior were many feet from the ground, and jealously closed with meshrebiya. As a rule they were built round a single courtyard, indicating that from an early date the harems were less jealously secluded than in most Mohammedan countries. The great open hall, with a superb arcade as high as the house, which occupied the centre of the principal side, was for the use of the harem ladies—hence the little belvederes of close meshrebiya, of which each arcade had one at least. The harem windows, which looked on the courtyard, were still very high up and blocked from view by the inevitable meshrebiya.

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The interior was after the manner of the various houses described above, according to the wealth and importance of the owner.

I should mention here the exquisite *Maison de France* in the *Sharia Kasr-el-Nil*, where the French Consul-General lives, as the best example of a modern house built in the ancient Arab style, embellished with antique ceilings, *meshrebiya*, and other decorations taken from old mosques and *Mamlûk* houses. This is a building of much beauty. Its great hall can almost be compared to those of the *Gamal-ed-din* and the *Palace of Sultan Beybars*. It was built by M. Saint Maurice as a present for the *Khedive Ismail*; but *Ismail* proved recalcitrant over the granting of some favour, and the transfer never took place.

Of the smaller and of the more modern Arab houses there is not much to say. The former may almost be summed up in the word *meshrebiya*, with which the windows in the apartments of the women are blocked up. Nearly all, also, incline to the courtyard with the single entrance.

The newer streets of the native town present an extraordinary feature. The harem windows on the upper floors are all at a different angle to the houses—instead of being flat in the house wall, one side of the window juts out far enough to admit a small window placed at right-angles to the large window, forming a sort of triangular bay. This gives the women of each room a full view down the street. And looking down the street is the chief interest in life of the women of the harem.

## THE TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS.

WHEN I first went to Cairo I bought a postcard of the Tombs of the Caliphs. They were glittering with crimson and gold, and their porches were crowded with personages in rich mediæval Oriental dresses, presumably Caliphs. There was almost a riot of domes and minarets. My heart leapt within me. I felt that I had only to go out to these Tombs of the Caliphs, which I imagined to be miles away, protected by the Desert from the feet of change, to be back in the surroundings of the Arabian Nights.

The reality was not like that picture, but it was not less romantic and, in its way, not less splendid. The Tombs of the Caliphs are as worthy of an excursion as the Pyramids and the Sphinx of Gizeh; they are hardly less majestic; and if they are far less ancient there are many who would think them more beautiful. I suppose they are more historical, for here we have the Tombs of the Caliphs of the Circassian Mamlûk line. Barkûk and Beybars, El-Azraf and Kait Bey, and these Circassian Mamlûks built a city of the dead that can have no rival anywhere, for buildings singularly beautiful and romantic in themselves have the majesty of the Desert as their setting between royal Cairo and the Mokattam Hills. They are golden stone and the

Desert is golden sand ; and they have silence and space for their handmaids, and a few children of the Desert for their wardens. Here you escape from all that is modern, all that is foreign, and roam in the halls built to receive dead Eastern monarchs.

One, and one only, has been restored, and that is the most perfect of all the mosques of Cairo for the combination of outward and inward graces—the mortuary shrine of Kait Bey. Here you have the pageantry of rich marbles mosaiced, with taste as perfect as Nature shows in her handiwork when she makes the sun reflect the leaves on the grass. Each bold curve is true in line.

At the other end of the City of the Dead, almost the last shrine before the Desert resumes its sway, the mosque-tomb of Sultan Barkûk is rich in the other kind of pageantry, the pomp of antiquity, of gently fading colours and mellowing lines.

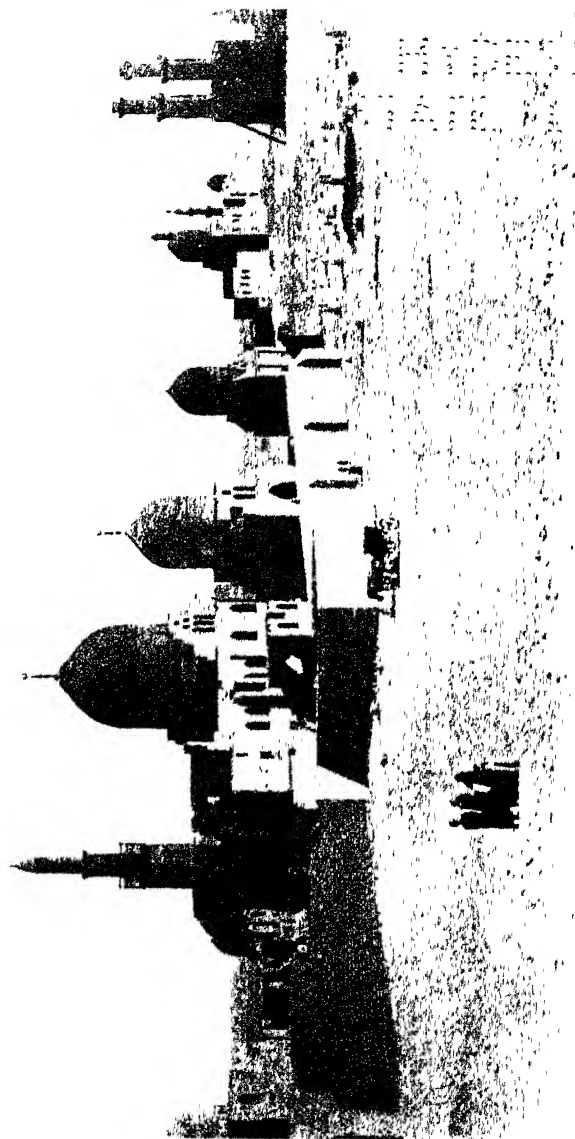
All these mosque-tombs are beautiful ; all are wonderfully stately with their tall battlements and fretted domes of golden stone. Here, out in the Desert, you can see them to full advantage—there is no confusion of outline, for the sky is their background. They are flowers of the most romantic architecture the world has ever seen. I paid two visits to them, the first with a soldier fresh from barbarous Darfur in the south of the Sudan, the second with a newspaper editor, who had been long in Egypt, though he had never seen them before. One had read very little, the other had very little time to read—but both had been so long in Africa that the strangeness had worn off Arabic architecture for them. Both were astounded and delighted with the romantic beauty of the scene, and as for me,

who live in unlovely London, and wander thousands of miles each year in search of sunshine and beauty, in the presence of these Tombs of the Caliphs I felt as I feel in the presence of the Parthenon.

"Tombs" is perhaps a misnomer; one should say shrines, for it is the mosques which enshrine the tombs that create this vision of beauty, not the altars laid over the bodies of the dead hidden from the outside world by the walls of the mosques.

It matters not which way you approach them, for their beauty bursts upon you like the first view of Fujiyama when you cross the pass from Miyanoshita, whether you go down the Mûski and climb the mounds, or go over the Citadel Hill. If you go one way, the whole City of the Dead opens up before you, a succession of domes culminating in the grandest of the tomb-mosques; if you go the other, the chief shrines stand before you by themselves, like the temple-tombs of Shiba in Japan.

Whichever way you go you will count every moment lost until you stand beside the incomparable rose-gold dome of Kait Bey, carved with the delightful arabesques of the age of the Mamlûks—guipure in stone. If the minaret is merely fantastic, it comes into the picture admirably, and the picture is one in which a noble stairway leads up to a noble portal flanked by a fairy-like aerial arcade culminating in battlement, dome and minaret—all in perfect proportion and harmony, a model of grace. Nor is it the exterior alone which is so beautiful in the shrine of Kait Bey; for the interior is the best example of a period in which perfect proportion, appropriate architectural decoration, and harmonious colouring produce the ideal Saracenic



Pl. 67.

The Tombs of the Caliphs at Cairo

[LITERATURE]

[Folio. Pl. 67.]

DATA FROM  
RESEARCH

hall. The tomb is simplicity in white marble, the fine contrast to the richness of its shrine betokening that a prince had fallen in Islam. In this shrine, too, are two precious relics—impressions of Mohammed's feet. A Mohammedan came in while we were there, and, going up to one of them, rubbed his hand against it, then rubbed his head, then rubbed his hand again, and rubbed his heart, with an air of veneration which it would be difficult for a European to achieve. When we left the shrine of Kait Bey we passed straight through to the ruined Mosque of Sultan Barkûk, which is of majestic proportions, with two domes and two minarets, but abandoned to the owls and the bats. Here there is no covering of shoes, the children play about its deserted courts; the fountain under the tamarisk tree is in ruins, but the noble meshrebiya screen round the founder's tomb is still unperished, and the tomb itself has its white marble covered with delicate arabesques and inscriptions. This was one of the tombs that had a college built round it—a strange fancy for a cemetery. The cells of the students are there still, the pulpit, the mihrab; the decorations of the dome above the tomb have not perished; it needs but little of the restorer's hand to make the tomb-mosque of Sultan Barkûk one of the great mosques of Cairo again.

The mosque-tomb of El-Azraf Bars-bey, the third in importance, is almost like a church in its design. Its elegance and richness of decoration within are more than one would expect from the exterior. The college attached to this, of which little remains now except confused ruins, was quite a University in its extensiveness. Far more imposing outside are the joint mosques which contain the tombs of Sultan El-Ghûry, who built

one of the finest mosques in Cairo, and the son of Sultan Bars-bey, elegant fifteenth-century buildings in red and white stone. I made two unsuccessful attempts to get into these mosques; each time I was told fresh fables as to where the man had gone who had the key; but when I took a boy into my confidence he led me to a place where the wall was sufficiently broken down for me to scramble through. Before I had left these mosques and commenced the race against darkness, I thought I was in for an adventure of an unpleasant kind. When I got outside I noticed that we should soon be overtaken by the darkness. The Tombs of the Caliphs are ethereal at sunset, but they are not the easiest place to find your way home from, in the dark without a guide, especially if you mean to find the winding path between the mounds which leads you to the end of the Mûski; for you have to take several little cuts between unimportant tombs to strike the mounds in the right place. The darkness fell before we were ready for it, but there were white-robed figures coming towards us at intervals just short enough to indicate the existence of a path, and I hoped that it must be the right one. It was. For after a while we saw a bright light. I guessed that it must emanate from the end of the street we were looking for, and soon we were in the Mûski, which calls itself by some other name in this stretch beyond the Khan-el-Khalil. It is a dull place by day, but at night, when it is lit with primitive lamps and the poor people are doing their small marketing in its humble shops, it is so interesting that I was sorry when the sudden apparitions of lemonade-sellers with their elaborate brass vessels told me that I was back in the concourse of people.



## ALEXANDRIA.

ALEXANDRIA is a Mediterranean, rather than an Egyptian, city ; a sensible proportion of its inhabitants are foreigners. Beyond its mosques it has few really native buildings, and it has few of any kind anterior to about one hundred years ago, when Mehemet Ali conceived the idea of restoring the City of Alexander the Great, perhaps not without a view of suggesting comparisons, though, like Alexander, he saw that the site was destined for a commercial metropolis.

The few old buildings that remain in the city of three hundred and sixty-five thousand inhabitants belong almost all of them to classical times ; but there is, between the two bays, a mediæval fort, built in the fifteenth century by the Caliph Kait Bey, who enriched Cairo with more of the surviving mansions and mosques than any of her rulers. And in the old streets near it are some ancient burnt brick mansions of the Rosetta type, though hardly any of them are graced with the classical columns which adorn porches and angles there.

I was glad that we left Alexandria to the end ; it makes such a good break between Egypt and England. It is so Europeanized that we could leave it without the heartache we should have felt if we had stepped out of Egypt at Luxor, the magnificent and historical

and poetical; and its fresh, almost chilly, breezes toned the system down after the first dry heat of Cairo in May. Without it the sea voyage would have been almost a shock.

Though Alexandria has few antiquities to offer, it has many attractions. If you go to an hotel on the Bay like the "Windsor," you have an absolutely delightful view before you all day long. The Eastern Bay of Alexandria has much of the beauty of the Bay of Naples; it curves round like a sickle from Fort Silsileh to Fort Kait Bey, Silsileh jutting out like Posilippo and Kait Bey like the Castel del Uovo. The resemblance between the Egyptian and the Neapolitan forts is quite striking. To the left of Kait Bey, along the Mole, seven stadia or furlongs long, the Heptastadium of the Great Alexander, stretches the native town, which comprises most of the village of five thousand inhabitants, of a hundred years ago, out of which Mehemet Ali erected the modern Alexandria. This is most picturesque in the distance with its line of minarets.

The part of Alexandria which stretches round the western port, the present seaport, is even more like Naples—the Naples which lies between the Castel Nuovo and the Carmine, the Naples of the Port; but that does not enter into the picture. Nothing is wanting. A sea-wall, like the sea-wall of the promenade of Naples, runs all round the Eastern Bay, which, with its marvellously blue water and its old yellow Arab fort at the end of the bold sea-wall, is really quite a bay to mention after the glories of the Bays of Palermo and Naples.

Alexandria is a bright, clean, open city, with fine

buildings in the European style, and interspersed with gardens of a special charm. Whoever the genius was who was charged with the laying out of Alexandria, he is much to be congratulated on the type of the garden he has evolved. Broad, open lawns stretch up to sunny walls covered with a blaze of creepers; the lawns themselves are broken up with sufficiently few choice trees and masses of brilliant flowers; the gardens are left open to the street in front, and the effect is perfect. There is a charming park on the outskirts laid out with great skill.

Alexandria is a city of magnificent distances: you could do little in a day on foot, but, fortunately, cabs are cheap. If you take a one-horse cab you can drive as far as you can go in a quarter of an hour for two piastres (fivepence) and you can drive about for an hour for six piastres, which is one-and-threepence. The dashing two-horse carriage costs twenty-five per cent. more. The tramways are not convenient—they do not combine well or run very regularly, except the electric tramways, which go out Ramleh way, and they are mightily useful, for the line to Abukir and Rosetta has only one train a day which starts from Alexandria; the rest, for some reason not to be understood of the people, starting from the distant suburb of Sidi Gaber.

Alexandria is not rich in antiquities, that is to say, in discovered antiquities, because the vast stretches of mounds which cover the site of ancient Alexandria may contain goodness knows what surprises for the antiquary. Putting aside the Christian Pompeii at Menas, and the ruins at Canopus, and those on the fringe of Abukir, the antiquities of Alexandria may be counted on the fingers. Most conspicuous among

them to the passer-by is the noble column which stands above the remains of the Serapeum, and is called Pompey's Pillar. But this is far surpassed in interest by the beautiful, half-classical, half-Egyptian tomb known as the Catacomb of Kom-es-Shogafa. It is quite unique, there is nothing like it either in Egypt or elsewhere, except as regards the mere catacomb part. Near the Kait Bey Fort are some tombs of the Ptolemaic period, known as the Catacombs of Anfuchi, chiefly of interest to the antiquary and not at all beautiful. Near the ancient column erected in memory of the conquest of Khartum, a little beyond the Museum in the Rue de la Porte de Rosette, is a fine cistern about fifty feet long and rather less in height and width, with three tiers of columns and arches, a handsome and excellent specimen of the same sort of thing as one finds in the Hall of the Thousand Columns in Constantinople.

To these must be added the Museum, which has a fair collection of remains of the Greco-Roman period, and a very few ancient Egyptian specimens presented by the Museum at Cairo.

In modern attractions for the sight-seer, Alexandria is not much richer ; it has the Ras'el-Tin Palace of the Khedive, which has rather a pretty garden, and a balcony renowned for its view. It has some forts battered by the English squadron in 1882 still showing the damage done by the British fire, and with the rusty British shells lying about. It has a tall lighthouse, not the Pharos of antiquity, the most famous lighthouse of the ancient world erected by the Second Ptolemy. That stood where the Kait Bey Fort stands to-day, and fell into the sea centuries ago. The *bonne*

*bouche* for the tourist in the city itself is the drive along the Mahmûdiya Canal. That, at sunset, is delightful. At the Kom-es-Shogafa end there is some picturesque native shipping playing its part in the commerce of the port ; for it was by the cutting of the Mahmûdiya Canal that Mehemet Ali created Alexandria and signed the death-warrant of Rosetta. Further along the canal becomes very picturesque, for it has an avenue of old sycomores and it is bordered by the villas of rich Alexandrians, mostly at the proper stage of decay for effectiveness until you see the palaces of the Pashas, conspicuous among them the vast palace of Mukhtar Pasha, the hero of the Russo-Turkish war, who represents the Sultan in Egypt ; and of the various Princes of the Khedivial family. One of these—that of Prince Tusun—has a delightful garden in front of it in the Italian style, with an immense stretch of brilliant flowers on both sides of the avenue which leads up to the house.

A great deal of the charm of the Mahmûdiya Canal lies in the cafés overhanging it, as the tea-houses overhang Lake Biwa in pictures of Japan. Alexandria has beautiful environs. In a climate like Egypt's it is delightful to gaze over the broad waters of Lake Mareotis ; and the fresh-water lake between Alexandria and Sidi Gaber, surrounded by rich vegetation, is more like an oasis than anything in Egypt. Most of the way to Abukir your eyes are gladdened with the rich palm groves of the south, or the wild flowers of Sicily, succeeded by golden desert and blue waters. It is to Ramleh and S. Stefano that all Egypt flies in the heat of summer.

Though Alexandria shows so few of her ancient stones, she is rich in memories from the day of

Alexander to the day of Napoleon. I have no space to recount them all. But of Cleopatra I must say something, for two of the greatest acts in her drama were played here—its first act with Julius Cæsar, and its last act with Mark Antony. Of the latter I shall say nothing, except that Antony and Cleopatra died in the outskirts of Alexandria. But the story of Cæsar belongs to Alexandria. He dashed after the defeated Pompey with a single legion, only to find him murdered by the free companies of mercenaries, twenty thousand strong, who tyrannized Alexandria. Finding how weak Cæsar was, they were minded to do the same for him. The world came very near seeing the men who had divided it between them both killed by a few desperadoes at Alexandria. But Cæsar threw himself into the fortified palace which stood where the main street of Alexandria stands to-day, and kept them at bay till reinforcements arrived, when he crumpled them up. While he was besieged and in desperate straits, Cleopatra, then a girl, smuggled herself into the palace, it is said, in a bale of carpets on a slave's back. The conqueror at once fell a victim to her beauty and brilliance, and his attachment to her continued unabated till the day of his death. How many remember that she lived with him in Rome for two or three years, and that it was Cleopatra, not his wife, who bade him farewell on that fatal morning when he left his home for the last time? It was his victory at Alexandria which gave Cleopatra to Cæsar; it was his victory over the French fleet that brought Napoleon to Alexandria, which gave Lady Hamilton to Nelson—and the unions of both lasted as long as their lives.

The roads of Abukir, where Nelson won his im-

## WITH COOK IN EGYPT.\*

I HAVE never enjoyed anything more than my voyages up the Nile in Cook's Tourist steamers. They are luxurious without being too elaborate ; their food compares with that of any hotel in Egypt ; their servants are the best I have ever come across. Most of them have excellent dragomans, and their programme is skilfully adapted to satisfy both the wise and the foolish. The steamers between Cairo and Assuan accommodate about eighty people. Their cabins are large, with beds so high above the floor that an American saratoga will go underneath them ; their washing arrangements and baths are particularly good, a great consideration in a hot climate like Egypt. The only fault I have to find with the cabins is that the electric light goes out at eleven, for on the Nile, more than anywhere else, you want to do a good deal of reading at night. All the best books on Egypt are in the ship library. If you read three or four hours every night you would not

\* For the excursions on donkeys across the Desert to tombs and temples both sexes need the excellent light pith helmets sold by Boni near the "Continental Hotel," Cairo, at six shillings each. Sun umbrellas are useful. Blue glasses are not needed by many people. Ladies require a divisible skirt suitable for either riding or walking, linen or tweed jackets to go over their skirts, and ample dark veils. Men generally use riding breeches and gaiters, and tweed coats with capacious pockets. Both sexes need strong lace boots, not shoes, because of the sand and the insects, and both need thick clothes and an abundance of warm wraps for the return journey, which is very cold, in the teeth of the strong north winds.

exhaust all that good writers have written upon the places you see on the voyage, and you can only read at night, because by day you are passing something of interest every few minutes, whether it be a city, or a Nile village, or an exquisite palm grove, or picturesque incidents of native life, or the birds which turn the large shoals into a kind of zoological gardens, and seem to know quite well that no firing is permitted from Cook's steamers.

Every steamer has a cosy little reading-room fitted with writing-tables, and supplied with the latest newspapers, as well as with a library of books on Egypt. The papers, like the letters, are brought on board every day, and there is a pillar-box on board, cleared every night, for those who wish to post letters. You simply arrange to have your letters sent to Cook's Cairo office ; their post clerk knows where their steamers will be each day and forwards the letters by train. The second dragoon is postman. You find your letters beside your plate at breakfast, just as you would at home.

Breakfast is a country-house meal. It starts with porridge and its patent substitutes, and proceeds with bacon and eggs and fish and other hot dishes, and ham and tongue and chicken, and other cold fare, to jam and marmalade. And the bread and the butter are excellent. It needs to be a hearty meal, for one cannot help getting up early when there is an Egyptian sunrise mingling earth and heaven, and the waking life of the villages to watch. I used to have a cup of tea brought to me at sunrise, and then lie in my bunk, looking out of the big window at the early morning Nile effects, until it was time for my bath, unless we were passing through something so exciting that I felt constrained



to put on a big overcoat over my pyjamas and go and sit in the sun gallery, glazed all round, which occupies the fore part of the promenade deck. But this saddened the white-robed Arab servants, who hated a passenger's seeing the deck before they had swept off every particle of dust with their ostrich-feather brooms, and made the brass shine like gold. The ostrich-feather broom plays a great part in the economy of Cook's Nile boats. The decks are dusted with it, and your boots and legs are dusted with it whenever you go on shore "to shake the dust from off your feet."

My first bath was rather a shock to me, for the bath and the bath-room are so very white and the Nile water in the bath looks like a cup of chocolate. But it does not make you muddy; it has the same cleansing properties as other waters.

After breakfast, unless there is an excursion to be made, the tourists who are keen sight-seers drift forward to the sun gallery, with their cameras, to watch the procession of the Nile, for since the whole of Egypt that counts anything is on the banks of the Nile or the Suez Canal, the Nile is like a great water street. You are hardly ever out of sight of a house, though you may go a great many miles without seeing any house that is not built of mud. Cities are comparatively rare, because villages are so frequent. The most general sights on the banks of the Nile are the shadûfs and the sakiyas. The shadûf consists of a pole working on a pivot between two posts, with a lump of mud at one end and a bucket at the other, with which a nearly naked human being raises water from the Nile to a mud cistern, or from one mud cistern to another, several feet at a time. Where a bank is very high I have seen as many as five shadûfs

*Photo '99]*

A Sakya, or water wheel

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DAVIS





working one above the other to raise the water from the Nile to the fields. The shaduf is of immemorial antiquity. There are pictures of it three or four thousand years old in the Tombs of the Kings.

The sakiya is not so old, but is more effective, and it is pleasanter to see a camel or a buffalo acting as beast of burden than a man. The only thing is that the sakiya costs three pounds to erect, while the shaduf, in which the mud that was dug out of the cistern is used to make the posts and the weight, costs nothing except for the labour, which is done by the proprietor himself; the pole, which he may have grown, and the bucket, which is often a kerosene tin, though the triangular leather bucket of the Pharaohs has not disappeared. The sakiya is a horizontal wheel like a capstan, driven by an animal, which works with a simple cog arrangement a vertical wheel with buckets set all round it, to scoop the water up from the river and empty it into a little channel. Every few yards along the banks of the Nile you see either a shaduf or a sakiya. Occasionally, also, you see a steam-pump, concerning which the regulations are very strict; but fortunately a native has to be really rich before he starts a steam-pump.

The villages are never very far apart, and though the Egyptian village is the shabbiest affair in the world, it is generally mightily picturesque. It starts on the flood-line; if the flood should rise extra high and wash away part of the village it repays the damage it does a hundredfold in the added fertility of the year. There is plenty of mud in the Nile to rebuild it. From this the village scrambles up to the grove of palms or lebbeks, which stands above it like hair on its head. It is built exclusively of mud, without any of the architectural

pretensions of a Sudanese village, but it is so simple that it is not ugly. Its houses being square and without windows, look like bits of a fortification; and the pigeons, whose manure is its most valued possession, have towers erected for them which are said to have been the origin of the pylons of the ancient Egyptian temples. They are sometimes quite stately, especially when they are battlemented. The dead are housed much better than the living. Squalid villages will have quite grand cemeteries at the edge of the Desert. The Egyptian still buries his dead in the driest place he can find, as he did in the days of the Pharaohs, and this is the edge of the nearest Desert, which can only be a few fields away if it does not run right up to the village. The Desert you always have with you in Egypt. The poor you do not always have with you, for the English have made the fellahin very prosperous. Cotton is a gold mine. Every man can build his own house for nothing. Food grows like Jonah's gourd wherever there is water; Nile water is his drink, and he thinks that it is actually virtuous; the excretions of his animals supply him with fuel, and the clothing he wears is not sufficient for it to cost him much. He spends nothing but taxes, and the English protect him from the tax-gatherer; nor is anything appreciably taxed except land and water. He and his family and his animals spread about the fields all day, mostly drawing water; the sun does the rest. If the Nationalists will only let him alone he will continue like a vegetable, which is happy if it gets enough water.

There are more picturesque elements in the aspect of the Egyptian village than one would expect from a

mud pie, for Egyptian villages are just grown-up people's mud pies. Could anything be more like a mud pie, for instance, than the Egyptian's larder—a huge round bowl of mud erected on a mud pedestal three feet high? It is not covered; the Egyptian does not expect rain or fear the sun; he merely wants a receptacle in which he can keep his grain and other fruits of the earth out of reach of the beasts of the field; and his children in summer out of the way of the rather domesticated snakes and scorpions. The general effect of one of these larders is that each house has a mud font, big enough to baptize the whole village. There is a considerable variety in roofs. Where the village is prosperous enough to own dung, it has substantial flat roofs on which the dung is stacked, and really improved the look of the houses, for the dung stacks are the neatest things about them; they look like battlements. But where a village is not thus wealthy its roofs are little better than loose bundles of canes. A charming note of colour is supplied by the tall green sugar-canes leaning like bundles of hop-poles against the brown walls.

Its picturesqueness is much enhanced if the village is by way of being a port, for then there will be a row of tall felookahs with dishevelled yards at the water's edge, and, very likely, a felookah or two on the stocks—a hull roughly knocked together of small pieces of yellow acacia wood. Nile boats are built of odds and ends; they have no stout frames covered with even boards. At these little ports they are generally unloading big pitchers, which are made of porous pottery, rather wide in the bottom and long in the neck. In the sugar-cane districts the dragomans say that the people want them for molasses, which they make themselves

with a small machine and seal with black pitch ; they use the broken ones for building their houses—it is even less trouble to build your house with broken pitchers than it is with mud. It is no wonder that Egyptians are such gossips when they have both walls and pitchers to supplement their own ears. Walls built with pitchers must have ears in more senses than one.

In contrast to the houses of the villagers, which are worth nothing but the land they stand on, the Omdah, or head man of the village, whom Lord Cromer compares to a squire, though he looks like a shopkeeper, will sometimes have quite a grand house, if its grandeur oftener does not go beyond a mud colonnade, or a wash of Reckitt's blue. But grandeur is cheap in countries which build of mud. England has no cemetery which can hold a candle to the cemetery of Assiût ; even the graves of Westminster Abbey look uninspiring beside that forest of white domes. All are made of mud, and the variety of handsome tombs which can be executed in mud and the Arab plaster is amazing. Most of the effects are secured with what we should call altar-tombs, with polygonal columns or narrow slabs, sometimes one at the head, sometimes more, sometimes with these stelæ at both ends. A green turban at the top adds much to the effect of a column. A variety of colours are sometimes employed : Arabic inscriptions always lend distinction, but the arched and domed chapel of a saint or sheikh is the climax of an Arab cemetery, and is, I think, the most charming, appropriate and impressive of all economical tombs.

An Egyptian village is picturesque even when it is asleep, but at almost any hour of the day its stage is full of actors, human and animal. There are sure to be

sakiyas in sight driven by camels or buffaloes ; if there are camels standing about or kneeling to be loaded, they are sure to be grumbling--a camel wears an air of permanent discontent when he is not sneering.

If there are buffaloes they will have children leading them with a string drawn over the shoulder, or riding them. A child can manage buffaloes, if it has a black face, though a foreigner finds them as unruly as rogue elephants. The sheep and goats will be browsing or huddling down to the water, with almost as many youthful attendants as they number themselves ; the yellow or black native dogs will be walking like wolves with their spine hairs and teeth bristling ; and the asses, when they are not being ridden, will be making the most of their time, lying down in the laziest attitudes or shampooing their elves with dust. The fellahin work in the fields ; they laze in their villages ; and even in their fields their work often consists of watching their animals. What the fountain is to the Italian woman, the Nile is to the Egyptian. She takes her pitcher or her kerosene tin down to it, and stands in the water while she is filling it, a slender, black-robed statue ; she sits in it while she does her washing. Egyptians never mind getting their clothes wet. When we were at Rosetta sailing four men asked us to give them a lift across the Nile. As we were trying to run alongside to ship them, they deprecated our taking so much trouble, and waded out through two or three or four feet of water to get on board, and jumped overboard directly we got to the shallows on the other side. These slender young fellahin women, with their bare and graceful ankles, and their balalis balanced on their heads, make charming pictures, but where they are young and pretty, their spending too



much time on going to the water is a constant subject of jealousy. Mrs. Breasted in her "Songs of an Egyptian Peasant," gives the song of a young wife, who against the express command of her husband—for she was so very pretty that she was kept at home—has gone again at daybreak to the river, to chat with her former companions who have come to draw water, and when the sunrise draws nearer is urgent about returning home, in order that her husband may not discover her absence.

"Ya banāt imlu u-silu,  
la-n-nahār yilla' 'aleye  
Hete min mahbuli yila' im,  
Šīdi u-nihaiag 'aleye."

"O girls, fill and carry away,  
That the day may not surprise me.  
I fear that my beloved may meet me  
He is my master and has forbidden me."

Between the villages are fields of dhurra, or sugarcane, or berseem, the green fodder which you see the camels bringing in to Cairo every day for the horses and donkeys to live on. Cotton is chiefly grown in the Delta and the Fayyum, but what lends great beauty to the banks of the Nile is the fact that village and field alike has its border of palms or mimosas, or lebbeks, or sycamores along the river, making silhouettes against the sunrise and sunset skies. A camel grazing as if it was wild and a clump of palms on the sky-line make a picture worthy of Perugino. We often thought of him, and the other great fifteenth-century Italian painters who were so fond of horizons against the evening sky, as we were going up the Nile. Tall mimosas in the distance have rather the effect of stone-pines. The Egyptian sunset fires the most apathetic.

There is in the centre of the promenade deck of

Cook's Tourist steamers a broad lounge, which goes right across it, awninged above from the sun by day, and awninged all round at night till it looks like a marquee put up for a ball. As it is full of easy chairs and tea-tables and wind-screens, the idle and the unintelligent lounge about it all day long when they are not making excursions (which they like for the donkey rides), reading novels, or dozing, or playing bridge. Their day begins with afternoon tea, at which you have half Huntley and Palmer's productions instead of bread and butter. Special friends make up tea parties, and the beautiful Arab servants, in white robes, and bright red tarbooshes, sashes and slippers, glide about, filling up the tea-cups as fast as they are emptied and bringing fresh varieties of Huntley and Palmer to compel people to over-eat themselves. This goes playfully on till somebody discovers that sunset is beginning. Then even the least intelligent people on the ship hurry to the side, not for the usual reason, and bring up ejaculations for a solid hour while the Egyptian sky proceeds with its marvellous transformation-scenes.

To be sure, there is nothing of its kind to equal the Egyptian sunset. Our first great sunset saluted us as we were passing the groves of Tel-el-Amarna, where poor young Akhnaton, the heretic Pharaoh, lived in the palace whose pictured floors delight us still. The palmy banks of the Nile were exquisite; the hills above Tel-el-Amarna were as pink as hope; the water was opal, the sky was pinky-opal. The sun, whose worship Akhnaton idealized, was a ball of white fire, hurrying to dip below the hills. Nearing the shore was a ferry-boat laden almost to the water's edge, straining with oar and sail; its rigging, like the palms, stood out in black

filigree against the white disc ; two kingfishers flew across the halcyon glow. Halcyon days would have no meaning in Egypt, where nearly every day of the year is fine enough for the kingfisher to do its nesting. The sky above the bluffs of the Arabian hills hung in marvellous satiny folds of pink and amber, while below were the waving brakes of sugar-cane and the black-robed women with pitchers on their heads. Palms and tall white sails broke the masses of gold and green.

The sky on the Libyan side was the most wonderful I ever saw. Above, it was of the purest blue, creased with white, and below, it was clear gold. These two simple colours were so intense that they beggared the pageant of rosy fire which succeeded them. The palm trees on the horizon were quite black against the gold ; they took on the bold outlines of aloes. And when the blue and the rose faded, a deep brown settled on the receding mountains of both shores.

As we sped further and further south the sunset sky over the Libyan Desert grew as yellow as sunrise and the pink of the hills shaded now into gold, now into purple: the simplest objects became magical in their beauty, as when you caught the tall lateens of the felookahs black against the gold, or saw a triangle of storks in flight high overhead. The yellow of the sky made the brown river look as blue as the sea, and once when a stork was flapping slowly across the gold over a dahabeah, with her two lateens pointing outwards like the wings of the bird, the effect was indescribable. As was the effect when the uncouth villages with their pigeon towers, like the pylons of old temples, were added to the palm groves in the black patterns against the sky. These magic sunsets last an hour.

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In the height of the season, when the tourist steamers are full, on the days when there are no excursions, the particular young man sometimes breaks out into silk suits and wonderful socks, or, at any rate, rare and irreproachable flannels, just as the girl who has come to conquer Cairo society rings the gamut of summer extravagances. They have the moral courage for at least two different costumes between breakfast and dinner; and though a mere man is limited to his theatre jacket for dinner, the irresponsible girl can dress as elaborately as she pleases for the evening, and the climate tempts her. How different the story of the Garden of Eden would have been if it had been in Scotland instead of Mesopotamia, or Ethiopia, or wherever it was. It was unfair to make Eve a denizen of the tropics. From the description of their surroundings Adam and Eve must have been black. On the Darwinian theory we may have ascended from them as they ascended from monkeys.

By dinner-time most people are tired--tired of doing nothing if there has been no excursion; tired of long rides over the hot Desert, and hard sight-seeing, if there has been an excursion. They sit down with great content to a good dinner, and when it is over move out to the marquee which has been improvised out of the lounge for their coffee and cigarettes and a little light chatter; and, if they are wise, read their guide-books. On our steamer nobody played bridge except the two clergymen and their wives. Most people had no time for the Devil's picture-books; they were reading their guide-books; you are lost in Egypt if you do not read up. I used to disappear directly after dinner and read in my bunk, where the light was good and the quiet

perfect. I am purposely leaving the excursions for a separate chapter.

The real commander of Cook's Nile steamers is the manager, who, apart from his having the supreme authority, would be called the purser on an ocean-going liner. The nominal captain is the Arab *rais*, who is a pilot rather than a captain. It is a great thing to have an Italian manager; he combines the *suaviter* in his manner to the passengers with the *fortiter* in his management of the Arabs. And he has the caterer's instinct which makes the Italians the most successful restaurant-keepers in London. Signor Padovani was a typical Italian, for to these practical accomplishments he added a knowledge of English, French, German and Italian literature, as well as their languages, and a warm interest in the antiquities which form the prime object of Cook's Nile steamer service. This, I think, an Englishman in his place would probably have lacked as well as his knowledge of languages and literature. He had an intuition also for the comfort of his passengers. The actual conducting of them round the antiquities is left to the two dragomans, the senior of whom lectures in English and the junior in French. Practically the tourist of whatever nation understands one of these two languages, but our junior dragoman, George Gattas, spoke German, French and English equally well, and he was a Copt. It is a good plan to have one dragoman a Mohammedan, and the other a Christian, for though religion is of no consequence in the inspection of ancient Egyptian temples, there is here a mosque and there an ancient Christian monastery to be considered. The White Monastery, for instance, which, with the adjacent Red Monastery near Sohag, I

think Messrs. Cook and Son do unwisely in omitting from their programme,\* claims to have been a going concern in its present building since the days of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great; and at Assuan there are very ancient mosques and Arab cemeteries, which are also unwisely ignored.

We were lucky enough, for we had chosen our ship haphazard, to have Mohammed, the *doyen* of Cook's, for our chief dragoman. He is a dragoman of the old school, who knows his subject well, but is even more endeared to the tourist by the picturesqueness of himself and the thirty changes of raiment which he takes on board the ship with him, and his fine manners of the old-fashioned East. He maintains the ideals and the atmosphere of the dragoman of the good old days when nobody but Cræsus (for the most part a coronetted Cræsus) went to Egypt. He has a fund of good stories, which he tells with unconsciously theatrical attitudes and gestures, for the tourist; a great deal of authority for the native of the donkey-boy, guide, and curio-selling professions; wonderful tact and patience with the exacting and inquisitive or stupid people whom he has to show over ruins in which they are interested in inadequate and widely different ways; and unfailing wit and cheerfulness. Added to which, he is wholly free from the presumption which so often disfigures the attitude of dragomans to ladies.

Every night at dinner-time he used to come in and clap his hands for attention, and announce the programme for the following day, in a witty little speech,

\* The call at Assyût on the way up could very well be omitted to allow these monasteries to be visited. The short call at Assyût on the way down would be ample for that overrated place - and Cook's boats actually anchor at Sohag, as it is.

which described the nature of the monuments to be visited, and the means to be employed in getting to them—donkeys, boats, or walking—with a little useful advice as to conditions atmospheric or otherwise, and the unfailing reminder that “monument-tickets would be very much wanted.”







## SIGHT-SEEING ON THE NILE STEAMERS.

WITHOUT any doubt the easiest way to see the typical sights of the Nile between Cairo and Luxor, and between Luxor and Assuan, is to go on one of Cook's Tourist steamers. I admit that, though most of them are far from any hotel at which people accustomed to English comforts would like to stay, they can, as far as Assuan, all be reached by railway. But you cannot have your first-class hotel with you on the railway as you can on the steamer. And the average foreigner, who spends a night in a comparatively civilized place like Medinet Fayyum, will know how impossible it is for him to sleep in any Egyptian country town except Luxor, Assuan, and the capital of the Soudan.

Between Assuan and Wady Halfa, of course, Cook's Tourist steamers furnish the only means of seeing the sights on the Nile, unless you take a private dahabeah.

The typical sights on the Nile between Cairo and Luxor are the Colossi of Memphis and the Tombs and Pyramids of Sakkara, visited from Bedrechen; the palace of Akhnaton at Tel-el-Amarna, which is left for the return voyage; the Tombs of Beni Hassan; the market and Tombs of Assyût; the Temple of Abydos, visited from Baliana on the return voyage; and the Temple of Denderah. Between Luxor and Assuan the

principal sights are the Temple of Esneh, the Temple of Edfu, and the Temple of Komombo.

The Nile voyage between Assuan and Wady Halfa falls into the Sudan portion of this volume.

Cook's arrangements for excursions work with automatic ease. In a few seconds the great steamer runs alongside and has her gangway out; donkeys are waiting for the passengers, with dragomans and policemen to terrorize the donkey-boys. You are told the exact amount of bakshish which you are to pay. The white asses amble off at a most comfortable pace, but the boys soon begin to push them into a gallop, thinking that they will get extra bakshish, though they only succeed in raising extra dust. The first excursion, the trip to the Pyramids and Tombs of Sakkara, is a delightful one when the inundations are out, for then the groves of palms emerge from broad lakes as beautiful in scenery as Candy in Ceylon. It is a good excursion, too, for you are shown two prostrate colossi of Rameses II.; the great Step-Pyramid, the most ancient of Pyramids; and tombs decorated with the best bas-reliefs in Egypt. And you have a long ride on those swift white asses, returning in time to appreciate the comforts of tea and sunset on the steamer lounge.

It would be impossible in the limits of any chapter on the monuments between Cairo and Luxor to give a detailed account of the antiquities of Memphis and Sakkara. For the Memphis group, after the Thebes group, is the most important field of antiquities in Egypt, over-shadowed though it is by the Sphinx and the Pyramids of Gizch. Memphis, as a capital, was the older rival of Thebes. But the antiquities on the surface are not comparable in impressiveness to those of either

Gizeh or Thebes, in fact, the only monuments of any consequence on the surface are the two Colossi mentioned above, and the Step-Pyramid, the Pyramid of Unas, and others of the Sakkara group. The subterranean remains are fortunately of the highest importance, and afford the tourist who can only make day excursions from Cairo the opportunity of seeing the marvellous tomb-paintings and sculptures which are among the chief glories of Thebes.

Besides the three great tombs of Thi, Ptah-hotep, and Mereruka, in which you see bas-reliefs almost equal in beauty to any in Egypt, there are an interesting interior in the Pyramid of Unas ; some very deep and extraordinary tombs of the Persian epoch, which are reached by a spiral staircase ; and the Apis Mausoleum, generally known as the Serapeum, which contains in a huge catacomb gigantic granite sarcophagi of the sacred bulls. Each sarcophagus, of which there are a great number, has a sunk chapel to itself, but, unfortunately, none of those, which have been exhumed so far, contains its bull mummy, though the enormous weight of their lids made them difficult to open. It is not easy to understand anyone but the Early Christians taking the trouble to destroy them. Going down this great black catacomb of the bulls is one of the weirdest experiences the tourist has in Egypt.

Before we got to Beni Hassan, the next stopping-place, we passed the ruins of Antinöe, the city built by the grateful Hadrian to mark the place where Antinous drowned himself, because it was prophesied that at that spot his benefactor should lose what was dearest to him. He sacrificed himself that the prophecy might be fulfilled without greater injury to Hadrian.

The monuments of Beni Hassan, the second excursion on the Nile, are not so impressive as the Colossi at Memphis and the Tombs of Sakkara, but you pass an interesting piece of Nile agriculture. The Speos Artemidos, the cave of Diana, is an excavated shrine—a square chamber with a little recess for the image of the goddess, behind a cave porch with two columns cut out of the virgin rock. All the cats in Egypt, from the Sudan to the Delta, were brought here to be buried in the palmy days of cats, or, perhaps, I should say, balmy. An enterprising dealer dug up a cargo of cat mummies and sent them to Liverpool. Mohammed, the dragoman, was in the act of being disbelieved about this cargo, which he said he had seen despatched, when Mr. Russell Rea, M.P., who was of the party, came to his rescue by saying that his own brother had bought the cargo, which proved a failure as a curio-speculation, but highly successful when ground up into manure.

You mount your donkeys again for a ride up-hill to get to the Tombs of Beni Hassan, of which there are a fair number, some of them large, high chambers, with paintings of great value to the archæologist, but not arrestive to the general tourist. Several of them have porches excavated like the Speos Artemidos; others have doorways like Etruscan tombs, which seem to owe a good deal to tombs of this age in Egypt. Average tourists would not care for this excursion if it were not made so enjoyable by Cook's good generalship, and at Assyût most of them would enjoy themselves more if they never left the ship's side, but spent the time in bargaining with the shawl-sellers and brass and antiquity dealers. Once upon a time the shawls of Assyût may have been famous—the net may have

been less coarse, the spangle petals as light as maiden-hair and made of silver and gold. Now the net has grown coarse and the spangles tinny.

The Bazar at the water's edge, where two or three of Cook's steamers are generally tied to the barge which bears the names of Thomas Cook and Assiut, is a much better Bazar for buying things than the mile-long Bazar you walk through in the town. But I enjoyed the three walks I took through Assyût, for that is the way in which the name is written on the barrage, while the natives call it Syût, and someone else has written it up Siout. It was the first big native town I had visited, and miles down the river, my curiosity was inflamed by its eleven minarets rising above the palm groves. It is the largest town in Upper Egypt, several times the size of either Luxor or Assuan, having sixty thousand inhabitants.

The Bazar lies about a mile from the landing-place. The intervening ground is covered with avenues and various European and semi-European buildings. The native city has a very gracious effect from the bluffs above when the inundation comes right up to its walls. The man who started the idea, which obsesses most of the guide-books, that the Bazar of Assyût is interesting to tourists, was a bad judge—it is only interesting when the shops thin off and are replaced by poor people's houses, inns and restaurants. The shops contain nothing but cheap European rubbish intended for the native. There is no very interesting mosque.

A short ride from the town is the beautiful cemetery which I have described above as a forest of white domes; and overhanging it is a bluff which contains some large tombs rather like those of Beni Hassan. Assyût is a

purely native town which has not yet learnt to make itself interesting for tourists.

It has an immense barrage, very handsome, a *chef-d'œuvre* of engineering. Figures about it can be found in many books. Steamers pass it by a huge lock which reminded me of the Sault Sainte Marie on the great lakes of Canada. Round the barrage are well-kept gardens; they betoken the houses of the English engineers. A well-kept garden is generally the sign of the presence of an Englishman in Egypt.

The Temples of Abydos are not visited by Cook's tourists until the return journey; but the town of Bali-ana, where the long donkey-ride to Abydos begins, is conspicuous on the right, for the bank is lofty, and the river-face of the town is vulgarized with shoddy European erections like the Abydos Bar. Girgeh, having an industry, though it has no monuments to entice a tourist steamer to stop, is a far finer town, with eight stately minarets and large white European houses near the landing-place. There are small towns with lofty pigeon towers that have the effect of the mediæval Zara in the paintings of the Doge's palace at Venice. But I must hurry on to Denderah.

Denderah is dear to the tourist, for it is the first great Egyptian temple which he sees, and it is very beautiful. He does not mind its being "late"; he does not at all mind the types in its pictures and bas-reliefs being half Greek instead of pure Egyptian. This makes the faces much more beautiful; we get, judged by our standards, handsomer faces on the temple walls of Denderah than on any temple in Egypt.

It is full of delightful surprises for the visitor. The staircases in the thickness of the walls, like the

secret passages in Caernarvon Castle, and the mysterious vaults below, in which the temperature is suffocating, are covered with mythological bas-reliefs, whose faces are of singular beauty, while up on the roof are a delightful little shrine with the openness and the grace of a Greek temple, almost like the famous temple of the Wingless Victory at Athens, and a most interesting Osiris chamber. But the outstanding feature of the Temple of Denderah lies in the bas-reliefs of Cleopatra and Cæsarion, attired as Isis and Horus, on the back wall of the temple. The figure of Cæsarion, her son by Julius Cæsar, hardly comes up to his mother's thigh. She has the features of the voluptuous Semitic women, who please the Arabs as courtesans, with long eyes, a well-formed hawk nose, and a curved smile. Her figure is very slender (though this is a conventionality), and we should consider the way in which it is displayed wanting in decency.

It is a longish ride on a donkey from the landing-place to Denderah; the land between it is mostly inundated when the Nile is high. In less than half an hour you see a low, dark building rising across the flats which you may recognize for the porch of the temple, though it gives you not the least idea of the magnificence behind it.

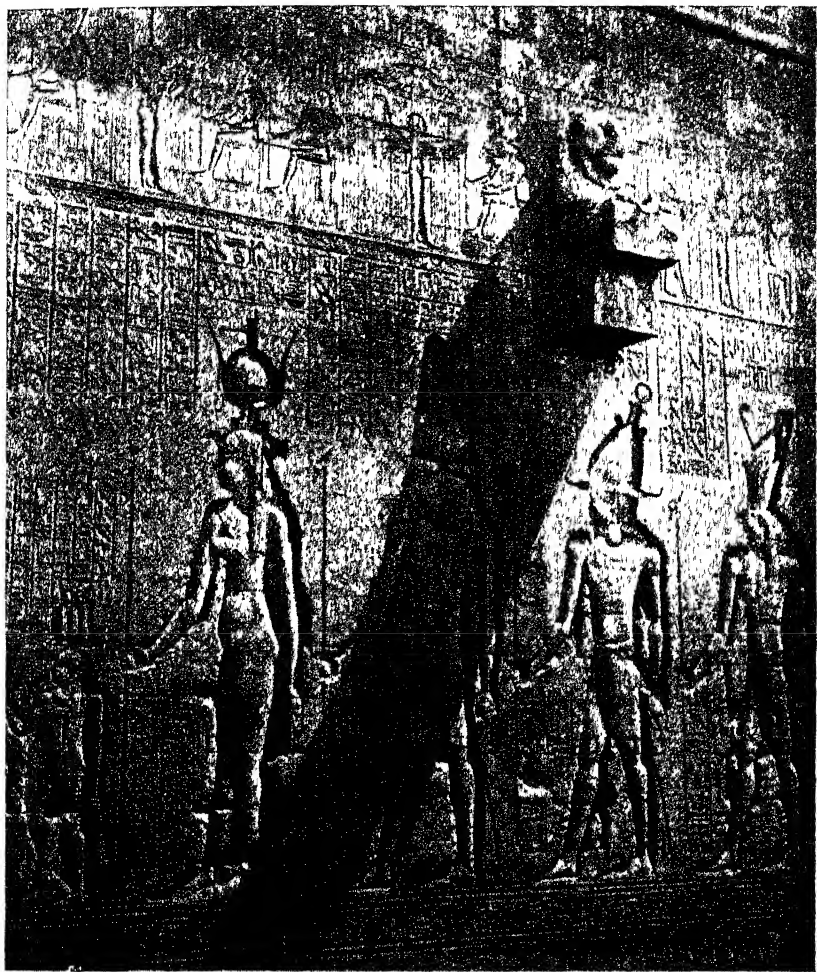
The temple is surrounded by a large enclosing wall; where this is not knocked down it is filled with a débris of Coptic buildings, which is, however, being quickly removed, since the farmers, who value it highly for manure, have been given permission to cart it away. There is also the fragment of a richly sculptured pylon left in front of the temple, but only the gate-posts and the lintel of the gate remain. Between it and the great



temple, on the right, is the Mammisi, what the drago-man called "the Horus Birth house built by Augustus," and close to the main temple is a small Egyptian temple which has been used as a Coptic Church. The outside of the great temple is richly sculptured all over, but it is nothing to the inside.

The moment we stepped inside the porch with its gigantic Hathor-headed columns, I was breathless, for there was all the difference in the world between this and the small fry of antiquities which we had been seeing; the columns were so enormous, and every foot of them and of the walls was covered with bas-reliefs. The most charming of all were on the ceiling. They retain a great deal of sky-blue and other light, bright colours. There was a delightful group of sculpture, Isis with Osiris and Horus on the left wall; Nero had himself depicted on the walls in the garb of a Pharaoh. The famous Zodiac on the ceiling was spoiled in the days when the temple was filled nearly to the ceiling with sand and used by the Arabs as a dhurra store and for camping in. Until two years ago all the front of the temple was filled up and you had to go down into it. All this clearing away has been done by the farmers. The central passage of the porch has a ceiling decorated with twenty-one vultures and winged suns to commemorate the twenty-one years of somebody's reign. There is a small temple up a stair at the back which has a figure of Nut, the Heaven, going round three sides of the square, with elongated hands on one side, a body in the middle and legs on the other side, while the feet are encroaching on the fourth. In the middle is Hathor's head and the sun.

Before quitting the subject of Denderah, one may



*Photo by]*

*[PIROMELLI, Luxor,*

**\*\* Portraits of Cleopatra and Caesarion on the walls of the Temple of Denderah,**

*[Facing page 436.*



ask in what does the impressiveness of Egyptian temples consist? Above all, in size; the extent of some of them being enormous; the principal group of temples at Karnak is a mile and a half round; some of the columns are eighty feet high. The chief temple there is as long as the Vatican, nearly a quarter of a mile. Their perfectness is also in many instances marvellous.

With the exception of a few small temples, there are no Greek or Roman temples as perfect as those of Egypt; and if one goes beyond superficial considerations there are no Greek or Roman temples to be compared with those of Egypt in condition. On the other hand, Egyptian temples do not approach a building like the Parthenon in elegance; size and solidity are the qualities on which they depend for effect. There are several respects in which they excel the others in interest. We know all about them; we know who built them, and what they were built for, because it is painted or sculptured on the walls in the imperishable hieroglyphics of Egypt. In the second place, the Egyptians really had a religion, and we know something about that, whereas, as far as we can make out, the priests who ministered in the temples of Greece and Rome had not much more of what we call religion in their tasks than the officers of a Freemasons' Lodge. And we not only know something of the purposes of Egyptian temples, but how the various component parts of the building were adapted to them.

An Egyptian temple generally consists of pylons, an open courtyard, a hypostyle hall, and at the inner end of all, a sanctuary. A broad path or dromos conducted the worshipper to the first pylon, on each side of which might be a row of human-headed or

ram-headed sphinxes. There might be any number of pylons, any number of columns, and in the most important temples were found a pair of enormous obelisks, but there were two or three cardinal points to be found in all temples built with the hand and not hewn from the rock—there were always one or more pylons, the pylon being a gateway consisting of a linked pair of towers; there was always a hypostyle hall at the entrance of the temple proper; and at the back of everything there was always the sanctuary. The shrine was kept closed, but worshippers were allowed sometimes to see the face of the Deity as the greatest of privileges. Every large temple had a lake within its precincts for the ablutions of the worshippers, and the processions of the sacred boats. The temples hewn out of the rock, like that at Abu Simbel, have considerable differences, necessitated by the change of materials, but the principle is the same.

The three temples between Luxor and Assuan which are generally visited by tourists are those of Îsneh, Edfu and Komombo. They are all fine and interesting temples; if they were not, no one would dare to ask you to visit them after the glories of Thebes. Îsneh is a place with a good deal of life in it. The construction of another vast barrage like that of Assyût, which is proceeding rapidly here, brings a great deal of money into the place; and the presence of a number of Englishmen always galvanizes an Egyptian town into progress. The approach makes a striking picture. On the shore there are enormous earthworks, enormous cranes standing out against the sky. On the river, which is wide here, are an immense number of felookahs, with their great sails stiffened by the strong north wind, and their bows

making a pleasant ripple against the current as they bring up load after load of earth for the embankment. The presence of all these boats and men has made quite a considerable port of Esneh. Besides the proper Bazar in the town there is a sort of Bazar on the river bank like you have at Luxor, but Esneh has a speciality—enormous baskets, big enough to hold the Forty Thieves, like their jars, made of a close plait, violently decorated with red and green, or red and purple. The proper Bazar is quite worth an artist's attention, for it is unspoiled and full of colour, but it is innocent of anything a tourist could buy except native cloth.

You see nothing of the Temple of Esneh till you come right up to it, and then you only see the hypostyle hall, in other words, the portico, for there are fifty houses standing on the top of the rest of the temple; the Government have, however, bought the fifty houses, so the excavations can commence whenever the money is voted.

We were walking gaily and excitedly over a mound—Mohammed, the dragoman, had the air of a sporting dog which was just going to flush the game—when, looking to the right, we saw, through an aperture, vast, painted, and sculptured capitals of the Ptolemaic age. It was the Temple of Esneh, which is not much less buried than the Greek theatres of Herculaneum and Catania, which Vesuvius and Etna considerably preserved for posterity by covering them up with lava. The Temple of Esneh is, however, only full of dry mud, and the hypostyle hall has been excavated, and looks like an inordinately fine underground mosque, because the stairway down into it is of the steep, straight order which leads up to a Mohammedan pulpit. If

Mohammed, our dragoman, in the fine robes (which he had put on to dazzle the population of Esneh, because he had no donkey-riding to do), had only stood at the top of those steps he might well have passed for the Sheikh of the Mosque. The columns of this hall are enormous: the walls are incised with pictures. As you stand below in this dark vault of columns looking up against the blue, it is mightily impressive, and it is hardly less impressive to look down on these vast columns from above as you look down into St. Peter's at Rome from the Leonine Chapel. The columns have magnificent capitals, and the Heavenly Goddess, Nut, is, as usual, painted on the ceiling because all ceilings belong to Nut, who, as I have said, stretches herself round three sides and a half of them, her hands and her arms embracing one side, her long body, almost as lean as her arms, the second, her long, lean legs the third, and her feet part of the fourth. She is in the attitude of a diver before he folds his hands. The conventionalization of Nut forms one of the best patterns made by the Ancient Egyptian artist. The ceiling is unfortunately blackened with smoke, because the Turkish soldiers going to and from Khartum in the old days used it as a stable, and the earth in it came to within a few feet of the top. Esneh used to be famous for its mummified fish and gazelles, as Komombo is famous for its mummified crocodiles. The fish were a yard and a half long. Unfortunately the Governor of Esneh realized what good presents they were for tourists, since they made a great impression, and cost him nothing, so they are all given away now. It is a mercy that more of Egypt was not excavated in the days before the Egyptians had the

English to stiffen them into a regard for their heritage of antiquities.

An hour before we got to Edfu we could see its mighty pylon towering up above the horizon of mountains behind ; the pylon of Edfu is the largest perfect pylon in Egypt. As we drew near, the city was shrouded with fine palms. The Temple of Edfu is enormous and very perfect, but it is baroque ; the gigantic figures rudely incised on its exterior make you shudder ; the appearance of the temple would be much improved if they were obscured with dust. Its court is very fine, but its rich capitals are baroque too ; the completeness of the temple almost stuns one.

The sculpture of the Temple of Edfu is as debased as the baroque in Italy, but the architecture is majestic from its size, and all so perfect. There is an interesting chamber of the death of Osiris here.

The view from the lofty roof of the Temple of Edfu is very fine—you, of course, get a bird's-eye view of the ground plan of the great temple itself—the best preserved in Egypt, though not of a good period ; and besides you have an interesting bird's-eye view of a squalid Egyptian village, with goats and sheep walking on the roofs of houses which are often made of reeds and straw just laid across. Sometimes a goat goes through the roof plump on to the inhabitants ; they say "Ma'leesh"—it is of no consequence—with the true Egyptian resignation.

Beyond the village with its reed roofs, and dung stacks, and larders like mud-pie fonts, is a beautiful blue bend of the Nile, and beyond that are the pink Arabian hills.

The people of Edfu are squalid savages, like the



people of Abydos ; they offered no violence to any members of our party, but their behaviour was obviously inflammable, ready to burst out under the slightest provocation. The town was unusually filthy, full of truly awful people.

On the night before we went to Komombo I scribbled down on a menu card the speech of Mohammed, the dragoman—a typical one :

“ Ladies and Gentlemen—To-morrow, at ten o'clock, we arrive at Komombo ; and in about five minutes walk to the Temple of Light and Darkness. Remember the very good of light in the afternoon. Monument-tickets very much wanted ! No donkeys to gallop ! ”

As the Temple of Edfu is remarkable for its size and perfectness, so is the Temple of Komombo for its beauty and incomparable site. Even the Temple of Kartassi, which stands high on the banks of the Nile as you go through Nubia, though it does, in a way, rival Komombo in beauty, cannot be compared to it for site ; nor is it so extensive. Komombo stands on a bluff which juts out into the river, and its columns have something of the freedom of the columns of a Greek temple. It is well looked after, for it is the centre of a rich agricultural district, and there are English engineers living near the temple in charge of the pumping station of the reclamation company.

At Komombo you meet Nubians for the first time—and they celebrate the occasion by trying to sell you daggers in lizard-skin sheaths, and tom-tom drums, the whole way from the ship's side to the temple, a walk of five or ten minutes. The beautiful Temple of Komombo, one of the finest in Upper Egypt, built by various Ptolemies and Roman Emperors, was really a double

temple dedicated to the Powers of Light and Darkness, the former personified in Horus, and the latter in Sebek, the crocodile-headed god. Consequently, there was a great cult of the crocodile at Komombo, and mummified crocodiles are kept in the shrine of Sebek. I was much amused with Mohammed, the dragoman's, readiness in wit apropos of these mummies.

"What is this crocodile doing here?" asked a boisterous and rather oppressive person. "Weeping tears for Arabi Bey," said Mohammed.

I shall always remember that satirical crocodile.

The people of Edfu, which is only a few miles away on the opposite side of the river, detested the crocodile and all its worshippers: there was, therefore, an unquenchable feud between the inhabitants of the two places. I am not going to give the descriptions or even the names of the various courts and shrines that go to make up the Temple of Komombo: it is impossible to pass Komombo without noticing it standing on its cape, with its columns profiled against the sky. No one who is wandering about it can fail to be delighted with its bright courts, elegant architecture and charming sculpture and paintings. One could linger there long. I wonder that I did not run over from Assuan by railway, while I was there, to see Komombo again at my leisure, for it only takes a little over an hour and a half by train. I am afraid that at Assuan we abandoned ourselves to the enjoyment of the flesh-pots of Egypt.

The approach to Assuan by river is decidedly impressive, for you come up the famous sailing reach and see in succession a forest of felookahs (for Assuan is one of the chief Nile ports), the remains of Roman architecture

springing half across the stream, the palm and lebbek avenues and European houses of the river front, and, beyond that, the ruins of the castle on the left bank.

The green island of Elephantine lies on the river in front of you, and the high bank on the right is crowned with the ruined tomb of the Sheikh. You can see at a glance that you are approaching a city which takes itself seriously.

It is wise of Thomas Cook and Son to leave Abydos and Tel-el-Amarna for the return voyage. The more you have seen, the more you know, the more you will appreciate them. In the two superb temples at Abydos which you examine, it is not the architecture which commands your attention, but the sculpture. And this is superlative. The bas-reliefs of the Temple of Seti I. at Abydos are the most delicately beautiful in all Egypt, carved on an extraordinarily white limestone, more snow-like than marble. This temple was designed by Seti I., to be a memorial, not only of himself, but of all the kings his ancestors. On the famous tablet of Abydos, the copy of which, made by Rameses II., is now in the British Museum, Seti and his son Rameses are offering homage to seventy-six kings, their predecessors, among whom Seti himself is, characteristically, included.

Abydos was a locality of peculiar sanctity as the burial place of Osiris. From the very beginning of the monarchy, kings and nobles had desired to be buried here—and the country all round is strewn with innumerable tombs. Besides the two glorious temples, there are the remains of a palace of Rameses II., and other buildings.

At Tel-el-Amarna we were only shown the beautiful

mosaic floors of poor young Akhnaton, the heretic Pharaoh, who, while he was engaged in diverting the worship of his people from Amon-Ra to Aton (the sun considered from a different standpoint), and transferring his capital from Thebes to Tel-el-Amarna, neglected his empire so much that nearly all his foreign possessions were swept from him. The tombs of his court are of great interest, but they were too far off to visit. Akhnaton was buried in his mother's tomb at Thebes, which contained the wonderful gold-plated tomb furniture whose discovery a few years ago filled the world with wonder. The bust of the boy reformer in the Louvre is of extreme beauty, and has the expression of a sweet Christian saint.

## SIGHT-SEEING ON THE EGYPTIAN RAILWAYS.

I REGARDED the Egyptian railways as a mere means of entering and leaving the country till I picked up a little book entitled, "Egypt and How to See It."

It bore no name on the title-page beyond that of the talented artist, Mr. Lamplough, who had adopted a novel style of illustration, a series of brilliant little coloured vignettes four inches long by two and a half wide, whose black borders gave them the appearance of vistas. But the points in the letterpress emphasized themselves at once. The book was a model of lucidity—it was Egypt at a glance; I saw that the Egyptian railway system opened up a whole new branch of sight-seeing, of which most tourists never even dream. For all purposes except sight-seeing Lower Egypt is Egypt, and Lower Egypt is only tapped by the Egyptian State Railways. The ordinary tourist ignores Lower Egypt altogether, but when I had taken up this little book I determined to make a series of the excursions on the railways which the author recommended, for I saw that he was worthy to write upon Egypt as soon as I had read his descriptions of the Pyramids.

I gathered from this book that I ought to make at least the following excursions: to Matariya, Heliopolis and

Marg ; the Barrage ; Helwân ; Alexandria ; Abukîr ; Damietta ; Rosetta ; Tel-el-Kebir and Ismailia ; to the Fayyum and the Great Oasis. These were points which I had not seen, but the book showed further that the railways, as well as Messrs. Cook's boats, serve most of the important monuments in Upper Egypt. The ruins of Memphis, for instance, can be seen from Bed-rechen Station ; the Pyramid of Medum from Rikkah ; the Tombs of Beni Hassan from Abou-Kerkes (kil. 268) Station. The Palace and Tombs of Tel-el-Amarna from Dair-moes (kil. 306) Station. Assyût (kil. 378) is nearer the station than it is to the river ; near Sohag Station (kil. 470) are the White and Red Monasteries, the two most famous Coptic buildings in Egypt ; the wonderful Temples of Abydos can be seen from Baliana Station (kil. 521) ; the beautiful Temple of Denderah from Kench (kil. 611). Luxor is the junction where the two gauges meet, and is 673 kil. from Cairo—Luxor, the modern town, whose environs embrace the three most interesting cities of ancient ruins in all Egypt—Luxor, Karnak, and Thebes.

When you get into the railway again for Assuan, you have the great Temple of Esneh, with a station of the same name, the great Temple of Edfu, with a station of the same name, and the Temple of Komombo, an hour and a half by donkey from the Daraw Station, before you get to Assuan. Elephantine, with its numerous antiquities, is the island suburb of Assuan, and you go to the world-famous Temple of Phike by boat from the next station, Shellal, which is the terminus of the Egyptian railways. So far I have only dealt with the main line, but from Wasta, an hour and a half from Cairo, a branch line takes you to the beautiful and

unique Fayyum, with many antiquities, a real oasis, with Egypt's one great lake behind it ; and from Kharga Junction, a private railway takes you across the Desert to the Great or Kharga Oasis, full of Roman ruins. It is a real convenience when the monuments are served by the railways, for places like Memphis and Sakkara need several visits, and one is not likely to make the delightful excursion by water more than once. " Egypt and How to See It " gives every sort of information you need for arranging your railway trips ; its pictures show most of the tit-bits except the great temples. It has a full time-table at the end, and on the page where each monument and piece of scenery is described, the most convenient trains are mentioned, with the prices of the excursion and the duration of the journey. Set forth with equal lucidity are tables of postal arrangements, of the steamer lines running to Egypt, and so on, which, though not falling within the scope of this chapter, help to make the little volume a compact guide to Egypt. The tabulated hotel prices and the very practical Arab vocabulary are real boons.

The first trip I made on the railways was the afternoon trip to Matariya and Marg, which takes you out past the Khedive's suburban palace, and the battlefield where the French won their famous victory, to the ancient Heliopolis, a mere footprint in the sand, for all that remains of it is the line of its mud ramparts, long since resolved into their elements, with one half-sculptured stone half buried in them, an obelisk, two historical springs of water, and a dying sycamore. Marg is a sort of oasis.

Unless Babylon was the gate of On and Moses really was found in the bulrushes, which refuse to

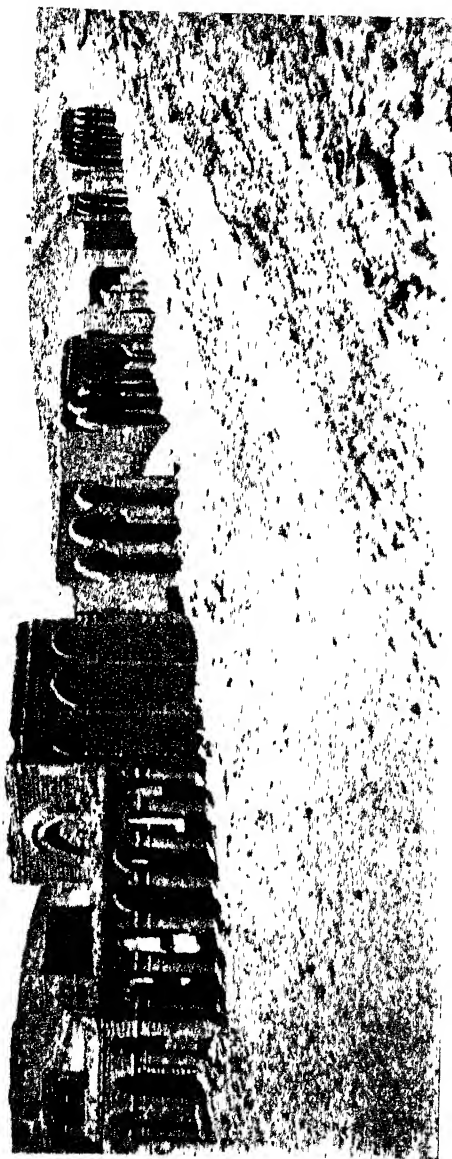


Photo 62

The Nekropolis of Kharga, in the Great Oasis of the Libyan Desert

[Miss Ethel Johnson

[Facing page 448.





grow any more on Roda Island, there is no part of Cairo itself which is associated with Ancient Egypt, though a dump of its little images has been found in the Mounds of Al-Fustat. But three famous sites are within a ride of Cairo, the Gizeh of the Pyramids, the Memphis of the Tombs, the On or Heliopolis, whose priest Potipherah was the father-in-law of the immortal Joseph, son of Jacob, who looms so large in Eastern legend. The line of the city walls can be made out pretty clearly, though the bricks have dissolved and the obelisk, the only obelisk in Lower Egypt which still stands in its place, is the most ancient in the whole country, having been put up by Usertsen the First, of the twelfth dynasty, who lived about four-and-twenty centuries before Jesus Christ. Its pair—obelisks always hunted in couples—is, I believe, at New York.

Heliopolis is worth visiting for its picturesqueness. Its obelisk, surrounded by a few willows, stands in the very centre of the *enceinte*, pointing to heaven in silent protest for the vanished City of the Sun, which owes its destruction to the gifts of the Gods: its site is all fertile irrigable land. Not far from the obelisk, shaded by lofty and umbrageous trees, a clear stream issues from a charming sakiya. This has been identified on easy terms with the famous Fountain of the Sun.

Within a short walk of Heliopolis in the outskirts of Matariya, a rural suburb of Cairo, is the Virgin's Tree, an old sycomore, which has fallen, but still puts forth a few green branches. Its proprietor, a Copt, has put a wall round it to preserve it from the avarice of the devout; but it is known to have been planted as late as 1672 to replace an old tree which died a few years earlier. It is a pity that it was not an olive tree, because olives

have been proved to last two thousand years, and it requires relays of sycomores to carry one over so long a period. The Egyptian sycomore is popular because it bears an edible fig, almost exactly like a real fig—in appearance, at any rate. Close to the Virgin's Tree, served by a sakiya, is a spring, which is not brackish like the Nile water, that filters through to the other wells of Matariya and Heliopolis. Tradition says that the touch of the Infant Jesus made its waters sweet. The tradition of the Holy Family having been here is very strong, and it is now crystallized in a little chapel.

A couple of miles from Matariya is Marg, one of the most charming places to visit in the vicinity of Cairo—a real oasis of delightful palm groves on the edge of the Desert. Backwaters run picturesquely through the village, which is large and has well-built houses of considerable individuality—much more like the good Sudanese houses than one generally finds in the mud villages of Egypt. There is also a country mosque dear to the artist and the photographer.

The visitor falls in love with Marg the moment he steps out of the train; for bordering the watercourse which divides the station from the village is a delightfully tumble-down row of small cafés and shops hardly to be disentangled from their creepers. The people, too, at Marg are unspoiled in their manners and their appearance.

My second excursion was to Damietta, and this was most interesting and typical, for it took me through the heart of Lower Egypt.

The line lay through the marvellously rich valley of the Nile, and its canals, which yields its three or four crops a year. There is no part of the earth where crops

ripen so often, and fortunately for travellers the Egyptian fellah works most picturesquely. He sets about his task as simply and naturally as an animal sets about browsing. In his implements he has only just emerged from the Flint Age ; he uses the same plough, the same wells for human water-drawers and water-drawing beasts as are sculptured on the monuments of the Pharaohs. One would have said that Mohammed had made the only change in the Arabian East since the days of Moses were it not that the camel now overshadows the ox and the ass. As the train goes along you see the fellahin working like bees on the brown bosom of the earth, while on every high mud-bank that holds a canal the procession of Egypt moves slowly and rhythmically along. The buffalo of the Pharaohs ; the camel, carrying the burden of a waggon on its back, or ridden by a ragged, dusty Bedawin ; trains of asses with riders in Biblical robes, or full packs ; Biblical shepherds driving their flocks ; women with black garments clinging round their straight figures and wide-bellied pitchers of water balanced on their heads ; children early in harness—the procession is never at an end.

Not seldom the train draws up at an important town among the largest in Egypt after Cairo and Alexandria, such as Tanta, with its vast mosque of a latter-day saint ; and Mansûra, the cotton capital, which still shows the old house where St. Louis was lodged when he and his army surrendered at this spot. At Tanta you quit the main line to Alexandria. More than once I should have liked to leave the train to spend a day in exploring this or the other old Arab town. There was one especially which we passed ; I think it was Mehallet-Kebir, for we were confronted with quaint old tombs

and mosques for a mile or two, an artist's paradise ; and the outline of the back view of Mansûra, seen across the Nile, was fascinatingly broken by dome and minaret. Nor was the scenery monotonous, for as one neared Damietta its character changed entirely, now suggesting the bed of a lake overwhelmed by the Desert and rich in mirages, now an oasis of palm trees.

The first view of Damietta is enchanting ; the wide bend of the river must suggest to every eye that has seen both, the bend in the Grand Canal at Venice, for the Nile is almost as wide, and it is bordered by an almost unbroken row of stately old palaces, some of them even with windows on the Venetian plan ; many with steps leading down to the water—all with the gracious lines of decay. A minaret here and there is no intrusion, for are not the Campanili of Venice the minarets of Christianity, with bells for muezzins which do not receive the same universal heed. Damietta is a wooden Venice, a mere shell. Behind its stately front is a long Bazar, which, being exclusively for Orientals, sells nothing but European goods, the European goods which the European will not buy. Even Omdurman did not escape this taint.

Damietta has one ancient mosque, something in the style of the Mosque of Amr at Cairo, and, apart from the river front, a few—a very few—old mansions with rich wood-work. But in this respect it bears no comparison to Rosetta, which has a hundred for its one, and mostly in an excellent state of preservation, whereas Damietta is falling to pieces. Damietta is a miserable town, because it is inhabited almost entirely by Egyptians. Even the Levantine eschews Damietta, and the Italian—yes, and the ubiquitous Greek—is con-

spicuous by his absence. The only hotels are kept by Egyptians in horrible old houses which have seen better days. When we went into them we entered a large hall, where veiled Egyptian women sat with crossed legs on the high wooden *dikkas* running round the walls. They understood no language but Arabic. But fortunately Damietta has a sort of volunteer, or territorial dragoman, who seems to rise from the earth at the stroke of a magician's wand, the magician probably being the railway guard or the station-master, on the rare occasions when a tourist comes to Damietta. He speaks a few words of most of the European languages of Egypt, and considers himself well paid at a shilling or two a day.

He helped us to choose, and settle the price of our rooms. The landlady asked him to warn us that she could not give us any meals, not even coffee in the morning. But this, he said, would not signify, because there were a restaurant and café in the town.

As there did not seem to be a great deal to see in the town, I went to inquire at the police-station if I could get a carriage to take us out to the mouth of the Nile in the morning; nobody else seemed to know. The commanding officer in charge, an effusively polite young man, said that he would arrange it for us, and that if we called back after dinner he would let us know what he had been able to arrange. Dinner was a comparative term, because the only thing we were able to eat at the restaurant was the macaroni. But we called back and sent in our message, and received a reply that he would come down to see us in a few minutes. We waited an unconscionable time in the reception-room, and then there arrived, not the police captain, but the

Governor of Damietta. The servant had taken the message to the wrong person. The Governor said that the police captain was a great deal too forward, and that it should be his business to entertain us while we were in Damietta. He offered us beds, and, since we would not accept them, insisted upon opening a bottle of champagne. He said we were not to go by carriage to the mouth of the Nile ; we were to go with him in his steamer and lunch with him on our return. The lunch, I may parenthesize, was the best meal we ever had in Egypt ; we had meals at nearly all the best hotels, but none of them came up to this lunch.

The trip to the mouth of the river took us through some good Nile scenery just outside the city ; but the Damietta mouth of the Nile is an unimposing affair. It is rather small, and the banks are hardly more than sand-banks. The most striking thing at Damietta is your arrival, for the train draws up on the shore of the river, which curves there like the Grand Canal at Venice ; and a swarm of picturesque felookahs, with tall masts and lateen sails, try to get hold of you and your luggage, and all drift across the stream together to the antique landing-stage.

Damietta is a difficult place to get to ; one can hardly visit it from either Cairo or Alexandria without spending the night there.

Rosetta, only two or three hours from Alexandria, is as much better worth seeing as it is easier to get to. The line from Alexandria to Rosetta takes one through some charming scenery, and Rosetta is the most unspoiled town in Egypt. I cannot imagine why more visitors do not go there. It is a nice clean town in beautiful scenery, with a finer reach for sailing than the

famous reach at Assuan, and, having plenty of water, has good sea felookahs, so that you can sail right down the reach past the famous Fort St. Julian to the open sea, where you find yourself *vis-à-vis* with Abukir. And it is full of beautiful old houses; there may be two or three hundred of them, superb mediæval mansions, such as one would imagine Antwerp to have had in the Middle Ages. They do, in fact, recall the old Boucherie at Antwerp. Unlike other Egyptian towns, Rosetta is built of burnt brick, which makes its mansions much more lasting. So many of them are embellished with columns from Roman temples, built into graceful ground-floor arcades which support the upper stories, that I think a large Roman town must have existed in the vicinity. There is no tradition of any Roman town having occupied the site of Rosetta, though there are columns, half buried, lying about its streets. Rosetta was a creation of the Arab conquerors. It has a large and picturesque Bazar—a good one considering that there are no visitors, who always have an inspiring effect on Bazars—and a glorious old mosque of vast size, as venerable as El-Azhar at Cairo. Here, as at El-Azhar, you get more than one peep through an open gateway into the great mosque, with its hundreds of columns and thronging worshippers and rich colours of decay.

There are other beautiful mosques at Rosetta, one especially, of no great size, which arrests the eye of every wayfarer as he leaves the town for Abu Mandur, half an hour by road or river.

Abu Mandur is a little hill of golden sand, with two gracious mosques on the arm which it pushes out into the Nile, making the broad reach look like a lake of



palms. All the way from here to Fort St. Julian the great river is bordered with palms, and old Pashas' country houses, and the white domes which mark the tombs of saints. In the fort was found the famous Rosetta Stone, whose trilingual inscription betrayed to the modern world the secrets veiled in the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt.

On the way from Alexandria to Rosetta, but served by separate trains, is Abukir, whose bay was the scene of Nelson's immortal victory—a lovely spot at sunset. Abukir is also the station for visiting a wide field of Roman ruins, embracing the famous Canopus. Abercromby's battle of Abukir was fought a good deal nearer Alexandria, which forms the subject of a separate chapter.

I wonder why more people do not take train from Cairo to Ismailia, the City of Gardens, for a break in the journey lets one see the battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir; and at the journey's end there is the Suez Canal to be inspected. Tel-el-Kebir and Ismailia itself can be seen in a day's excursion from Cairo, if one gets up early. I dismiss it briefly because I am not treating the Suez Canal in this book.

The last of the excursions by railway below Cairo is the short journey to the Delta Barrage, which stores up the waters of the Nile before it divides into the Rosetta and Damietta branches. At the Barrage you have not only a dam across the Nile, but the finest piece of landscape-gardening in Egypt. The French, with their eye for dramatic effect, built the Barrage to look like a fortified mediæval bridge, and they succeeded. At a short distance off it beggars the covered bridges of Pavia and Lucerne. And the precincts of the fortress, which

guarded it in the old evil days before the security of the English occupation, have been converted into one of the most delightful public gardens I was ever in. The fortifications washed by the waters of the Nile have been transformed into bastions of glowing sub-tropical vegetation thrust out between the blue of sky and river; shaded walks run along them, and the interior of the fortress is a mass of little hills and dells, of valleys filled with bamboo-shaded walks, of broad, smooth sunny lawns, rare trees and riotous creepers. The domains of Melbourne and Sydney are hardly finer in their vegetation, and if you go there on a holiday, like the Shem-en-Nessem, when every glade is filled with Arabs in their gay and graceful costumes, the blaze of colour, the quaint effects almost beggar description.

I shall not in this chapter describe the excursion to be made from the railway to the Colossi of Sakkarā and the Tombs and Pyramids of Memphis, nor the rock-shrines and sepulchres of Beni-Hassan, nor the Palace of the Pharaohs at Tel-el-Amarna, for they fall more naturally into the chapters on the excursion up the Nile. Helwân, by which, of course, I mean Helwân-les-Bains, and not the old Helwân on the bank of the Nile, requires little description. It has a good hotel in the "Al-Hayat," excellent views of the whole Pyramid field, the most valuable medicinal baths in Egypt, golf-links and a race-course. The gouty and rheumatic who cannot leave Egypt go there; and week-enders go there; and you hear a good deal about its races and dances. The food and furniture of the "Al-Hayat" struck me as being particularly nice, and Helwân is a good centre for riding; but it needs a motor road to Cairo, and trains running to Cairo\* without a stop.

It can never be a success while it takes you an hour to get to Cairo. Till then it does not fulfil its proper function of being Cairo's healthiest bedroom.

There is a station at Gizeh, the village from which the group of Pyramids that includes the great Pyramids and the Sphinx takes its name. Though the railway is not so convenient as the tramway for visiting the Sphinx, it is best perhaps to consider it here. There are many Sphinxes in Egypt, but none of special mark except the huge Sphinx of Gizeh, whose head and shoulders form the most interesting piece of sculpture in the world. The body is not worthy of them. To describe this cryptic monster and the ancient temple by its side; and the three chief Pyramids, and the remains of their temples; and the numerous mastaba tombs and rock tombs around them would fill a volume. I must content myself with saying that possessing such glorious monuments in the free Desert within a tram ride is the greatest of all the æsthetic privileges of a city so singularly blessed in this respect as Cairo. For antiquity and majesty and preservation combined no monuments approach them. The Pyramids, as they rise at the foot of heaven surrounded by the shafts of the Egyptian sunset, might have given Raphael his conception of the Almighty in the Clouds of Glory.\*

My next excursion was to the Fayyum, an excursion which no one should miss who wishes to know Egypt, for this is a place so Egyptian that one can almost starve if one does not know Arabic, and yet the Bahr Yussuf, the chief canal of Egypt, which has waters as swift as a river, is bordered by houses so large and

\* A famous picture in the gallery of the Louvre.

luxurious that few could afford to live in them in Cairo. The landowners of the Fayyum are very rich. No one knows if the Bahr Yussuf is really a canal cut before the days of history, or a natural passage which the Nile forced for itself. It receives the overflow of the Nile further up, and discharges it lower down, making a whole province fertile, and it owes its name to the legend that it was the creation of Joseph, the son of Jacob. The Fayyum is one of the richest parts of Egypt; it is really an oasis, for one passes almost at a step from rich palm groves, with their roots buried in deep verdure, to the stones and sand of the Libyan Desert. It has many antiquities, from dead cities to Pyramids, built of bricks like those which the Children of Israel made before they were denied the straw; you can see the straw in them now, when they are four thousand years old. Here, under the old Pyramid of Hawara, was the Egyptian Labyrinth; the sculptured granite and limestone of its thousands of chambers still crop up from the soil here and there; for the most part it is buried in tumuli, abandoned to the sand grouse and the scorpion.

The age of the Ptolemies is ever before your eyes in the Fayyum; you are so often offered Greek pottery and statuettes as well as the antiquities of ancient and mediæval Egypt.

Antiquarians will grow wordy over the Fayyum for many a day to come. Behind the city of Medinet-Fayyum lie the far-reaching foundations of Crocodilopolis, where the sacred crocodiles were jewelled and fed like human beings on the edge of the great Lake Moeris, if the Karoon Lake ever did, in the days when it was Moeris, spread across the Fayyum to the gates of the

Medinet of to-day. One thing is certain, that whether in the limited pool of the temple, or in a lake of many leagues long, the sacred crocodiles led their pampered existence here, and the marshes which surround Lake Karoon to-day may well have spread far beyond their present limits. The lake is not one of great beauty, though the hotel on its banks is charmingly situated in a rich jungle of reeds. Across the blue water so full of fish, so haunted by wild duck and great half-tropical birds, a mile or two back in the Desert lies the most perfect Roman city in Egypt, Dimê, a Pompeii of mud-brick houses, with here and there the marble of a temple. The hotel and cantonment of tents are cleanly and comfortably conducted, and those who love sport and solitude are well content to make a stay here. It is good for the kodaker, too, for the Bedawin element is strong in the Fayyuni, and the numerous population is as picturesque as any in all Egypt except the pure Bedawin. For the average English tourist the excursion to Lake Karoon is one of the best in Egypt ; at any rate, it is likely to be one of the most popular.

The next excursion we took was further afield to the Great Oasis in the Libyan Desert. This is far the best test of the comfort of the railways ; for you leave Cairo at sunset, and reach Kharga Junction at sunrise, so that you take dinner and sleep on the train. The dinner is well done and the new sleeping-cars of the *wagon-lits* are admirable ; the rooms, which contain two berths each, are arranged in pairs, with an excellent dressing-room and lavatory between each pair. The beds are very comfortable, the rooms with their plaited cane walls (which are covered with leather screens in cold weather) are very cool and pleasing to the eye ; and there is

comparatively little vibration, so that it is easy to sleep. The *wagon-lits* service in Egypt is simply admirable.

At the Kharga Junction a change comes over the spirit. You are suddenly transported from the old to the new; you leave not only the great trunk line, "the last word" in luxury of railway carriages: you are flung into contact with pioneering—the pioneering that is the true link and leveller between East and West.

It matters not whether you are in the land of the Pharaohs, with the Nile for your water-way and painted temples thousands of years old lying lifeless in the Desert dust, or in the American desert, with nothing older than the lifetime of a man, except the accomplishments of Nature, to be seen. You are confronted at once with empire-building men and the appliances of science strangely mingled with the makeshifts of the settler in the wilderness. The effect is the same. Man puts work into the earth from which he sprang himself, and God, who could make the desert blossom like a rose if there were a purpose to be served by it, makes the worker lie down in green pastures in the fullness of time.

But, first of all, there are long days to be passed in cottages of wood, vast distances to be spanned by the twin threads of gleaming steel which take civilization into the wilderness as the electric wire brings light and messages from afar.

At Kharga base we were reminded of the days we spent in Canada, when the newly-founded Canadian Pacific Railway was giving orders for cities to spring into existence which now loom large in the world's commerce. But when once we were in the light carriages of the Kharga Railway, no contrast could

have been greater, for in the place of inland seas, the world's greatest lakes, with enough of fine fresh water to turn Egypt into a Garden of Eden, which were in our company for hours and hours after we left Toronto, we leapt into an absolute desert of sand and rock without one green blade or song of a bird, almost without one breath of a living animal, till the Oasis was reached after what was only last year a camel journey of several days. More absolute desert than we had here could not exist. No house is ever likely to rise in all the country we were traversing unless mines or quarries are opened of sufficient richness to pay for water being brought from the Oasis or the Nile. But this is possible, for that fierce stretch of the Libyan Desert is rich in minerals, and the landmarks still exist which guided the miners or quarrymen to their work before the Christian era.

I will not linger on the Desert, though there is no easier way to learn what the Desert is like than to take the trip across to the Oasis. I reserve myself for the moment when the train had crossed the high plateau of the wilderness and begun its bold flight down the swift incline to the valley of the Oasis. Here the eye was struck by a succession of noble effects; the mountain scenery had been as wild and fantastic as the lava fields of Mount Etna; the mountain-bounded view over the valley of the Oasis was gloriously expansive; but still we were enveloped with a haze of heat as in a garment, till at the edge of the plain we saw a great sight, which made us doubt our eyes in this land of the mirage, a long faint line of green. At first we dismissed it as a mirage, but its persistence compelled and interested us, and almost before it had established its credibility, we

saw clear rushing water swirling along "Afric's golden sands"; and then the modern rod of Moses, the artesian well, divulged itself. The green had not shown more because it was purely utilitarian, a crop of the low-stalked corn of Egypt. From this point forwards the Oasis asserted itself with increasing emphasis; but it was not the Oasis impressed upon my mind in childhood, of palm trees gracefully arranged round a pool of clear water, as a theatrical scene-painter would depict it. It was a land of agriculture by irrigation, for all things are possible in agriculture when such quantities of water are ready to leap forth wherever an artesian well gives them an exit. Not but that there are palm trees in plenty in the Oasis, for the date palm flourishes here better than in any part of Egypt, and the fruit of the orange grown here is unequalled. Not but that there are exquisite palm-shaded pools deeper in the Oasis. We could not see at a glance all the richness in a stretch of land a hundred miles long.

The richness of the Oasis is attested by the frequency of the remains of antiquity. The edge of the Desert is studded at short intervals with Roman remains, and there are ruins of not a few temples of far higher antiquity, like the Temple of Hybis at Kharga itself, which was built by Darius, the Persian king defeated at Marathon. The Romans, at any rate, were practical people, and since there are so many of their buildings left, we know that there must have been much commerce, or agriculture, or mining. Ordinary commerce must always have been restricted by the long camel ride across the Desert, but of Roman mining there are many traces, and especially of Roman wells. Above all, the populousness of the Oasis in

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Roman times is attested by the magnificent Necropolis which stands near the Persian temple outside Kharga village. It is true that its materials are unbaked brick, but Rome has left us no other city of the dead as architecturally attractive and instructive as this. The elegant tombs cover a whole hillside ; there are said to be two hundred of them decorated with the charming arched façades, which make it look like a city of Romanesque chapels, and this unique Necropolis not only shows the fertility of the place in ancient times, but presents a monument of such beauty and picturesqueness, that to see it alone would make the long journey to the Oasis worth while. But most of those who make the journey go to see the spectacle of the Desert being converted into valuable land by irrigation prior to investment

## LUXOR AND THEBES.

I HAVE left Luxor to the end, because Luxor, like the perished Thebes, whose ruins it dominates, is the crown of Egypt. In Cairo you hardly see the natural Egypt at all ; it is so cosmopolitan. Life at Assuan is centred in the " Cataract " and " Savoy " hotels. But at Luxor, if you take up your quarters at the Karnak end, you will have the procession of Egypt passing before your eyes all day long. The best hotel in Luxor is, of course, at the other end—to wit, the vast " Winter Palace," which disputes with the hotels at Assuan the honour of being the best conducted hotel in Egypt. But there is good accommodation at the Karnak end, too, for here are the " Savoy Hotel " and the " Hotel Giordano," locally known as the " Grande Pension de Famille," famous for its good Italian cooking. The " Savoy Hotel " has, perhaps, the best terrace in all Egypt, with its two delicious little white loggias connected by an arch, overhung with a crimson bougainvillea. The effect of the famous pergola of the Cappucini at Amalfi is not lovelier, for between the white columns of the loggia you look across the Nile at a wide plain, with a background of rose and gold bastions of limestone rocks, which rise as high as mountains, but are

only the edge of the vast plateau which we call the Sahara Desert. It is difficult to believe that these are the skirts of the Sahara, and not a ridge with plains on the other side. But the plain in front of us is enough, for on it lies Hundred-Gated Thebes, one of the most wonderful places in the world, which was the capital of Egypt for centuries and centuries, the capital of the conquerors Thothmes III., Seti I., Rameses II., and Rameses III., who made Egypt as she impressed herself on History. Its hundred gates were not in the city walls ; they were the pylons, the lofty processional gateways of royal temples ; and the terrain of Thebes, the rich plain, laked for half the year by the inundation of the Nile, still bears on its bosom more temples than rise from hill and plain at Athens, besides the world's most famous statue, the vocal Colossus of Memnon, and its fellow.

But the temples, even the Colossi, shrink in importance beside the Tombs of the Kings, sepulchres to be matched nowhere on the earth. For they are cut out of the solid limestone rock ; they are as long as cathedrals ; the paintings on their walls are brighter than the frescoes of Florence. Each tomb bears chiselled or coloured on its sides a guide-book to its contents, a history of its occupant. For the ancient Egyptians were not content to surround the portrait of the deceased with representations of the servants he would require, the life he would expect ; they gave the hieroglyphics which formed his name, collected in the oval ring called a cartouche, and often in the same picture-words, long catalogues of the persons and articles in the paintings.

These paintings point back to a time when the dead

Pharaoh had slaves and sacrificed animals and weapons and utensils buried with him for his use in the future life. In the more civilized ages which followed, the cravings of the spirit, which was immortal, were satisfied by these picture-parables of the good things which its body had enjoyed on earth—the flesh-pots of Egypt.

What could the dead King need? Tables, couches and chairs richly adorned, vessels of gold and silver, altars and incense-burners, servants and priests to serve them, warriors to guard him. Sometimes the buffaloes are ready bound for the slaughter; sometimes they are being led in from the country with their heads craning out in the attitude which the visitor to Egypt knows so well.

If the dead Pharaoh was a lover of sport, he still on the walls of his tomb pursues his game in the marshes with a light canoe, boomeranging a flight of wild ducks, and harpooning monster fish, or rearing hippopotami. If he was a conqueror, there will be long trains of captives, white and black, all in bonds, with their arms roped behind them at the elbows, or their hands crossed in wooden handcuffs.

Sometimes Isis is kissing the dead monarch, sometimes his soul is being judged before Osiris. We know every detail of that ghostly tribunal, the Goddess of Justice with her feather which outweighs the good done in a lifetime; the ruthless cynocephalus, the dog-headed baboon which we see in the streets to-day; the Recording Deity, with his Ibis head. The feather is often in the scales.

We may have not only the trial of the Soul, but its hope of a joyful resurrection, for there is no subject which the tomb-painter was fonder of representing than

the descent of Osiris into Hell and his passage through it. Thus did the Egyptian explain the hours of darkness, the period of the parturition of the crops. There were even twelve divisions of hours through which he passed. The boat in which the dead god or the dead Pharaoh sailed through the shades is depicted with a boldness and beauty of outline worthy of a Japanese. The figure of the mummified Osiris becomes as familiar as a household word. The mythology, the musicians' instruments, the agriculture of Ancient Egypt, are before one's eyes in these tombs.

Yet the subjects of these vivid paintings, these perfect bas-reliefs, are not the most astonishing features of the Royal Tombs of Thebes. The tombs, the sculptures, the paintings themselves are stupendous achievements.

For the most part, the rocks, into which the tombs are tunnelled three hundred feet and more, are of hard white limestone; sometimes its texture is so fine and even that bas-reliefs, whose delicacy has been almost unequalled in the three or four thousand years which have elapsed since they rose from the stone, were sculptured or painted on the living rock. But generally its surface was prepared with a cement like marble which Time has failed to decay.

Our souls were filled with wonder for what we were going to see in the Tombs of the Pharaohs, as we left the great white steamer on that day in Luxor. It was a peerless Egyptian morning. We were up betimes. Eight had not passed long when we found ourselves pushing off in a galley that might have been taken from a Roman coin. The galley's great yard was hoisted, the classical sail flapped down, the Arab boat-

men, singing their chantey to beguile their labours and entice piastres from our pockets, pulled lustily upstream. You cannot cross the swift, strong Nile direct ; we landed on a shoal between the river and the inundation, and stepped into a Charon's ferry-boat in twos and threes.

On the further bank were strong white asses, standing like statues till the struggle for the favour of the tourists began. They were willing beasts, and soon we were cantering across a fertile plain as bare and brown as a sandbank, for in this lean year it was above the level of the inundation, and forsaken by man and beast and bird.

The canter quickened our blood, but it was not for long. Soon we were on the steep bank of the canal abreast of an Egyptian house, with a fine garden and a splendid pair of pigeon towers that could pass in the dusk for the pylons of a temple. Or with the palms and orchards behind them, they might have belonged to one of those cool palaces of ancient Thebes, so famous for their gardens. Beside that house was the bridge over the canal ; over the last of the waters below were playing kingfishers as green as emeralds ; bee-eaters of a bronzer green, with wings of burnished gold, were flying about the high bank above. There was plenty of life now. Rich Arabs on fine asses were ambling into town ; camels and buffaloes and donkeys and sheep were browsing on the vegetation left by the receding waters.

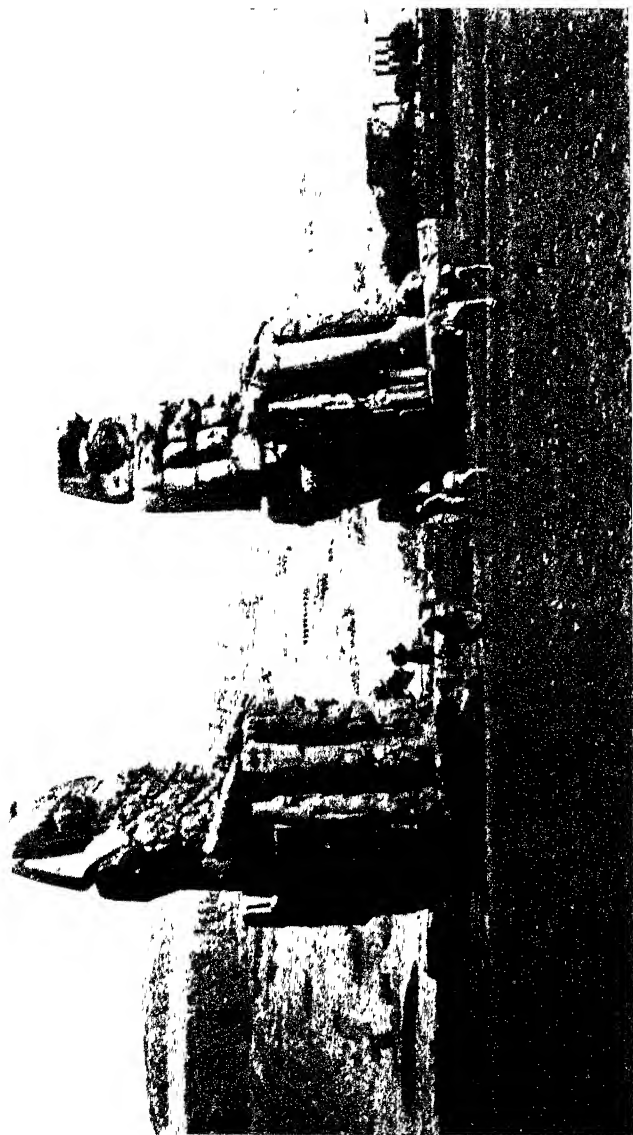
But we quickened up, for Thebes was not yet in sight, nor would it be till we came to the point where we struck down from the bank on to the plain of marvels. There our blood tingled, for before our eyes, surrounded by the lake of the inundation, rose the Memnon, the

giant image of many memories, and his more perfect brother.

It is difficult to exaggerate the effect of these two Colossi springing from the bosom of the waters, with the golden rocks of the Theban hills behind them, which are no hills at all, but the rim of the Sahara coming down to the banks of the Nile. I must leave them and the vast temples which rise on their left and right to a later page, for our way lay far to the right, past the Gourná village and Temple.

As we rode across the plains to Gourná, the land was springing into life, for here they did not depend on the caprices of the Nile, but on their shadûfs and sakiyas, with which man and beast raised the gleaming water all day long, and sent it flying along the little irrigation channels. Here the scene was quite scriptural; for herdsmen, with naked arms and legs coming out of their rags, were driving little flocks of sheep and goats, and often carrying the youngest and weakest lamb in their arms, like the Good Shepherd; while women, with trailing black robes and water-pots of antique shapes on their heads, recalled the days when the daughters of Israel sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept.

At the Gourná Temple were fresh notes, one of them discordant, but not unwelcome. There was the old, low-browed Temple of the First Seti, standing on the edge of the wilderness. And facing it a little way off was a good Arab cemetery. These never fail to be picturesque, choice subjects for the camera; they always stand where the village meets the Desert; they rest very simply in the golden sand. Here they were of many varieties, with hardly one regular outline. The tombs







of the Sheikhs and Holy Men were distinguished by white domes of the lean, graceful Arab form. Next to them ranked the large altar-tombs with clusters of turbaned and engraved head-stones, of a beam shape and sometimes brightly coloured; these descended through low coffin-shaped tombs with one head-stone to the poorest class,—little round heaps of earth and stones such as one may see in a London street waiting for the dust-cart. Dust they were, to dust they have returned.

The cemetery at Gournâ has some repute; the inhabitants rather resent a Christian going into it at all—a rare thing for Egypt.

The discordant note came from a row of curio-sellers attired in the bright blue galabeahs of the lower class, seated in front of the temple, and spreading on a stone bench mummy hawks, bits of mummy-cases, and a few other genuine antiques mixed with a plentiful supply of sham scarabs, sham wooden images, sham idols, sham pottery, cheap beads and hippopotamus-hide riding-whips. These men would be amusing if they did not interrupt you while you are forming your impressions of the temples and scenes you have come so far to see. They touch you or place themselves in your line of sight incessantly to ask you if you will give a pound for some sham scarab or idol. Beware of trying to get rid of them by offering them an insulting sum for their treasures, or you will find yourself laden with articles for which they demanded a sovereign a piece, and you rashly offered them a small piastre. But some of the sham antiques, especially the bright blue pottery, are charmingly pretty as ornaments, and well worth the few piastres for which they will sell them when they see that you know they are not genuine.

We lingered but a little while over the Gourn Temple, for we were all afire for the mysteries and marvels of the Tombs of the Kings. It deserves better of one, because it is an elegant temple, quite exclusive and Greek in its grace, and contains some exquisite bas-reliefs by Seti I.'s great artist, whose name always sounded to me like *He*, when antiquaries were talking about him. Perhaps I have not got it quite right. He achieved something like perfection in the soft rounding of his bas-reliefs, more charming to me than any in Egyptian tombs and temples except the work of the great early masters in the Tombs of Sakkara.

At Gourn the interlopings of Rameses II. are much in evidence. Just as the Popes and Cardinals of the last three centuries have signalized their vanity by making a fatuous addition to this or the other ancient Roman building in order to put their name upon it in letters a yard long, so Rameses II. touched up the buildings of his predecessors and put his cartouche upon them. It always reminds you of an advertisement. You hear Rameses, Rameses, Rameses, as if there had never been anyone else in Egypt but Rameses II.—a sort of prehistoric Louis Quatorze.

From Gourn you ride right into the Valley of the Kings. No one who has seen it could ever forget it, were it only *a valley of the rocks*, with nothing to distinguish it but the sublime scenery which strikes the eye as he rides through it. It is a narrow valley, scooped by the elements out of golden rock. There is hardly a foot of it that is not covered with boulders or flints. Its flints seem to have been twisted and tied by the lightning into knots and rings. Its sides are piled with

boulders which have poured down in cascades from its castle-like cliffs, whose bold round bastions recall the Citadel of Cairo.

So sharp are the windings of the valley that every few minutes your further progress seems to be blocked by a wall of precipice. In contrast with the golden rocks that threaten to overwhelm you, the path along which your donkey canters is covered with chips of stone as white as snow. There is a legend that this path was worn by the feet of the captive Israelites in the years that they were hewing out these giant tombs. As you penetrate deeper, the abysses grow wilder and wilder; every blade of grass disappears; the valley is too desolate to show one bird; huge monoliths detach themselves from the cliffs and stand out like the colossi of Rameses the Great in Nubian Temples. An American publisher, who was riding with me, and who pirated English books with no benefit other than pecuniary to himself, was almost moved to tears by the sublimity of the scenery. He told me in all good faith that it reminded him of *Dante's* (*sic*) illustrations to "Paradise Lost."

Suddenly we heard the barking of dogs, the inevitable sign of human habitation. Up a little valley to the right was the plain low bungalow in which Mr. E. R. Ayrton, the brilliant young excavator, who has made the valley yield so many of its secrets, lives, so we knew that we must be close to his tombs.

The section of the valley in which the principal tombs lie is more suggestive of mining than museums. It is singularly bare, and from the road, which slopes up its centre, shafts lead down left and right, approached by rough flights of steps. There is not the smallest

attempt at ornamenting their exteriors, for when once the occupants were in their tombs, their entrances were intended to be concealed like those of Etruscan tombs. Their doorways were walled up.

Some of them were discovered and rifled as far back as Roman times. Every tomb that has been opened, so far, by modern excavators, has been disturbed long ago by treasure-seekers, but a few of them have been imperfectly rifled, and have yielded wonderful treasure-troves. That of the father-in-law and mother-in-law of Amenophis III., You'é and Tou'é, in which the most famous treasure-trove of funeral furniture ever found in Egypt was discovered in 1905, is one of the first tombs on the left hand. It is not open to the public, but nothing of interest now remains in it. It might seem a pity that these treasures were not left *in situ*, but they would require a squad of European police to guard them, for the Arabs would watch like vultures for the opportunity of pouncing down when things were left unguarded and breaking them up to sell to curio dealers. Only one of all the Pharaohs is still in his tomb, and there were no less than three attempts made in the last year to carry him off. Nothing movable can be left *in situ*.

What became of the rest? it will be asked. And this is no rhetorical question, for it is known that, probably in the times of the Priest Kings of the twenty-first dynasty, they were taken for safety to Der-el-Bahari and deposited in a pit, where they were discovered by Professor Maspero in 1881.

We went into many of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, and they are among the most wonderful things that I have ever seen. The most splendid of them are

open to the public, and can be seen with ease, because they are lit up throughout with the electric light, and are provided with handrails and wooden steps in all slippery and perilous places. They are as dry as bones, and the only inconvenience from which anyone suffers in visiting them is the great heat. Some of them must have a temperature of at least eighty degrees Fahrenheit. I shall not attempt to describe them. I can only mention the Tombs of the Queens in another wild valley, and the Tombs of the Viziers of the Pharaohs cut in the face of the Sahara, called after Sheikh Abd-el-Gourna, for this is not a guide-book; it is written to show the kind of place that Egypt is, the kind of attractions that it has to offer to the tourist.

There is nothing more extraordinary than the Tombs of the Kings of Egypt; some of them, as I have said, are driven three hundred feet into the hard rock of the mountain face. Their course is oblique, plunging to the depth of many feet below the level of their entrances. They consist often of many chambers connected with long galleries and stairways, and their walls are covered with sculptures and paintings. The best of them all is that of Seti I., for not only is the limestone itself at its best here, but the exquisite bas-reliefs are the work of Hui, the greatest of all the sculptors of Ancient Egypt. Another most interesting tomb is that of Mer-en-Ptah, the son of the great Ramceses, particularly interesting to us as the Pharaoh of the Exodus. At the end of his tomb, in a sanctuary of the style adopted in some of the finest Etruscan tombs, is his sarcophagus, the most perfect monument of Ancient Egyptian art, for there is not a scratch upon it. It represents a colossal image of the dead Pharaoh, lying on his tomb,

and the electric light is made to play on it like the lime-light of a theatre. Another interesting tomb is that of Amenhetep II., for there, though the sarcophagus is broken, the mummy of the dead king is perfect, and looks as if it had been cast in bronze. Two minor tombs are also of great interest. The first contained the body of the ill-fated Pharaoh Akhnaton, who tried to substitute the worship of Aton for that of Amon. Here Mr. Ayrton, two years ago, took out some wonderful royal ornaments of gold, with one exception, the most important find of recent years; but nothing of importance was left in the tomb, and it is now kept closed. The other tomb is that recently opened by Mr. Ayrton for the visit of Sir Eldon Gorst, which, unfortunately, proved to consist only of a single chamber, containing nothing but a few jewels, though it was hoped that it would yield another find like the tomb of Queen Thiy, in which poor Akhnaton was buried. The tomb of the great conqueror, Rameses III., and others, are of vast splendour and extent; but I have not time to describe more of these wonderful subterranean temples, these picture encyclopædias of the Egypt of the Pharaohs. The Tombs of the Queens are not so extensive, nor are the pictures so good in art; but the colours are even more brilliant, and the best of them happens to be the tomb of Queen Nefertari, the favourite wife of Rameses the Great, whom he had sculptured beside him in so many of his colossal monuments, and who has a beautiful rock temple of her own away at Abu Simbel in Nubia.

The best of the Temples of Thebes is the chief Temple of the Medinet Habu group, which is not only very perfect and of noble proportions, and covered with most



[Photo 604]

In the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes.

[PHOTO 604, LUXOR.

[Facing page 476.





interesting reliefs, but has at its doors the pavilion of Rameses the Great, the only important domestic building of Ancient Egypt which has come down to us at all perfect. This temple shows well the scheme of an Egyptian temple, and its enormous pylons, or conical gate towers, which are said to be derived from, but may be the originals of, the pairs of pigeon towers which one sees all over rural Egypt. A little in front of the main temple are the remains of a fine temple of the era of the Ptolemies. Ptolemaic temples have more of the grace and lightness of Greek temples, though their sculptures are inferior. The Ramesseum, the second in size of the Temples of Thebes, is much more ruined; but it has a beautiful hypostyle hall, and the colossal Osiris figures round one of its courts are in fairly good condition, while beside them lie the broken remains of Egypt's most gigantic colossus. The Temple of Der-el-Bahari is entirely different from all the other temples in Egypt, for it consists of chambers round three sides of quadrangles cut at three levels out of the mountain-side, which are connected by a huge ramp up the centre. The outward effect of the temple is spoilt when you are close to by the restoration of the piers, but the paintings inside are of very high interest. One set of them represents Queen Hatasu's imports of treasures and rare trees and animals from Punt, supposed to be on the shores of the Red Sea; another, exquisitely painted, has numerous representations of the Sacred Cow, Hathor, under whose special protection the Queen placed herself. Her own image used to come into most of the paintings, but her successor, Thothmes III., in his hatred of her, erased nearly all of them.

One of the finest effects you get at Thebes is in the

ride over the last spur of the Sahara, from the Tomb of Seti I. to the Temple of Der-el-Bahari. At the summit of the pass you skirt the edge of a precipice a hundred feet high, that rings the amphitheatre of rock in which the Tombs of the Kings lie. When you have ridden on to the crest of the spur, you have a vast panorama before you, intersected by the silver ribbon of the Nile, with Memnon and all the Temples of Thebes on one side; and the vast Temples of Luxor and Karnak on the other; pylons and palm trees and pyramids of ruins.

Look well at the ruins of Thebes, for in their midst you will see two ancient Egyptian towns, whose vaulted buildings of mud in many places yet retain their roofs. One of them, by Rameses's temple, was built to the order of the great King. It is like a Pompeii, for you can still detect where the wine was stored. Mr. Weigall has given this a rectangular enclosing wall of mud, which, seen from above, is one of the most effective features in the ruins. It was at Thebes, near the Tomb of Sheikh Abd-el-Gourna, that Wilkinson lived while he was enriching the world with his discoveries about Egypt.

The ride down into Der-el-Bahari is more fearsome than the edge of the precipice; there are few but dismount to descend it. But that journey is a thing not to be omitted.

The Temples of Thebes are not so imposing to the eye as those of Luxor and Karnak, on the other side of the river. The great Temple of Luxor, which embodies those of Rameses II., Amenhetep III., and Alexander the Great, rises up gloriously from the very bank of the river, and has in the middle of it a picturesque mosque of the twelfth century. But even it is entirely eclipsed by

the marvellous temple ruins of Karnak, which are a mile and a half round, and include quite a number of temples, one of which, the great Temple of Amon-Ra, built chiefly by Rameses the Great, is the most gigantic temple in the world. The vast columns of its grand hall are eighty feet high and about thirty feet round; it has an obelisk still standing in it more than one hundred feet high, and, above all, it is being rebuilt, where columns have fallen, by the same methods as the Pharaohs employed, with inclined banks of earth for hauling up the stones, and the simplest of pulleys for adjusting them in their places. All round the great temple, which is approached by an avenue of perfect sphinxes, are more perfect satellites, the little Temple of Rameses III., with a court surrounded with colossal Osirids like the caryatides of the Erechtheum at Athens; a larger Temple of Khonsu, very perfect still, which is the first the spectator passes on the road from Luxor; a festal hall of Thothmes III. Beautiful, but more ruinous, is the little Temple of Ptah, which contains yet in the chapel where it has always stood the black statue of the Cat Goddess, which the fellahin still regard as a child-eating ogress. One of the most poetical temples of the Karnak group is the vast Temple of Mut, the second person of the Trinity of Thebes, only inferior in size to that of Amon-Ra. Two almost perfect colossi stand outside, but for the rest you are confronted by court after court, with giant pylons threatening to fall, some so surrendered back to Nature that they have groves of date-palms in them. Here is another avenue of ram-headed sphinxes, and in the farthest courts of all, surrounded by the sacred lake, are some of the statues of Mons. Legrain's treasure-trove,

chiefly of the cat-headed goddess, except two bold statues of the dog-headed baboon which sits beside Osiris at the judgment.

Luxor, with its satellites of Thebes and Karnak, is the epitome of Ancient Egypt. Here you are surrounded by tombs and temples of the greatest kings. If you never saw another temple in Egypt you would yet have a fair and adequate idea of the monuments of Ancient Egypt. It is also an epitome of Modern Egypt, for it has a large fellahin population round it, who flock into the town past Karnak in an unending stream every morning. When you ride out from Luxor to the Medamot Convent, or along the banks of the Nile, you see the patient fellah at work, using the self-same tools and methods as his ancestors in the tomb pictures of the Pharaohs. Here and there he will be hoeing or threshing his corn on a cloth ; but more often he will be raising water by the shadûf or the sakiya ; oftenest of all he will be going somewhere, riding on a disreputable donkey without stirrup or bridle. But it is time to bid farewell to Luxor and go on board the boat again. Sad as is the parting from this delightful place, where no rain falls, it is tempered by the fact that the voyage up the Nile is the ideal *dolce far niente* !

## KARNAK THE MAGNIFICENT.

As Thebes stands for tombs when one is talking of Egyptian monuments, so Karnak stands for temples. It is across the river from Thebes ; it never was Thebes's rival in history, it does not even reach the same level in art, but it stands unique among the monuments of the accessible world, though it may be excelled in impressiveness by ruins in the recesses of Asia, like those of Onchor the Magnificent in the Hinterland of Siam, which are said to cover a site twenty-four miles long and twenty-four miles wide, with stone temples and public buildings which have only succumbed to the forces of decay, and are therefore unusually perfect.

Be that as it may, Onchor is buried in the interior of Siam, while Karnak is only a mile out of Luxor, which is, after Assuan, the chief station on the Nile in all Upper Egypt.

The temple enclosure of Karnak is a mile and a half round ; though it contains not one, but many temples, the ruins are so closely knit together that the impression Karnak gives you is that of a huge temple to Amon-Ra, and subsidiary temples to Mut and Khonsu. The main temple itself consists of many temples, but they are as homogeneous as the human body.

I shall never forget my first impressions of Karnak. As we came up the river on the *Rameses the Great*, there was a crowd of eager tourists standing on its sunny lounge straining their eyes for the first glimpses of Luxor. High above the palms to the left rose a pair of vast, truncated steeples almost like pyramids. "That," said the dragoman, "is Karnak."

It was late in the afternoon before we anchored at the wharf, but I stole off to Karnak. I refused the offer of the strong asses of Luxor: the voice of the donkey-boy would break the silence like a gong: I preferred to walk a mile. None of it was dull, when I was once away from the front, with its booby-traps for tourists, and about half-way I entered the gates of Fairyland. For I came upon a wood of palm trees with a little Arab town in it, built of mud in the most fantastic shapes. Down its centre ran a road of soft, grey sand, bordered by strange-looking objects of worn stone at regular intervals; at first few of them had any shape, but gradually I made out that they had heads like rams, and then I knew that I was in the famous avenue of Sphinxes down which the solemn processions of Thothmes III. and Rameses II., the mightiest of the Pharaohs, used to pass from the vast Temple of Luxor to the vaster Temple of Karnak.

It was a witching moment; the low winter sun was slanting through the palm trees; the whole village had poured out at the call of sunset: the homing buffaloes and camels were making basins in the sand with their big, soft feet; the black-robed women were chatting at the fountain before they filled their water-jars.

I heeded none, but strode straight forward to the gay pylon of the Ptolemies covered with colour and

figures, which stood in front of Khonsu's Temple, the most perfect of the shrines of Karnak.

A pylon is, except the Japanese Torii, the most useless invention in architecture. It is a gateway with a pair of massive stone towers, sometimes joined and sometimes not, sometimes solid, sometimes with small chambers in them for no definite purpose that can be discovered. It has been suggested that they were used for pigeon towers, which they certainly resemble more than they resemble anything else: the one must have suggested the other. When they are gay and perfect like this gateway of the Ptolemies, their massive shapes and soaring lines give them the charm of English church towers. Where pylon after pylon—giants of their kind—rise in long succession as in the Temple of Mut in this very Karnak, one thinks of the girdle of towers round the Pincian Hill at Rome.

I did not enter the Temple of Khonsu then; though so perfect in preservation, it never inspired me. My eyes were drawn to the mountainous ruins at the back of the vast square, fringed with palms, round which the unending temples of the Trinity of Thebes repose. It is the very Etna of ruins, with the hypostyle of Rameses II. for its crater.

I wended my way to a magic spot, where my soul stood still in wonder.

It was not the pleasant Eastern bungalow, with the entrancing verandah and the ancient statuary in the midst of its gleaming flowers, which chained my attention; nor the city rising high beyond it, built when Rameses the Great was Pharaoh, and only to-day being rescued from the dust of many ages. It was not the quay, now many yards from the river, where the



monarchs of Egypt, when they came in state from their capital at Thebes to sacrifice to the god of their dynasty at Karnak, stepped from their golden barges.

It was when I left that quay, and moved towards the Temple of the First Seti and the Second Rameses, that suddenly I was smitten with awe as I had never been smitten in Egypt before: for there on either side of me were long avenues of images, not of the great Sphinx which keeps guard over the Pyramids, but images of the ram-headed god Khnum: each of these Sphinxes was perfect enough to have been a treasure in the Cairo Museum, and they eyed me with mysterious dignity as I advanced between them to the tremendous pylons of the temple gate of the Second Rameses.

I passed through the pylon and found myself alone, for the day was far spent, in the temple hall which has no equal in all the classic lands which smile on the Mediterranean. There may be columns higher towards heaven or of greater girth. But these are ranged so majestically; they glow with the figures of gods and kings limned upon them three thousand years and more ago, and the royal vultures painted on the architraves above them are fresher than the frescoes of the Middle Ages.

At the sunset hour—the silent hour when the chant of the excavators has ceased, and the vast grated windows which gave Karnak its name are filled with golden light, one feels almost transfigured.

I went no further: this was not the time to scan columns or frescoes or statues with a critic's eye, though among them were the flowers of Pharaonic sculpture. This was the time for broad sweeping thoughts, as the

wild fowl swept across the evening sky, blown out like smoke, to their sleep-refuges.

I climbed the broad ramp that led to the top of the tallest pylon. The heavens seemed on fire with the after-glow of sunset ; they turned to gold the lake-like inundation of the Nile ; they turned the Theban Hills, the cliffs of the Sahara, to a rose that was almost as deep as blood. The palms grew black against the horizon ; the pylons of the Temple of Mut rose up like giants ; the many temples which formed the mighty sanctuary, on whose peak I stood, began to hide in shadows and to speak of mysteries unfathomable. I felt back in the age of giants. The fallen temples around me were no longer dead bones. In their outward semblance, to my physical eyes, they did not rise from their dust in their ancient perfection and splendour. But I felt that they were alive again, with priests in their chambers, and worshippers thronging them, all waiting for the Pharaoh, who was to come throned in his golden palanquin amid a white-robed procession.

## TO KARNAK BY MOONLIGHT.

THE second time I went to Karnak was when I rode there by moonlight that evening with three ladies. It was a ghostly performance. Our white steamer looked as if she had been cut out of ivory as she lay at her moorings on the swift black Nile ; a plank over the dark waters brought us ashore. There four large white asses were awaiting us, attended by tall Arabs who, with their national pride in their appearance, had changed the blue galabeahs in which they had been working all day for clean white robes. Their dress affected their demeanour ; we did not start off with a run and a shout, but at the odd little rapid walk which is the favourite pace for the natives to ride, and which makes the succession of sharp taps that is the typical sound of the streets in the quiet of the night.

Luxor, except the front, is desolate at night, for the Arab closes his shop early and goes off to his café. We rode through gaunt black streets (the boys had taken us the direct back way). I fell back a little, the ladies wanted to beguile the way with idle chatter ; to me that mysterious mile of moonlight was a precious bit of the Orient.

I let them forge ahead ; they became part of the picture when we reached the palm grove which surrounds the temples. And the road, which had been

hard to the foot and glittering to the eye as ice, in the open, seemed turned to snow instead of sand in the shadows of the palm grove. The tops of the palm trees made black patterns against the moonlight: the small black dogs slunk along silently in the sand, waiting for an opportunity to spring, or stood upon the house-tops and barked their hatred at us. My donkey-boy said, sententiously: "Dogs bark all night; if dark, one dog better than sixteen men." Wherever there was a gap I could see the Hills of Thebes white as snow in the moonlight. The Arab village looked ghostly and Pharaonic with its grotesque outlines. Our Arabs themselves looked taller and ghostlier than ever as they moved swiftly through the gloom in their fluttering white raiment chasing the flying asses. Even the ladies were transfigured, for, knowing that they were going to ride, they had come down to dinner in white summer frocks, instead of evening dresses. The worn Sphinxes in the darkness below the palm trees looked like sleeping monsters of the mysterious eld.

And so we came to Karnak, to the gate of the Ptolemies, with its sculptured story shining weirdly in the moonlight, and the sky showing through its arch like a clerestory.

We left the Temple of Khonsu sleeping on our left, and rode slowly across the great square, feasting our eyes on the long sky-line of the sanctuary of Amon-Ra, the Sun-God, culminating in that soaring obelisk which points to heaven like the bill of a stricken crane when the falcon makes its swoop—an incredible mass of masonry looking like ingots of silver in the moonlight. The bungalow of the master of these ruins looked a true bit of the Orient, for its long arcade was outlined

against the moon. Round the trees in front of it was a little group of asses, and, tell it not in Gath, one perfectly appointed brougham which might have been waiting outside a London theatre.

I had a taper in my pocket for exploring, and had forgotten my matches, but I remembered that I had in my wallet a very personal introduction to Monsieur Legrain, the brilliant Frenchman in charge of the excavations at Karnak. So I rang at his door and presented it. "What can I do for you?" he asked, surprised, I suppose, at the hour. "Give me a box of matches," I said; "I forgot to bring any, and I am going to do some photographing."

"With pleasure," he said, producing a box from his pocket. "But can I not show you my ruins—at the proper time?"

"May I put it off till I return from Khartum? I am with Cook's party, and I am very anxious to see how their parties are conducted round the ruins of Karnak. I believe we have the best dragoman in Cook's service on board the *Rameses the Great*."

"Certainly," he replied, "and I shall have something more to show you then, perhaps, for I am very busy with a prehistoric village within the wall of the twenty-second dynasty."

Armed with the matches we stalked through the avenue of ram-headed Sphinxes, admirable in the moonlight, as white and glorious in their symmetry as the statues in the Vatican, to the yawning portal of the sanctuary of the Sun-God. Its towering pylons stood up as bold and free against the moonlit, starlit sky as I remembered the tall sails of the old *Lusitania* standing up against the clear African heavens on the night

I crossed the Line at the beginning of my wanderings so many years ago.

Through the portal we passed into the Grand Court of King Shishak, who captured Jerusalem and carried off the treasures of the Golden Temple of Solomon. Here the glory of the Egyptian moon was unbroken; the famous papyrus column looked ineffably lovely. To enjoy the romance of Karnak you must visit it by night, when you can hear the fans of the palm trees and the feathery tamarisks swishing in the breeze. In that half-light the eye wanders leisurely round the great court so tyrannized by the sun in the middle hour of the day; it notes the line of Sphinxes round the wall; the hill of stones poured from the fallen pylon; the mysterious gods emerging from the shadows outside the Temple of the Third Rameses. These Egyptian statues of gods or men are all alive by night. Their lines are so few, they depend so entirely on expression, that there is nothing to divert the eye from their reality. The moon was so high that night that it was only against the temple wall that there were any shadows--the great papyrus column in the centre of the court shone as white as ivory.

The temples of Egypt are actually more beautiful by moonlight than the temples of Rome, and in interest the temples of Greece and Rome cannot be compared to the temples of Egypt. We know that they were hardly used at all for worship; we know so little of the religions of Greece and Rome that we know not how far they can be called religions at all. But with Egypt it is different. Ancient Egypt was all religion. Its kings were its high priests, and its priests became its kings. When the earth was in its throes before the birth of Christ, the Romans felt the cravings of religion.

The Imperial City is full of traces of the worship of the Gods of the East, which they introduced in their desire for a creed that was real and earnest. We know much of the religion of Ancient Egypt, for its votaries wrote of it on granite and limestone, monuments whose beauty and durability ensured their preservation. And thus it comes that people of the most ordinary intellect, who go through a Greek or Roman temple regarding it merely as an example of architecture or sculpture, are no sooner in an Egyptian temple than they try to learn from the pictures and carvings on its walls what religion signified to the Pharaohs and their subjects.

Therefore the temples of Egypt create in us a feeling akin to that which dominates us when we are in the Cathedral of Chartres or the Basilica of St. Mark's at Venice. Moonlight brings out one special charm of the sanctuary of Karnak: you are surrounded by the mightiest masses of stone ever employed in human architecture, but your feet, as you walk between them, tread restfully in sand as soft as velvet. You feel it more when you cannot see it: it is only at night, when there are no workmen's voices, no sounds of straining rope and chipping stone, that you know you cannot hear your own footsteps in the halls of Karnak. We turned into the little Temple of the Third Rameses: we passed up the moonlit court, with giant Osirids, brought to life by the moonlight, waiting like a guard of honour for us to pass between them. The shrine was not quite full of darkness, because it had, high under the roof, the grated windows of Karnak.

Then we retraced our steps and passed between those hill-like pylons, which guard the entrance to the world's chief temple.



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The Great Temple in Kansas

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## ASSUAN.

ASSUAN is the place where the most luxurious of the people who dread the cold love to spend the cruel months between Christmas and Easter. It is a curious fact that Assuan, one of the most beautiful places on the Nile, should of all others be the most dependent on its hotels. If you are not going to the "Cataract," or the "Savoy," you may just as well not go to Assuan at all. The people who go to Assuan are, in ninety cases out of a hundred, attracted solely by the gaiety which is to be found at the "Cataract," or in a quieter way at the "Savoy," with its pleasant tropical gardens.

Yet Assuan is a place with many interests for those who have eyes to see. In the first instance, it has historical associations of all ages with outward and visible signs. If it is not easy to make out the pointed mountains mentioned by Herodotus as marking the place where half the Nile flows north and half south, that may be excused since the Nile no longer exhibits this extraordinary phenomenon. The Greeks called Assuan Syene, so did the Romans ; it is mentioned in the Bible under this name, which is the derivation of the geological term "syenite," though its inhabitants are careful to explain that it is the charming red Assuan granite which should

have borne the proud title of syenite. This granite is wonderful stuff; the best part of the monuments of Egypt, such as obelisks and temple pylons and colossal images of Rameses the Great, were hewn out of it, which gave it such a good character for durability that the builders of the great dam at Assuan used it for the Barrage, which is the rival of the Pyramids and the Sphinx among the wonders of the world. The Barrage is not only built of granite; it is founded in it; its builders dug down till they came to the granite rock which lies under the bed of the Nile at this point. It is Assuan, not Aberdeen, which should be called "the Granite City," for not only did all the monuments of Ancient Egypt come from it, but you can hardly rest out of sight of granite when you are there.

If you sit in that unforgettable belvedere of the "Cataract Hotel," gazing into the sunset, as even the dullest people gaze for an hour or two every day, you will see in the lagoon-like expanse of the Nile before you a number of dark islets which look like elephants bathing, and may have given its name to the island of Elephantine just below. They are as black and shining as polished ebony, the work of the Nile in flood; but they are really granite, red Assuan granite. The "Cataract Hotel" itself towers up on splendid rounded rocks; they, too, are of Assuan granite. The Saracen castle stands on other granite rocks; the vast and immemorial Arab cemetery that stretches almost from Assuan to Shellal is broken up by large boulders of it. All the monuments of Ancient Egypt have not been able to exhaust the quantities of it lying in cliffs and boulders on the surface. It is at the Shellal end where the exquisite Temple of Philæ rises before you, in a lake-like

expanse of the Nile, that the Pharaohs and Ptolemies did their quarrying chiefly, though there is a half-cut obelisk lying in its bed just outside Assuan. You may still see in the quarries, half-finished, vast sarcophagi intended for the Apis bulls in the Serapeum of Sakkara ; and more than one unfinished Colossus of Osiris, identified, of course, with the universal Rameses the Great ; and a hieroglyphic tablet of the Pharaoh who was called Nectanebus, which looks like a patent medicine advertisement in the Thousand Islands. There is no proper quarrying, for boulders big enough to have colossi cut out of them are still piled up in inexhaustible numbers, after all the extravagances of Ancient Egypt.

Until you get close to them, they look quite black, and resemble nothing so much as the lava fields of Etna. The granite takes the bold lava forms ; the sandstone which is found in the same gullies is in ordinary strata.

One of the great attractions of Assuan is to hire a donkey and gallop over the sands and rocks of the Desert to the further quarry, without casting a glance at the Arab cemetery ; but the greatest of all undoubtedly is to visit Philæ and the great dam. The chief charm of Philæ to those who have no particular eye for beauty and no regard whatever for archæology or historical associations, is that during the tourist season only one of the many temples can keep its head above water. I do not deny that the exquisite little colonnade in the Temple of Isis, which the ordinary Assuan visitor sometimes calls the Kiosk, and sometimes Pharaoh's Bed, has its beauty much enhanced by rising out of the beautiful lake into which the dam has converted the Nile at this point. Seen at sunrise, sunset or by moonlight,

its beauty is positively fairy-like, and Thomas Cook and Son have added a fresh element of romantic effect by sending tourists in gorgeously painted felookahs which have exactly the effect of ancient Roman galleys. Philæ is a sight which no one can forget ; but it is nothing to the dam.

Imagine, if you can, a granite wall ever so many feet thick and a mile long and a hundred feet high, which blocks the way of a mighty river like the Nile, and only lets it past in small detachments. When the sluices open, the water charges through like the Rapids of Niagara ; like them, in its fury it leaps high above its banks ; its spray rises higher than the dam itself. The dam stores up and lets out the waters of the Nile, and it has made Egypt one of the richest countries in the world instead of one of the poorest. In a very few years the population of the country has doubled, while its wealth has multiplied. It has locks like the ordinary Thames lock, except in the mechanism of their gates, for helping boats, even quite large steamers, to surmount the dam. Sixty British, six hundred Italians, and more than twice that number of natives, are under Mr. Macdonald, its engineer-in-chief, and his able assistant, Mr. McCorquodale. It looks more like a glorified railway embankment than anything else ; it has left hardly anything of the fierce cataract, six miles in length, which used to run from the Island of Philæ to the Island of Elephantine.

Elephantine has on its shore the famous Nilometer, rebuilt by the Romans to register the height of the Nile, and the classic well which used to be regarded as marking the exact line of the Tropic of Cancer, because on such a day the noonday sun shone straight into its

depths, which are now choked with sand. It also contains some excavations, which are a public nuisance, a couple of filthy but typical Arab villages, and last, but not least, the great "Savoy Hotel," which, being isolated from the town in a beautiful garden with plenty of sunshine and shade, is the place where the real invalids in Egypt go to overcome those watchful enemies, January, February and March. Assuan is supposed to have the finest winter climate in the world. Rain is unknown.

The excavations at present amount to little more than a few foundations, a quantity of undistinguishable ruins of tiny mud-brick houses, and an intolerable deal of dust. Few visitors give a thought to them. The principal lions of Assuan are Philæ and the dam, the granite quarries mentioned above, the Grenfell Tombs and the Bazar. Most of the visitors to Assuan are of the sort who prefer golf, even when played on sand, with brown "greens," and lawn tennis and croquet at the "Cataract Hotel," and the inevitable galloping donkeys, to any sight-seeing, though bargaining for the gaudy wares of the Bazar has attractions for almost every feminine mind. Certain articles of dress, conceivably useful, can be bought there, as can some articles of jewellery, conceivably ornamental, but mostly at quite inordinate prices. The merchants of the Assuan Bazar depend chiefly on sham relics of the Crusaders; Sudanese weapons; necklaces; very impure silverware; rhinoceros and hippopotamus (nearly always the latter) walking-sticks and whips; ostrich feathers at unsatisfactory prices; stuffed crocodiles; and all sorts of African rubbish collected to tempt the unwary with visions of the Tropics. There are practically no bargains to be bought in the highly picturesque Bazars, nor is there much real native

life till you get to the Grain Bazar opposite the busy port, where fifty or a hundred felookahs lie with their noses tied to the shore, and great piles of bright orange pottery and sugar-canes fill the foreshore. Down there you get the real native life, even better than you do in the Bishareen camp near the railway.

For the Bishareen camp is rather a shoddy affair, in which the kerosene tin plays an unduly prominent part. But the Bishareens themselves—the Fuzzy-Wuzzies, with their bright, beautiful eyes and extraordinary hair—are an intelligent and entertaining race.

Assuan has also an Egyptian temple of the Ptolemaic epoch near the railway station, but it is of small interest to those who have seen the great temples of Karnak and Thebes, just as the good tombs on the other side of the river, excavated by Lord Grenfell, are inconsiderable after the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes.

One of the most entertaining forms of sight-seeing is to go and take kodaks of the vast Arab cemetery, which extends almost from Assuan to Shellal; a good many sandstone tablets, with Cufic inscriptions, are to be found here still, and some of the ruinous cupolas are very elegant. The town boasts a few old mosques, though it is not easy to find anyone to take you to them.

The pleasures of a visit to Assuan will be doubled when the guide-book, now in the press, by Mr. A. E. P. Weigall, the Inspector of Monuments for Upper Egypt, comes out. At present, though the district is very rich in antiquities, there is no one to tell you what they are or where they are. I could not find a dragoman to show me anything beyond the monuments mentioned in Cook's steamer programme. Dr. Canney, the resident

physician, who is the author of the book on the Climate of Assuan for Invalids, and whose charming house, built by Mr. Voysey, the celebrated architect, stands just outside the "Cataract Hotel" gates, was able to tell me a little, but his time was limited, and his knowledge was almost limited to the Roman antiquities just round the hotel. I could find no one to show me the so-called Well of Herodotus on Elephantine Island till I applied to the French archaeologists excavating over there. One needs a guide-book which exploits the neighbourhood of Assuan in the same way as Baedeker exploits the neighbourhood of Luxor.

Near the Nilometer, for instance, on Elephantine, which is interesting for its Roman masonry, though not to be compared in beauty with the Nilometer on Roda Island, near Cairo, there are some very extensive remains of Roman masonry on the face of the island, of which I could find no adequate explanation in Budge, Murray, or Baedeker. Nor, indeed, of the numerous other Roman remains on the edge of the river.

The view is almost as charming in the early morning as it is at sunset. We had a bedroom with a broad balcony over the belvedere, and from it we looked down on the narrow gates of granite cliff through which the Nile rushes here, and on those elephant-like rocks in the dark mirror of water, broken here and there by one of those galleys with her great sails bellying before the north wind. I was more interested in the smaller boats of the same fantastic shape, laden to the water's edge with men and children going over to the excavations on Elephantine, where a complete temple stood almost within living memory, in the little mud Pompeii which is gradually



being laid bare. Like all Arabs, they do a deal of shouting and singing at their work. The procession of blue-gowned excavators, with the antique-looking baskets of earth on their heads, which I could see from our windows in the hotel, was picturesque enough, and pure enough in its lines, to have adorned the frieze of the Parthenon.

Assuan has good golf-links, with excellent clay greens and kodakable Bishareen caddies, who take much more interest in the game than the Egyptian caddies of Cairo, and speak more English. Golf is in very capable hands here, for its captain is Mr. Low, brother of Mr. John L. Low, an amateur champion of recent years. Mr. Low and his mother go back winter after winter to Assuan to the enviable cottage built in the ancient Roman Bastion outside the gates of the "Cataract."

Assuan has a fine reach for sailing. I have seldom enjoyed any sailing more. But one of the most enjoyable, and one of the most intelligent, amusements there is the afternoon canter on horse or donkey through the Arab cemetery, and over the Desert, to look across the Nile at the Temple of Philæ in the sunset.

Charles Neufeld, the prisoner of the Mahdi, whose presence would not be welcomed by the British authorities in the Sudan, keeps a *pension* at Assuan down by the Bishareen market. This is the best part of the town from the kodaker's point of view. You see a few primitive and unspoiled natives here.

But he will find much to photograph also round the "Cataract Hotel," whose picturesque rock terraces command bird's-eye views of the life of the great Nile merchantmen, and whose bright gardens of tropical flowers are full of bird-life strange to British eyes. The

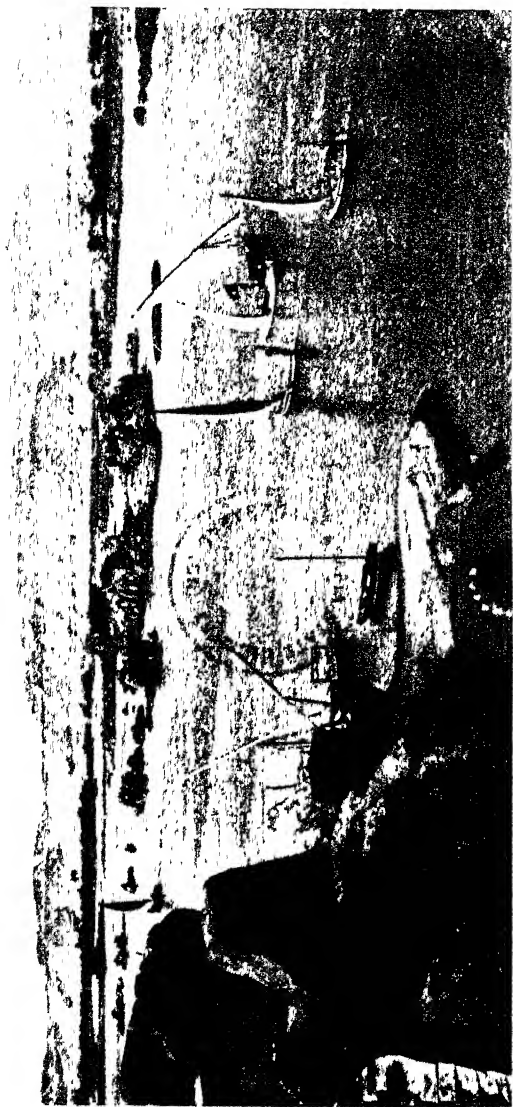
crested cranes were brought there, but the green bee-eaters, whose flight is golden, and the hoopoe, with his sweet hoo-pooh-pooh note, and his playful habits, are natives and a never-ending delight to the eye.

The most energetic sight-seer usually, sooner or later, comes into line with the loafers who begin to assemble in the belvedere of the "Cataract" about four o'clock for afternoon tea, and sit over their tea for the rest of the afternoon, looking out from that point of vantage on the best sunsets in all Egypt. The glory of the Egyptian sunset is inconceivable. First you have the pleasure of seeing the sun grow whiter and whiter, till it drops behind the ancient Coptic convent on the further bank of the Nile. Then there is an interlude, during which the waters of the river grow more and more like molten silver; within half an hour the after-glow begins, mantling the heaven with crimson, scarlet, orange or pink fire, often divided into two by a belt of blue, and filling with its reflection the broad expanse of islet-studded waters; later, the fire gives way to a pale intense glow of beryl or yellow, though at times the red burns on after the darkness has fallen.

Visit the Coptic convent. There is some account of that in the guide-books, and the excursion to it is delightful; for to get to it you have to sail into a dear little Robinson Crusoe inlet at the back of Elephantine, and to walk across the marvellous golden sand of the Assuan Desert. Its goldenness is so difficult to believe till you have seen it that Mr. Bacon, the artist, carries a bottle of it about with him to justify the colour of his pictures.

Christmas Day is a great event in Assuan. First come services in the dear little mosque-like English

church ; then a donkey gymkhana, held, of course, in the grounds of the " Cataract Hotel," with potato races, stick and pitcher races, donkey polo played with an Eton football, ladies' donkey races, and what not. In the evening everybody who is anybody flocks to the gala dinner at the hotel, with its band (playing tunes like those from *The Merry Widow*), its huge Christmas tree, and its aldermanic dinner, beginning with real turtle soup. It is curious to see roast beef and plum pudding and mince pies brought round by turbaned Arabs, in long white robes and red sashes, in a dining-room whose cupola and pendentives and meshrebiya work and great horseshoe arches are copied from a famous mosque : and after dinner to stroll out on the terrace, seeing the diamond-like coruscations of stars of the glittering Egyptian night reflected in the grim black waters of the Nile, at the Syene visited by Herodotus four-and-twenty centuries ago.



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## SOCIETY AND SPORT IN CAIRO.

FOR English visitors, even when they bring good introductions, there is not a great deal of society in Cairo outside of the hotels.

Nor are the reasons far to seek, for every year immense numbers of wealthy visitors winter in Egypt, and to entertain them would be a serious tax on residents drawing fixed salaries, which, without any entertainment of strangers, are not adequate for such an expensive country.

In Egypt you do not find the class of rich English who are so conspicuous in the Far East and the Colonies, men who, drawing their wealth from commerce or other speculations in the country, take a kind of pride in entertaining every celebrity, every person of rank—almost every desirable person who brings out the proper introductions. Egypt is so near Europe that its great money-making concerns are apt to be in the hands of men who live and do their entertaining in Europe, and only pay flying visits to Egypt.

There are no English residents in Egypt who keep open house. The English in the Egyptian Government service entertain quietly among themselves—they do not count at all in the programme for visitors. The

British Agent and the General commanding the Army of Occupation at the time of my visit to Egypt, on the other hand, were very hospitable, to people with the right introductions, both in showing them friendly private hospitalities and in inviting them to their public hospitalities like balls. The few wealthy people who entertain visitors are hardly any of them English. There remain the military. The officers of each regiment give "At Homes" during the season, and invite the visitors who have asked them out to dinner and the ladies they have danced with at the hotels. These "At Homes" are very modest affairs. The British officer, in a place like Cairo, does not entertain : he picks and chooses where he will be entertained. The success of balls or races or any other form of entertainment depends on the presence of the officers. Everyone accuses them of giving themselves airs. But an impartial visitor to Cairo in the winter of 1907-1908 would be obliged to record that the officers of the garrison were an exceptionally charming set of men—and very fine types of the young British soldier. It was not their fault that they were spoilt.

Society for visitors, therefore, consists of the visitors themselves and the officers they happen to meet.

The outlook may not appear encouraging to anyone who purposes for the first time to winter in Egypt, but I have so far only shown one side of the shield. For just as the Suez Canal and its ports is an *imperium in imperio* which has nothing to do with Egypt except to yield it a revenue, and which would be taken away from Egypt if ever she were allowed to masquerade with a Parliament and without an English Occupation—so there is in Cairo a gay and highly-entertaining Society

into which residents hardly enter, except at the Sports Club, and the futile little race meetings—that of the geese who lay the golden eggs for the hotels. Egypt, as I shall say elsewhere, is generally nothing to them: they are swallows from London Society who see less of Egypt than they would if they remained in London and went to the Egyptian Department of the British Museum. But they enjoy themselves amazingly, having a reliable climate which never plays the deuce with engagements, and they make life in the hotels very gay. There is a dance every night of the week except Sunday at one or other of the hotels.

Life in Egypt, meaning practically life in Cairo, is very pleasant for those who do not have to think about money. In the various hotels there are enough beautiful young women in beautiful gowns, and well-bred, well-groomed, sport-loving young men to make intercourse socially interesting, and various enterprising caterers have devoted themselves with success to the task of providing all the entertainments that will be desired, except English plays and musical comedies, which are the favourite digestive to a dinner in London. There are dances, races, polo, golf, tennis, croquet, cricket, riding, motoring, shooting, excursions up the Nile, the opera, concerts, services of all kinds and creeds in churches, and club life—they can all be had for the asking—and paying. Nor are the payments for this kind of thing on the excessive scale of Egypt.

There is a good deal of rough shooting within a day's excursion of Cairo. In a country which has such immense inundations as Egypt, there are, for example, many kinds of water-fowl. The Arabs who make a business of this, loaf outside "Shepherd's" and the



"Continental" at Cairo, trying to get you to make contracts with them for camping-out, or for the use of boats and dogs and men. It is needless to add that there are frauds among them.

Cairo has several clubs, but only two are much patronized by the best English people, for the luxurious Khedivial is essentially a club of foreigners and Gypies. I refer to the Turf Club and the Khedivial Sporting Club. The accommodation at the Turf Club is neither luxurious nor ample. It is terribly overcrowded during the season, but it is overcrowded with the right kind of men: almost every Englishman in decent Society belongs to it.

Yet it is, in my opinion, a failure, for its accommodation is not good enough or large enough for a club which is so particularly well supported by wealthy visitors, and it fails in its first duty towards residents. For in a land where the residents have mostly fixed incomes on too low a scale for the extravagant living, and hotels and restaurants are ruinous, it makes no effort to give its members good lunches and good dinners at cost prices. There is no reason why it should not go a step further and have a sufficiency of bedrooms at reasonable prices, so that bachelors could live at the club at a reasonable rate. A living club is the chief want of the hour in Cairo, where hotels, rents, servants, and so on, make it almost impossible for the man with a salary to live in a civilized and comfortable way without exceeding his income.

Still the Turf Club is an uncommonly pleasant little place in an excellent position, admirable for dropping into in the hours which the idle man finds heavy on his hands.

With the Khedivial Sports Club, on the other hand, no fault can be found. Its subscription is low, and it gives its members all kinds of advantages and attractions. It would be charming even if it had no sports, for its wealth of flowers, its broad stretches of turf, its southern trees and beauty. But it has all the popular sports going on within its precincts--cricket and polo matches at the usual hours, golf, tennis and croquet, while daylight lasts; and it has many race meetings, athletic meetings, and so on. It has also a club-house, run on much the same principles as that of Ranelagh. In fact, the Khedivial Sporting Club is the Ranelagh of Cairo, where people go to play their own games and watch the polo and racing, and take tea under the trees.

The polo you see there is quite good, though there are few players who would be on the form list in London.

The race meetings at Ghezireh, which is the familiar term one uses when talking of the K.S.C., are better than the Helwân races, because the military turn up in force at them, but they are rather "piffling." The winners, mostly belonging to Gypsies or Levantines, are very moderate animals, and the fields are often poor. The meetings are about on a level with meetings in the "treaty ports" of China and Japan. But Cairo Society likes any kind of outing--especially at the Sports Club, which is its happy hunting-ground, and for which it has paid a season's subscription: so the attendance is sure to be a brilliant one at the best time of the year.

The golf course at the K.S.C. is one of the best in Egypt--because it is a grass course, though the greens are of stamped clay, sprinkled with sand. But I did

not find it better than the best sand courses. Most of the holes are too short for the brassey to be of much use, and the ground is, except in one or two places, so hard that it is like playing off a road. Good mashie shots, taking a little earth, are almost impossible. I did not find the clay greens difficult after I had played on them a few times. The worst feature of the course is the number of drains: you cannot see them, and when your ball goes into them it is often impossible to play it out by any stroke of which an amateur is master. While these drains exist on the golf course, it is a serious defect not to have a rule to take the ball out and lose one.

One day at the K.S.C. I went to the sports open to all the Government schools, like the Khedivieh, Tewfikieh, and so on. The Swedish gymnastic exercises were excellently done, and I believe that some of the running times were quite good. But what I noticed most about them was the age of some of the competitors. There were men of twenty-five among these schoolboys: and the boy who won the hurdle race was not only married, but a father. The prettiest feature of these sports, at which the Khedive and all his Ministers were present, was the long line of the school servants in snow-white dresses and green turbans and sashes, who were kept on the ground like the liveried servants of theatres, to do the scene-shifting, which, in this instance, consisted of bringing and taking away the flying horse and parallel bars for the gymnastic exercises, the apparatus for the high jump, and so on. The whole sight was rather remarkable, for the audience ringing round the sports represented an almost unbroken line of scarlet tarbooshes. The Egyptian boy, who is

not an absolute pauper, never fails to wear a tarboosh, or tall, red skull-cap, shaped like a truncated sugar-cone.

At the back of the K.S.C. is a picturesque avenue of tall mimosas, like an avenue of stone-pines in Italy.

There are two golf clubs out at Mena House, one of which has real grass "greens," and one at Helwân, which is all sand. Assuan and Khartum also have their golf clubs. Helwân has its racing club, too—rather a modest affair—and there are various tennis clubs at Cairo, to which the English who are not in Society belong, and, I suppose, a certain amount of Gypies. But visitors are seldom seen at any of these clubs; nor do they often know of their existence. Alexandria, having a very large foreign colony, is well off for clubs.

There are, of course, a great many people at Cairo too lazy to go to the Sports Club very often; they seemed to find a daily round of teas with each other at each other's hotels an inexhaustible amusement. In Egypt, of course, the climate does allow you to take tea outside.

In the evening, dining in your own hotel, if it is one of the big ones, has a good deal of the excitement of a dinner-party, but the wealthy tourists do a great deal of dining out with each other, especially in connection with the various hotel dances. The amusements after dinner, the dances and suppers at hotels, and various public entertainments, come into other chapters.

I had almost forgotten the climate. In November, before we went up to Khartum, the temperature in Cairo was perfect. When we returned, at the end of January, it was for a month or two no warmer than

Rome. But Dr. Llewellyn Phillips, the brilliant young Welsh physician, who has such a great name in Cairo, assured me that this weather was exceptional, and that Cairo generally treated its visitors much better. March and April were delightful; even the early part of May was not oppressive. Cairo is naturally well off for doctors, and in the Anglo-American Hospital visitors have a delightful and efficiently-conducted place out in the floweriest part of Cairo for which they can exchange their hotel in case of serious illness. The Kasr-el-Aini, the general hospital of Cairo, is quite a remarkable place.

## THEATRES AND MUSIC.

THE oddest feature about Cairo, a city with a large English garrison and an immense number of people who can talk English, is that it should have no regular English theatre. But after the season was over a good English stock company did come while I was there, and performed plays like the *Walls of Jericho* and the *Gay Lord Quex*; and a good stock French company came a little earlier.

Cairo goes in for Opera, not the Drama, because in operas it does not signify if you understand the language in which the actors are reciting—an important feature in a Tower of Babel community like this.

There were four different kinds of opera going on while I was in Cairo—French, Italian, Greek and Arab. The Italian, at the Abbas Theatre, was much the best. It had a beautiful *prima donna*—young and slender, with a glorious voice—and both the principal tenor and principal baritone were fine actors with good voices. The Abbas Theatre is a huge wooden barn, almost as primitive as a Japanese theatre with its fronts of thin boarding to the boxes, and its matchwood partitions between them, only about four feet high.

The French opera was a much more ambitious affair,

being presented in the Khedivial Theatre, which was erected with the suddenness of an Aladdin's palace for the celebration of the opening of the Suez Canal. It is a red plush sort of place, with its foyer, and so on, rather after the style of the Comédie Française at Paris. Here the stars were not so good as those of the Italian company, but the seats were a good deal better. Both operas have boxes with grilles over them for the ladies of the harem. I never went to the Greek Opera, which came on rather later in the season, but I did go to the Arab theatre with Sarruf Bey, who is a Syrian, and, therefore, has Arabic for his native language. The piece on the night that I went was more play than opera, but there was a good deal of singing in it, the music for which was European, though the overture the orchestra played before the piece began was purely Oriental. It was a real Arab play, with revenge for its motive, and the costumes were very fine—the dress of the Mecca Arabs. The female parts were taken by Jewesses, and one scene was laid in the harem; the acting was rather good. The theatre was very like the Abbas Theatre, where the Italian opera is given. Naturally, the audience consisted chiefly of turbans and tarbooshes, but there was a sprinkling of ladies, because Arabic is the language of Syrians and other Christians as well as of Arabs. They often give our English comic operas, like the *Geisha*, at this theatre, but I am not sure that the actors are then Arabs.

As Cairo has no regular English theatre, more than usual interest is taken in the private theatricals got up by the officers of various regiments, the proceeds of which are given to charities. The Coldstream Guards distanced all competitors in this. Not only

had they some very good amateur actors among them, but in a subaltern named Campbell a farce-writer who is sure to succeed on the London stage.

The concerts in the Ezbekiya Gardens are most dismal affairs, except those got up for charities under the patronage of the General, where the massed bands of all the regiments are ordered to play, and the officers make a point of attending. This renders the military concerts brilliant spectacles, for in Cairo officers always wear their uniforms except in the afternoon. The rule is that they should always be in uniform, except when they put on mufti for sports, but this has resolved itself into never wearing uniform in the afternoon—not even when they are paying a formal call at the General's house after a dance.

The gardens are illuminated and the masses of scarlet, blue and rifle-green uniforms stand out finely against the brilliant light costumes of the ladies and the white robes of the Arabs under the dark trees. These concerts are the favourite form of charity among the English in Cairo—these and the Anglo-American Hospital Ball, in the Moorish Casino of the “Ghezireh Palace Hotel.” The Church Bazaar is not an institution here.

The annual ball, which raises so much of the funds of the excellent Anglo-American Hospital near the Khedivial Sporting Club, is the great event of the Cairo season. All the leading ladies, from the wife of the British Agent downwards, sell the guinea tickets for it, and not to support it is to lose caste. It is an extremely pretty function, for the fantastic pavilion in the Moorish style, erected by the Khedive Ismail for the fêtes of the Empress, lends itself to decoration charmingly. Flowers and palms are massed round its



fountain: its Saracenic loggias are converted into drawing-rooms by being hung with the brilliant red and blue awnings which Arab tentmakers embroider so skillfully, and all the Orient's graceful effects of line and colour are introduced. It reminds one of the great pavilions of gay awnings which the Sheikh el-Bekri and the Ministers of the Khedive erect for the Birthday of the Prophet.

Cairo is not a very good place for concerts, though young pianists and violinists of promise often come out here and give recitals in the great hotels as a stepping-stone to fame in Europe—like M. Borschke this year, for example.

Occasionally ladies get up amateur concerts, at which they appear themselves. But they create wrong impressions: the guileless Mohammedan cannot understand anyone, who is not a professional, performing in public. He is like the Persian friend of my *collaborateur*, Eustache de Lorey, who, when he saw European ladies dancing at a ball, asked how much they were paid for it. Love-songs are especially open to misconception. The wife of a leading resident sang a ballad by a well-known Italian composer which represented the singer as pining for her lover, and wishing "to give my all to thee." A rich Egyptian, who knows the English and the English language very well, went to her husband and warned him to be careful. He imagined that her song was a real appeal to some man—or perhaps any man—in the audience.

## HOTELS AND THEIR ENTERTAINMENTS.

EGYPT is the playground of the rich, and for most of them—for the female part, at any rate—Egypt is Cairo.

What are the attractions which draw them to Cairo ? The climate, the hotel life and the Sports Club, with a dash of Egypt thrown in for those who can appreciate it, by the view of the Pyramids from "Mena House," or the sight of a mosque on their way to the Bazars.

The odd thing is that the people who see no more of Egypt than this constitute the majority. It is they who make it possible for the extravagant Egyptian hotels to exist. They make their playground in Cairo. That the percentage of them is not higher is due to the educational influence of Messrs. Cook and Sons. Cook's Nile voyages are included in their limited programme. They enter on the trip in the same unintelligent way in which they go to anything else, but, with rare exceptions, before they arrive back at Cairo they have the microbe in their veins; they have been bitten with a curiosity about native life which will make them itch to see more of it until the day they leave Egypt.

Because a person is wealthy there is no reason why he should be blind, and those who are blind intellectually

lose almost as much as those who are denied the light of Nature. There are few places where the intelligent person of means can find more enjoyment than at Cairo, where the Arab monuments in the city are unusually numerous and fine, and Egyptian monuments of the earliest periods, including the most majestic of them all, the Sphinx and the great Pyramid of Gizeh, can be reached in less than an hour, while there are a great variety of genuine curios of high interest to be bought.

As this book is partly addressed to the English who contemplate visiting Egypt, it will be well to describe in some detail what Cairo has to offer for their accommodation and amusement.

Cairo only caters well for the wealthy. The first-class hotels are the "Savoy," "Continental," "Mena House" and the "Hôtel d'Angleterre," all belonging to the Nungovitch group; "Shepherd's" and the "Ghezireh Palace" belonging to one proprietary, and the "Hôtel Semiramis" belonging to the Bucher-Durrer group, like the "Quirinal Hotel" at Rome and a dozen other great hotels on the Continent.

The "Savoy," under the management of Mr. A. Wild, of the "Hôtel National" at Zürich, is considered the most recherché. To it the most particular English go, more than any other hotel, though the "Semiramis" is also well patronized by this class, and the "Ghezireh Palace" and "Mena House," on account of their situations, come in for a share. "Shepherd's" has a good table, and is the hub of Cairo—so it retains a few of the class of whom it once had the monopoly. It is the most popular house with Americans; they like the cheerful hum of a railway station, and it is the only hotel in Egypt whose fame has reached America yet. The

"Hôtel Continental" has a continental *clientèle*. The continents of Asia and Africa, as well as the continents of Europe and America, are represented, and the Jews are prominent. Its terrace—a sort of human zoological gardens—is the sunniest spot in Cairo, and there are seasons in which this is an advantage. Paterfamilias goes to the "Angleterre" when he brings his family: men do not always take their families with them to Egypt.

Tourist life in Cairo centres round "Shepherd's Hotel." Cook's office is in its garden, and hardly one Englishman or American goes to Cairo without going to Cook. Cook is your banker; Cook will book you with equal glibness to England or Gondokoro. To go overland from Cairo to the Cape, or even from Cairo to Uganda, needs consideration. The last Englishman who came up from Uganda to Khartum had to walk three hundred miles of the way, and he was a man who needed no introductions, being a Cabinet Minister.

"Shepherd's" has not the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, but its ground-floor is delightfully Oriental, with rich soft effects of curve and colour, and it has a great shady garden, very refreshing in the heart of the city, but sadly in need of a landscape gardener to make it as picturesque as the interior of the hotel. In Egypt anything will grow if you have plenty of water. Monsieur Pagnon, who created the hotels at Assuan, would have made an earthly paradise of the garden at "Shepherd's," which looks very beautiful on the night of its annual Venetian carnival.

The "Hôtel Continental" does not attract me at all; it has a sunny terrace, with a very lively outlook. The Arabs who live on the cockney instincts of tourists

swarm in front of it like mosquitoes, and push their wares through the railings, as if its occupants belonged to a monkey-house. The interior is uncharacteristic and unattractive.

The "Hôtel d'Angleterre" is a pleasant, cheerful family hotel, with many clients who go to it year after year. Rooms have to be ordered far in advance here.

Cairo is not so well off for minor hotels. In Egypt, whatever is cheap—and not so very cheap, either—is apt to be nasty. The greed of the land-boomers has forced rents up to such a pitch that the cheap hotels and *pensions* of the Continent cannot flourish in Cairo. There is only one hotel in the city which is at once central, comfortable and cheap, the "Métropole," equidistant from the "Hôtel Continental" and the Opera House. The accident of a long lease at a rent fixed before prices went up is responsible for this. *Pensions* in Cairo are dear and not good: flats and houses are on the same prohibitive scale: every kind of accommodation is affected by rents.

Tripper Americans dislike the "Savoy Hotel's" position. It is not in the centre of the city, surrounded by Arab life; it is not even in the kaleidoscopic Street of the Camel, which keeps the tourists at "Shepherd's," and the "Continental" in a whirl of excitement. It is in the quiet, respectable street which leads down to the Nile Bridge, and blossoms out into exorbitant shops for a few weeks in the year.

They say that if an hotel is not in the main street it ought to be on the Nile, like the "Semiramis" and "Ghezireh Palace," or out in the country, like the "Mena House." The "Semiramis," which stands at

the city end of the Nile Bridge, ought certainly to have had a garden on the river bank; and it ought more certainly to have had the dining and reception-rooms on the ground-floor double as high as they are now. In a climate like Egypt low rooms, though attractive to the eye, are utterly unsuitable, if not unhygienic. But some of the bedrooms and suites are charming. And its position is exactly right, for it faces the sunset, and the Egyptian sunset floods the heavens and the imagination with golden light. The view of the Nile, too, is very fine.

The "Ghezireh Palace" has by far the best gardens of the Cairo hotels, and its Saracenic buildings are not only fantastic, they have a history. The Khedive Ismail built them to be the pleasure-house of the hapless Empress of the French. It, too, has many clients who go to it year after year.

The "Mena House" is in many ways the most characteristic hotel of Cairo. It was built by a rich Englishman whose health compelled him to spend much of his time in Egypt: much wealth and real taste were expended on its Saracenic features. It has a peerless position, for it stands on the edge of the Desert, with the Pyramids before its windows, and the Citadel of Cairo on its horizon. During the annual inundation of the Nile it stands also at the head of a vast lake, bordered with palms, which extends all the way to Cairo. Here it is impossible to shut one's eyes to Egypt. One cannot limit one's purview to dances and dinners at hotels, and polo and golf at the Sports Club; for the Arabs are ever before one—Arabs of a pure strain, striking examples of the beauty of their race, in spotless and picturesque clothes much more sug-

gestive of the Alhambra Moors of Tunis<sup>a</sup> than the commercial Arabs of Cairo. The Sphinx and the Pyramids, the Desert and its denizens, meet the eye of the sojourner at "Mena House" every day; he cannot go to the golf-links without seeing them; and the riding over the Desert is so exhilarating that there are many who go to Egypt for that and nothing else.

To balance these advantages you have the inconvenience of getting into Cairo. The Nile bridges are closed at certain hours—hours not selected at all with regard to the convenience of Europeans, and the visitors to "Mena House" are apt to see nothing of Cairo. They potter about the Pyramids and play games. But they are distinctly more worthy of the privilege of being in Egypt than the people who divide their time between hanging about Cairo hotels and going to the Sports Club and the Opera.

For of what does life in a Cairo hotel consist? What is the attraction which takes people year after year to an hotel like the "Savoy," or the "Semiramis"? The "Semiramis," of course, has its view of the Nile; its daily pageant of Egyptian sunsets. Quite an intelligent person might be content to sit evening after evening in its green little roof-garden or on its pleasant terrace drinking in the beauty of sky and water. The "Savoy" has not this view; it has to rely entirely on creature comforts and good management and Egyptian sunshine, and in the two former it stands so high that people do go back and back to the "Savoy" more than any other hotel. It has a very pleasant terrace, though there is nothing to see from it except the gay traffic of afternoon on its way across the Nile Bridge. In Cairo, taking any kind of a drive for pleasure so implies

crossing the Nile Bridge that "driving across the Bridge" is almost a proverb for taking an outing. But it is an hotel with a very pleasant interior; the lounge and the reception-rooms are lofty and airy and have an air of luxury. There is no pleasanter hotel to hang about. Added to which it is the most fortunate in the quality of its *clientèle*, and gives the best dances.

It is difficult to realize until you have been to Cairo what a large part the hotel dances play in the social life of the city—from the tourist point of view, of course,—for very few of the important residents ever go to them, except the military and bachelors, on any but special occasions, like a fancy dress ball. The Anglo-American Charity Ball stands on a different footing. That is under special patronage, and it is rather a breach of etiquette not to support it. In the height of the season, as I have said, there is a dance going on at one or the other of the big hotels every night of the week except Sunday. Some, like the "Savoy," give dances twice a week. There are often two or three hundred people present at them, and one or other of the regimental bands is engaged to play at them. People staying in the hotel where the dance comes off that night give a good many dinner-parties, and the people staying at other hotels, and the officers, often make up parties to dine at the hotel that night. The managers of the various hotels which give dances are liberal about welcoming each other's clients, so practically if you are staying at one of these hotels you are welcome to go to any of the dances. Programmes are printed and light refreshments provided until it gets too near supper-time. Then business is business, and the free buffet is closed



to create natural appetites. No one can blame the managers, for with their good music and excellent floors they give for nothing as good a dance as most subscription dances, and, as far as company goes, the scene is often quite a brilliant one when all the gayest people who have come to Cairo for the season are filling the rooms, mingled with a couple of score of the officers of the garrison, in uniform. The dances are really excellent and extremely well attended, and the reflection that when the dance is over you can take your supper at your ease up to any hour until you see fit to leave is an added charm, to be wound up by a quiet stroll back to your hotel through the balmy Egyptian night, or a gallop back in the two-horse carriages they call arabeahs.

Life out at the "Ghezireh Palace Hotel" is rather different. Its pleasant and fantastic garden, designed by a Khedive for an Empress, and its proximity to the Sports Club, make the people who spend the winter there lead a more open-air life. At the same time they miss a good deal of the street scenes of Cairo enjoyed by those who are living in the hotels nearer in. People staying out at Ghezirch, of course, are much more dependent on the society of those who are in their own hotel, like the people staying at "Mena House." For those who are fond of riding the "Mena House" is much the best, because the rides out in the Desert from it are absolutely delightful; but at Mena, as I have said, you are rather limited for your amusements to sports and very ancient antiquities. Staying at "Mena House," in fact, is almost like staying in a country house. Its dances are mostly limited to people staying in the hotel, owing to the difficulty of getting back to Cairo

for anyone who has not got a motor. But as the people who go there generally stay for some time, it is easy for them to be self-sufficient.

I have been talking so far of the people who go to Egypt merely for social amusements and sport, and because they like the climate. I suspect that they are largely in the majority. But to those who besides wealth and leisure have intelligent tastes, a winter in Cairo is absolutely delightful. There is no city with all the comforts of civilization which possesses anything like such an abundance of Arab antiquities and monuments and Arab life. Of Egyptian antiquities, apart from its magnificent museum, Cairo has none, but only eight miles out are the Sphinx, and the gigantic Pyramids of Gizeh, and remains of temples and tombs; and there is another rich hoard of antiquities, chiefly subterranean, at Memphis and Sakkara, which are reached easily by train, and could be reached in half an hour by motor if there were only a road. I may mention that for want of roads the only motor excursions possible from Cairo are to the Pyramids and Heliopolis. A year or two ago it was possible to motor from Cairo to Suez, a distance of eighty miles, but part of the road is impassable now.

Occasionally hotels have a concert by some famous pianist or violinist, but these are not entertainments provided for their visitors. It only means that a room in an hotel has been let to the performer, because Cairo has no proper hall, and the people in the hotel have to pay like anybody else—extravagant Egyptian prices.

## WAYS OF GETTING TO EGYPT.

THERE is a large class of persons who spend most of their lives in travelling, but whose incomes put a brake on their movements. They find our climate only endurable in the summer; they hate the humdrum of life in London; especially do they hate living in a desert of modern brick and mortar many miles wide with hardly an oasis of ancient and lovely buildings.

These people have to consider money more closely than time. When they take the long journey to Egypt they take a free visit to Italy on the way down, and a free visit to South-Eastern France on the way back, or *vice versa*. There are so many delightful places on, or just off, the main line, that breaking the journey costs them practically nothing.

In visiting Egypt they have to consider more than usual where to break the journey, for the English summer is long past before it is cool enough to land in Egypt; and most people find Egypt too warm in the spring long before they find England warm enough. I belong to this class myself. I left England in the autumn and returned at the beginning of summer.

I found a line of steamers which was specially convenient for breaking the journey in Italy as one goes

out and France as one returns—the magnificent vessels of the Egyptian Mail Steamship Company—the famous S.S. *Helopolis* and S.S. *Cairo*, for they call both at Marseilles and Naples.

People had pointed out to me that they were the largest, fastest and most luxurious steamers on the Mediterranean—that they hardly pitch at all in bad weather; that voyaging in them was like being in an hotel unless the sea was very high; that they were full of the newest ideas for making the three days of sea tolerable to bad sailors—and, above all, that they had reduced the sea journey to three days. But they had overlooked the convenience of being able to break the journey either in Italy or France as one chose.

I made up my mind to break the journey in Italy going down, with a view to proving how much we English miss by not visiting Italy more in the hot weather, when everything is looking most beautiful, and the people are living the life for which their houses are built.

Against my usual custom, I entered Italy this time by the St. Gothard line. Between Chiasso, where this line enters Italy, and Naples, where I was going to take ship, I found an *embarras de richesses* of exquisite places to visit.

First came the lake of Como—the city of Como is only three miles from Chiasso, and there I took steamer for Tremezzo, the most idyllic spot on the lakes, where glorious gardens filled the shore with the magic effects of the Renaissance; and great sailing-barges, as quaint and primitive as junks, brought workers of mediæval simplicity to our very doors. Here there were no mosquitoes, and here the oleanders—the rose laurels—

in August lined the shores with miles of fragrance and colour. From here, to visit the other lakes would have been easy and not expensive, but I was too enchanted with Tremezzo to move.

From Como to Milan is a very short stage, and it is on the main line of the through ticket. I stayed off a week at Milan, which I always do. Most travellers imagine Milan to be merely a great modern city, with a cathedral, a picture-gallery, and the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. I always enjoy Milan, because it is so full of the Middle Ages. In the very heart of the city I can step into them in the great courtyard behind the Camera dei Mercanti, a minute from the Cathedral. Hence in a few minutes a swift tram whirls me to the spot where, under the restoring genius and antiquarian zeal of the Italian, the Castle of the Sforzas is growing like a tree into the very semblance that it wore in Gian Galeazzo's time; and a leap of the same distance takes me to the thousand-year-old basilica of S. Ambrogio, which lays the religious pageantry of the Early Christians before me like an open book.

Milan, with its vast old Ambrosian Library, its vast old hospital, its unspoiled mediæval palace of S. Carlo Borromeo, its score of ancient churches not quite to be matched elsewhere, its picture-galleries, its hoards of fifteenth-century frescoes, is a place where no amount of leisure is wasted.

The main line between Milan and Naples runs through many ancient and famous cities. Between Milan and Bologna alone are Parma, Piacenza and Modena. Those three cities, all of them once states like Athens or Corinth in Ancient Greece, and afterwards capitals, have noble monuments and pictures. I have always meant to stay

in them, but Bologna was calling—mediæval Bologna, with its sevenfold Church of Stephen, its vast fortress, its arcaded streets and its adorable day-excursion to Ravenna—where the churches and tombs and mosaics of the Lower Empire are preserved for the eyes of the modern world like the perfect mammoth which the hunter found refrigerated in the ice of Siberia. Ravenna is, in its way, as remarkable as the Tombs of the Kings in Egypt.

Florence was my next step from Bologna on the line to Naples. I need not enlarge upon the charms of Florence as a stopping-stage on any journey. There is no place which better repays a stay of as many weeks or months as one can devote to it: its galleries and its churches are all treated like museums, prepared by experts to tell with their full effect upon the visitor: and the city is full of little mediæval bits for the curious to discover.

From Florence to Rome there is a choice of routes. I could visit, without a penny of extra charge upon my ticket, Perugia enthroned upon a mountain-top, with its majestical thirteenth-century city hall, its Gothic by-ways, its mighty walls, its Etruscan gate, and its rare pictures; Gothic and Giottesque Assisi, a city bound up with a single memory, that of the gentle and Christ-like Francis—and so single itself that it might have been created by the stroke of the magician's wand; Chiusi, the city of Lars Porsena, still bound up with its memories of the dark Etruscans; and Orvieto.

I chose Orvieto, the city of the English Pope, not for its obvious cathedral, but for its position on a crested rock; for its old houses, more ancient than any of modern times, going back even to the twelfth century; and for

the Etruscan tombs so richly sown round the foot of the cliffs—proving, alas! that Orvieto could never have been the citadel of Volsinii, since the Etruscans did not bury their dead in their towns.

At a small extra cost, for it is off the line, I paid my visit to Viterbo, the city of the Popes, a town I hate to pass. For it is just as the Popes left it long before the end of the Middle Ages, with all its outside staircases, and flying arches, and pilgrims' houses, and one stupendous church. They have not even put back the roof of the papal palace, which Charles of Anjou took off six or seven centuries ago to hurry the Consistory of Cardinals in making their choice of a Pope, over which they had dallied for a year. Also I like the old "Angelo Hotel," where you have a bedroom with Empire furniture for two francs fifty a night; and the fountains; and the delightful public square, which has an inscription to a woman whose beauty was the pride of her fellow-citizens five hundred years ago.

Rome itself is on the line from Chiasso to Naples. I need not recount all I found to occupy me in Rome. There is more for the sight-seer in Rome than anywhere else in the world. There are few more beautiful cities, few with more invigorating air. Rome is the only ancient capital whose site was chosen for its salubrity—it has not the position the ancients chose for a fortress, or a commercial emporium.

There are several interesting old cities between Rome and Naples, but the kind of person who goes to Egypt would shudder at their accommodation. It is the fashion to decry Naples, to say that it has no attractions but its bay; this is quite wrong. There are a fair, though not a great, number of old churches in Naples; while

Pompeii, the Islands, and the Cumæan peninsula make delightful excursions. And Sicily is neither a difficult nor an expensive excursion from Naples—a return ticket costs you about three pounds and you can get there in a night.

One more thing must be remembered—the exquisite beauty of the railway line down the centre of Italy. The Rhine is nothing to it. On either side of it is a never-ending panorama of mountains and castellated towns on mountain tops. In spring you are never out of sight and scent of acacia blossom; in summer the whole land is linked with green chains of vines from the Alps to the Straits of Messina. Hot Italy is greener than England.

The three months in Italy making our way down to Naples, our winter port of embarkation for Egypt, were enchanting. And they cost us nothing for railway fares but the short excursion from Orvieto to Viterbo—because they were all included in our railway tickets from London to Naples.

A feeling of deep satisfaction swept over me when I saw the *Cairo* lying against the wharf at Naples. She looked so huge and clean, and seemed to have such grand sweeps of deck. The impression was heightened when I got on board. It seemed waste only to be making a journey of two or three days on such a ship. Those decks, with their spacious promenades and cosy corners, were worthy of the procession of summer, when one long day draws into another running down from Aden to Ceylon, and Ceylon to the Leeuwin Cape of Australia.

The *Cairo* has a lift, and though I do not remember seeing anybody using it, a lift would be a necessity for invalids, since there are four lofty decks in active use



for first-class passengers—no less than three of them above the saloon, which would be a “deck” saloon in any other ship: the promenade deck, the bridge deck and the boat deck, while there are two decks below, partly devoted to the first-class and partly to the second, viz., the upper deck and the main deck. There are six decks in all, the saloon being on the shelter deck.

I have never been in a ship where the effect of an hotel was so successfully secured. When the doors were shut at night and the lights were lit, there was nothing but the motion of the sea to tell us that we were on board ship, and this we felt so little that we forgot it. The wide, sweeping staircase, for instance, that connected the four principal decks, was like we get in an Italian villa; the saloon, with its round tables, was the exact counterpart of the dining-room at the “Savoy Hotel” in Cairo; the exquisitely fitted library and writing-room was handsomer and more luxurious than anything I found in the palatial hotels of Egypt—this was the most palatial and unshiplike room of all, though the smoking-room was a marvel of luxury. There was even a café on board, where we could order any meal we liked at any hour of the day or night—by paying for it.

There were flats on board, dear little maisonettes with a large two-berth bedroom, a private bath-room and lavatory, and a luxurious sitting-room, richly panelled in dark, polished wood, with stained glass windows opening on to the deck.

The decorations were the feature of the ship. Though money had been lavished on them, they were all in the quietest taste, which is what the eye demands

in bad weather, at sea. Their chief effect was secured by the perfection of their wood-work. In one room the dark majestic panelling of the Grinling Gibbons age was faithfully reproduced; in another, the white and delicate panelling of the Louis Seize period.

Such are the new floating palaces to help those who dread the sea to make-believe that they can get to Egypt without a sea voyage. For the sea-sick, they are the next best thing to a railway from Tunis to Cairo.

If sensitive people must leave Egypt in April, they will do wisely to linger in Palestine or Provence till June.

It is so ridiculously easy and cheap to visit Palestine when you are in Egypt that it seems suicidal not to go, and as it is too early to go to Palestine before April, it fits in very well. For a hundred-franc note, or thereabouts, the Austrian-Lloyd Steamship Company, which more or less runs Palestine, will grant you a return ticket from Alexandria (Port Said costs proportionately less) to Beyrout, with liberty to break your journey at Jaffa and Haifa. From Jaffa a railway journey which costs twelve shillings takes you to Jerusalem. From Haifa you tap the city of Tiberias, the Palestine Pompeii; and the Sea of Galilee; and a number of interesting places; and from Beyrout you visit the Cedars of Lebanon, Damascus and Baalbek. There are at least three lines of steamers running between Egypt and Palestine, but residents always go by the Austrian-Lloyd, which carries the mails. It is not necessary to dwell on the interest of the country in which our Lord lived His short life of thirty years. It is so intimately connected with Egypt that a visit to one is hardly complete without a visit to the other.

The point which is more likely to be lost sight of is the wonderful beauty of Palestine and Syria in spring. The railway from Beyrout opens an earthly paradise ; and the gardens of Damascus are a proverb.

But there are people who dread even the smallest divergence from the main route home, though for climatic reasons they cannot be in England before June. They should go to Provence, it is so easy, so natural, so pleasant. The finest things in Provence are on, or just off, the P. L. M. main line from Marseilles to Paris. They have Tarascon, Beaucaire, Nîmes, Arles, Avignon, Vaucluse, Orange, Valence, St. Remy, the Pont du Gard, Mont Majeure, Trois Maries and Aigues-Mortes to visit at their leisure, at practically no expense for railway journeys. Most of Provence is delightfully picturesque, whether the scenery is wild marsh, or hot, brown desert, or castled mountain, or vineyard. The broad Rhône flies through it like a mill-race ; it is sown with history, sown with Roman remains, romantic with legends and shrines of the saints. The saints of Provence are wrapped up with the life of our Lord, for it was Martha who came to Tarascon to lead the fire-breathing Tarasque captive, and the three Maries who had abbeys springing from their footsteps in that wild land. Provence was intensely romantic. Its troubadours were the fathers of French literature, as the poets of Frederick II.'s gay court in Sicily were the fathers of Italian. Its magnificent Raymonds of Toulouse were glorious in the history of the Crusades, and the defence of their innocent Puritan subjects against the zeal of the Dominicans. Its Courts of Love fill the romances of the Middle Ages, and as if this were not enough, we have the stormy days of the Papacy at Avignon,

and the footsteps of Petrarch and Laura in their long pilgrimaging between Avignon and Vaucluse.

Provence is a soul-satisfying place; it is also rich in unspoiled French life—and its cuisine is admirable. It is the fashion in Provence for an hotel, unless it is too ambitious, to belong to the cook: sometimes for a change one belongs to the head waiter, with the best effects on the cooking and the service.

What are the lions of Provence, the *tours de force* of antiquities and scenery which are to captivate the tourist for several weeks, while he is hardening his constitution against English cold after the luxurious heat of Egypt? Aigues-Mortes, bought from the Monks by St. Louis to be his port for embarking on the Crusade, *malgré* Raymond of Toulouse, is a little town in the dead waters of the marsh, still ringed round with its thirteenth-century walls and towers. The Trois Maries in the marsh, and Mont Majeure on the mountain, are magnificent abbeys perpetuating the legend that the women loved by our Lord came to end their days and lay their bones in Provence. Les Baux is a dead city on a mountain top, with rows of deserted palaces. Once upon a time the Princes of Baux had a city of fifty thousand people at their gates, and, in the elegant little pavilion mouldering in the vineyards, held Courts of Love. Now a handful of paupers nest like bats and owls in their deserted halls, which would be forgotten to the world were it not that their picturesqueness tempts the tourist.

One can see how the Romans loved the sunny sites, the rushing waters of Arles and Nîmes, from the splendour of their monuments. Both have vast amphitheatres so perfect still that the populace assembles

in them to-day to see bull-fights as it assembled in Imperial days to witness a combat of gladiators. Nîmes has a perfect little temple—the famous Maison Carrée, and the sanctuary of another temple named after Diana, and other fair old ruins round its marvellous spring; Arles has the shell of a vast Roman theatre, and Aliscamps, Champs-Élysées, as old or older—Elysian fields in which the bodies of dead citizens were laid in an ever-lengthening avenue outside the city walls, as was the wont of the ancients. And Arles has its Romanesque cathedral, so Romanesque that one is tempted to believe that it was built by Roman hands in this, “The Province” of Roman history.

Tarascon, too, has its ancient church, rich in traditions of Martha, the sister of Lazarus, and the legendary Tarasque. It was from Tarascon that Tartarin came who brought such fame to Daudet, a son of the Midi.

But the eyes of the stranger wander instinctively to the banks of the rushing Rhône, where King René's castle rears its superb towers at the bridge head, glaring defiance at the Castle of Beaucaire on the high ground over the river. King René, the father of Margaret of Anjou, our stout Lancastrian queen, was the typical troubadour prince. But his castle was not so romantic with its Courts of Love as Beaucaire with its three-cornered tower. For the son of the Vidame of Beaucaire was the Aucassin whose love for the lowly Nicolette is wedded to immortal verse—and in the tiny chapel of the castle St. Louis received his last Communion before he went to his death in the Crusades. Beaucaire is exquisitely picturesque, and the haughty towers of Tarascon may not easily be forgotten.

The Pont du Gard, a three-tiered aqueduct which leaps a valley, is one of the grandest and most perfect monuments of ancient Rome. Orange and Valence have monuments hardly inferior. But for me they yield in interest to Avignon, a purely mediæval city with its dependencies of Villeneuve and Vaucluse. For the best part of a century who but a Roman could doubt that Avignon, and not Rome, would continue the centre of Christianity? But for St. Catherine of Siena's preachings, and the victorious arms of our Edward III., the Popes might still reign at Avignon. Their palace, one of the most stupendous works of human hands, was built to last for ever. And the city's ancient embattled walls still embrace many old Gothic buildings of its famous prime—and some earlier, for there is a part of its cathedral which none can say whether it be Roman or Romanesque.

Vaucluse, one of the most Arcadian spots in France, is within a day's drive of Avignon, and Avignon horses are swift and strong. Its inhabitants think less of Petrarch than of a phenomenal spring, but the beauty of Vaucluse is eternal if the poetry is dead.

I have mentioned but a few of the glories of Provence—it is a country where one is apt to linger. Its hotels are pleasant, clean and simple; its cooking is admirable; its old customs die hard; its peasant women, noted for their beauty, adhere to their old costumes, strikingly picturesque.

I am speaking here to the enthusiasts of travel—who are satisfied with a good inn and who are reasonably fond of sight-seeing. The kind of people who divide their days in Egypt between the big hotels and the Sports Club would be ineffably bored with a single day

in the Midi, and would be disquieted with the hotel accommodation. It would be better for them to go to the places on the other part of the P. L. M. Co.'s system, "French Switzerland," where there are plenty of hotels which cater for wealthy tourists, and the mountain scenery is glorious.\*

I do not count them, though I have given in certain chapters information addressed to them, as to where they will find the luxury and amusements which are their only objects in existence.

\* I may add that the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway distribute illustrated books written in English upon all the famous and picturesque places on their line, which may be obtained with any information desired at their London office in Piccadilly.

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